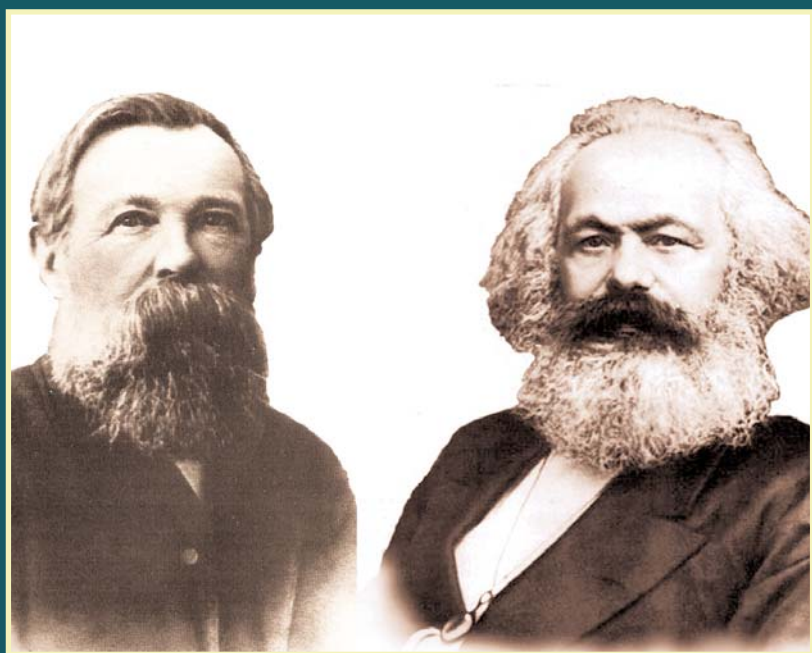


# MARX & ENGELS COLLECTED WORKS



## VOLUME 2

Frederick Engels 1838-42

# KARL MARX FREDERICK ENGELS

## Volume 2

Frederick Engels 1838-42

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and Polynices*

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RICHARD DIXON: Appendix 6

CLEMENS DUTT: Works 4, 11, 12, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19,  
41, 42, 49-55, and Appendix 2

ALEX MILLER: Poems

BARBARA RUHEMANN: Works 6-10, 16, 21, 22, 24,  
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## Preface

The Second Volume of the *Collected Works* of Marx and Engels contains Engels' early writings and letters dating from the years 1838 to 1842, grouped together in two main sections. A special section contains his poetic and prose works in manuscript of an earlier period (1833-37); other biographical material is given in appendices.

Engels' outlook developed on similar lines to that of the young Marx. He had steeped himself in the progressive philosophical and political ideas of the time, and was moved by a sense of protest against the reactionary order in Germany. His ambition was to take part in the ideological and political controversies on the eve of her bourgeois revolution. Like Marx, Engels became an adherent of the Hegelian philosophy, drawing revolutionary conclusions from it and soon afterwards coming under the influence of Ludwig Feuerbach's ideas, which helped to crystallise the materialist aspects of his thinking.

Engels, however, found it much harder than Marx to arrive at a progressive outlook. He came from the conservative and religious family of a Barmen industrialist and was forced by his father to leave school and go into business. This meant that he had to complete his education independently, to find his own way through the labyrinth of contemporary religious, philosophical, political and literary trends, and in much painful soul-searching to rise above the religious convictions nurtured in him since early childhood. It was in the main Engels' critical analysis of religion and theology that led him to progressive philosophical ideas. Literature, too, had an important part to play in his development, particularly in his early years.

While espousing the rational elements in the views of Ludwig Börne and the writers of the Young Germany movement, and in Hegel's philosophy and the Young Hegelians' radical theories, Engels came to realise at each stage of his intellectual development the inconsistencies and limitations in their ideas, subjecting them to critical analysis as he carved out his own path to other views which were more profound and more radical. His attention was soon drawn to the contradictions of the society in which he lived and to the wretched conditions of the working masses. This was an additional stimulus to his turning his back on the bourgeois outlook. By late 1842 he had become an advocate of communist reconstruction of the existing social system, though he still saw this largely in utopian terms.

This stage in Engels' intellectual evolution can be broadly summed up as the emergence and rapid development of revolutionary-democratic ideas, followed in the second half of 1842, two years before he and Marx began to work closely together, by his incipient transition from idealism to materialism, and from a revolutionary-democratic outlook to communism.

Engels' early journalistic writings make up the first section of this volume. At the age of eighteen he became a regular contributor to the press and published many letters, articles and essays on literary and socio-political subjects in various journals and newspapers, as well as some poems and philosophical pamphlets. His first published work, the poem *The Bedouin* (September 1838), breathed a spirit of liberty.

A good dozen articles and letters from the young Engels' pen appeared in the columns of the Hamburg journal, *Telegraph für Deutschland*, a mouthpiece of the Young Germany movement edited by Karl Gutzkow. Engels had already begun to discern the contradictory nature of Young Germany, but remained firmly in favour of its demands for a constitution, freedom of the press, abolition of all forms of religious coercion, and emancipation of women.

It was in the *Telegraph für Deutschland* that Engels published, in the spring of 1839, his first major journalistic work, "Letters from Wuppertal", describing life in his home town of Barmen and neighbouring Elberfeld. With an eye for detail remarkable for his years Engels describes in these letters the grim working conditions in the factories, the terrifying poverty, the widespread disease and the drunkenness among the poorer classes. He likewise paints the true portrait of broad sections of the German bourgeoisie, with their philistinism, obscurantism and religious bigotry. With them pietism served as a mask for the inhuman exploitation of the

unfortunate masses and the poverty of intellectual life. Engels' highly critical attitude to the social conditions of his day is pointedly expressed in the irony and sarcasm with which he describes the mores of the burghers of Wuppertal.

In the article "German *Volksbücher*", Engels attacks the "popular literature" which gave either overt or covert expression to the interests of the reactionary classes. Condemning the serving up of pious homilies and the idealisation of meekness in pseudo folktales, Engels demands books to foster the people's proud awareness of its rights and dignity, to help arouse its courage and love for its country.

Subsequent articles by Engels, such as "Karl Beck", "Platen", "Retrograde Signs of the Times" and "Immermann's *Memoabilien*", show that already at this early stage he was coming to understand very well the processes then at work in German literature and distinctive aspects of the relationship between literature and society. In the article "Retrograde Signs of the Times", he remarks that criticism should not only expose tendencies to hark back in art and literature, but also their links, often not visible at first glance, with related phenomena in politics and in public and social life.

Engels' revolutionary-democratic approach to literature undeniably set him apart from other critics and writers of his day. This is especially evident in his articles on poets like August von Platen, Karl Immermann and Karl Beck. Beck's poems had at first led Engels to expect great things in view of the love of freedom professed in them, but later proved a source of considerable disappointment. Engels stressed that contemporary poetry should not express a futile *Weltschmerz* but rather the positive fight for freedom and against tyranny, philistinism and religious bigotry (see this volume, p. 43).

It was in the autumn of 1839 that Engels acquainted himself with Hegel's philosophy, to which he was led to turn after reading David Strauss *Das Leben Jesu*. Engels adopted a radical, revolutionary approach to Hegel's philosophy from the start, and this helped him to escape the influence of the conservative aspects of Hegel's ideas and, in particular, to recognise the narrowness of his political views. While Hegel presented the constitutional monarchy as the culmination of the process of historical development and even implied that the Prussian monarchy might well be regarded as the final stage of evolution of absolute spirit, Engels opposed to this the open-endedness of historical progress and mankind's advancement (pp. 47-48).



In his article "Requiem for the German *Adelszeitung*", published in April 1840, basing himself on the Hegelian theory of world history as the implementation of the idea of freedom, Engels attacked conservative trends in philosophy, romantic historiography, the "historical school of law", etc., which proclaimed the eternal and immutable character of the medieval social system and the privileges of the nobility. Pouring scorn on the political programme of the *Adelszeitung*, Engels wrote: "The foreword teaches us that world history exists ... solely to prove that there must exist three estates: the nobility, which has to fight, the burghers—to think, and the peasants—to plough" (pp. 68-69). In this and other articles he attacked the feudal-monarchic institutions of Germany which had outlived their day, the bureaucracy and the censorship.

Engels' revolutionary-democratic convictions were expressed still more clearly in his articles "Siegfried's Native Town" (published in December 1840) and "Ernst Moritz Arndt" (published in January 1841). In these he calls for an all-out struggle against conservatism and philistinism, praises the urge to perform heroic exploits in the name of freedom, and protests against the suppression of "every free movement" (p. 136). Condemning the antipathy to the democratic principles of the French Revolution which was kept alive and encouraged by the German nobility, he proclaims a programme of democratic reform in Germany, including such demands as elimination of the vestiges of feudalism, liquidation of absolutism together with the social estates, introduction of trial by jury and formation of a united democratic state. He declares that "so long as our Fatherland remains split we shall be politically null, and public life, developed constitutionalism, freedom of the press, and all else that we demand will be mere pious wishes always only half-fulfilled" (p. 150).

In the article "Ernst Moritz Arndt", Engels praises Arndt's generation of German patriots for their role in the liberation struggle against Napoleon, while pointing out the national limitations inherent in their ideas. He castigates the German nobility's reactionary Teutomania and arrogant attitudes towards other nations, while at the same time rejecting the abstract cosmopolitanism and nihilism on the national question to be found among many representatives of the liberal bourgeoisie. But while criticising nationalist ideology in many of its aspects Engels had yet to dissociate himself completely from all the nationalist tendencies to be found in the work of such writers as Arndt. He echoed Arndt's ideas about the return of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany and the

"Germanisation of a disloyal Holland and of Belgium" (p. 149). But the main aspect of Engels' article was not the re-echoing of Arndt's demands, which he very soon came to regard as unwarranted, but his opposition to national prejudices, his stand for the idea of the equal rights of nations, and his strongly voiced conviction that every nation deserves respect and makes its own specific contribution to world civilisation.

While still contributing to Gutzkow's journal, Engels also wrote articles for a number of other German periodicals. His article "Modern Literary Life", published in the *Mitternachtzeitung* (March-May 1840), shows his increasingly critical attitude to the adherents of the Young Germany movement. He draws attention to their inconsistency and irresolution, their incapacity for energetic action, their lack of ideological unity, and their unprincipled literary wrangling. By this time, Engels was clearly aware that the Young Germany movement had retreated a long way from the political radicalism of its forerunner, Börne, and lacked a coherent outlook. In "Modern Literary Life" he stressed the need to integrate progressive philosophy with political activity, an idea he was later to elaborate in a number of other articles. He expressed his conviction that essential in the fight for freedom was "co-operation between science and life", between philosophy and the modern political trends, between Hegel and Börne (pp. 50-51).

Of particular interest in this volume are Engels' reports in the newspaper *Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser*, which give a picture of the political, religious and cultural life of Bremen, where Engels worked in the office of a trading company between July 1838 and March 1841. "An Outing to Bremerhaven" (written in July 1840 but published in August 1841) reflects his sensitive awareness of social problems, and in particular his search for the cause of the working people's underprivileged status, desperate poverty and lack of rights.

In the autumn of 1841 Engels went to Berlin for his military service. For a year he underwent military training in a brigade of the Guards' Artillery and in his spare time attended lectures and seminars at Berlin University as a non-matriculated student. Finding himself at the centre of a fierce controversy between the various philosophical schools, he made contact with the Berlin group of Young Hegelians, who had formed a study circle which went by the name of "The Free", and took a most active part in their fervent battle of ideas. At this stage his philosophical and political convictions had assumed an even more radical and consistently revolutionary-democratic character.

An important element of Engels' writings in this period is his spirited defence of the philosophy of Hegel and the Young Hegelians from attacks by adherents of religious and conservative principles, and in particular by Schelling. Schelling, an old man by then, had veered to the right and lately been invited by the king of Prussia to Berlin University so as to root out the "dreadful dragon of Hegelianism" (p. 192). After regularly attending the lectures given by this prophet of irrationalism Engels dashed off a series of critical studies—*Schelling on Hegel*, *Schelling and Revelation* and *Schelling, Philosopher in Christ*—showing the reactionary, mystical character of Schelling's latter-day ideas and the absurdity of his attempts to discredit Hegel, whom at one time he had praised. Engels still shares the Hegelian belief in the *Weltgeist* as the moving force behind historical development, but he is more clearly aware of the need to reject the conservative elements in Hegel's thinking and go beyond "the limits within which Hegel himself had confined the powerful, youthfully impetuous flood of conclusions from his teaching" (p. 196). Engels gave a revolutionary meaning to Hegel's doctrine of the omnipotence of thought and the triumph of reason and truth, which he saw as the triumph of democracy.

The pamphlet *Schelling and Revelation* bears obvious traces of the influence of Feuerbach's *Wesen des Christenthums* which Engels read in the second half of 1841. Following in Feuerbach's footsteps while not as yet realising the essentially materialist character of his criticism of religion, Engels here takes his first step towards a materialist view of consciousness, and of the relation between reason (spirit) and nature. The pamphlet also testifies to a considerable advance in the evolution of Engels' atheism. Feuerbach's book, together with various works by Bruno Bauer on the history of early Christianity, helped Engels to shed the influence of religion.

An interesting work by Engels to be found in this volume is the satirical poem entitled *The Insolently Threatened Yet Miraculously Rescued Bible* written together with Edgar Bauer in June-July 1842. It is a sharp attack in Young Hegelian style on religious obscurantism and fanaticism. At the same time Engels is aware of the inconsistencies and the patchwork character of the Young Hegelian trend. He is pointedly ironical about the contradiction between the revolutionary talk of many members of "The Free" and their incapacity for practical action, which was already becoming evident by that time. Making no secret of where his own sympathies lie Engels names the most radical thinkers and writers

of contemporary Germany, among whom he ranked Marx. Even before the two men met, Engels paints a dynamic and vivid portrait of Marx as an impassioned and indefatigable champion of the revolutionary cause.

A swarthy chap of Trier, a marked monstrosity.  
He neither hops nor skips, but moves in leaps and bounds,  
Raving aloud. As if to seize and then pull down  
To Earth the spacious tent of Heaven up on high (p. 336).

Engels' work on the opposition newspaper *Rheinische Zeitung*, from April 1842, marked the beginning of a new stage in his political and intellectual development. Marx, who also contributed to this paper, became one of its editors in the autumn of 1842. Between April and December 1842, Engels published seventeen articles and sketches in the *Rheinische Zeitung* (including "Diary of a Guest Student", "Rhenish Festivals", "Polemic Against Leo", "On the Critique of the Prussian Press Laws") in which he advocated radical social reform, freedom of speech and the press, and criticised conservative ideology and the timidity of the liberals. Engels' articles for the *Rheinische Zeitung* contributed to setting the paper's revolutionary-democratic tone, which it acquired under Marx's editorship.

It was at this time that Engels made a clean break with the Young Germany movement. His review of *Glossen und Randzeichnungen zu Texten aus unserer Zeit*, published in the *Rheinische Zeitung*, condemned the eclecticism and political spinelessness of its spokesmen who, to use his words, "have sunk into lethargy" (p. 280). Engels treated the ideas and political attitudes of this movement with still harsher criticism in his review of Alexander Jung's book *Vorlesungen über die moderne Literatur der Deutschen*, published in the July issues of the Young Hegelian journal, *Deutsche Jahrbücher*. In this review Engels champions a committed literature and hurls passionate invective at the philosophy of "the golden mean", which sought artificially to reconcile opposites.

In the columns of the *Rheinische Zeitung*, in particular in articles such as "North- and South-German Liberalism" and "Centralisation and Freedom", Engels openly opposes bourgeois liberal ideology and treats the conciliatory stand of the Young Germany movement as merely one of its manifestations. Engels' attitude to the liberal opposition was a genuinely dialectical one, a far cry from the nihilist attitude of "The Free", who prided themselves on their show of radicalism. He recognised, given the conditions of that particular period, the progressive nature of the criticism directed by opposition spokesmen at the reactionary order in the

German states. Yet he was aware that liberal moderation and inconsistency were serious obstacles to revolutionary initiative and efforts to arouse the people's revolutionary energy.

The article "Centralisation and Freedom" shows that by the autumn of 1842 Engels was convinced of the limitations of liberalism and of its increasingly anti-popular tendencies in Germany and all over Europe. As a revolutionary democrat, he condemns the idealisation of the July monarchy in France and the Guizot régime, which was openly violating "the principles of popular sovereignty, of a free press, of an independent jury, of parliamentary government" (p. 355). With deep historical insight he grasped the connection between bureaucratic centralisation and the absolutist state, going on to observe how the bourgeois régime of the July monarchy represented a direct continuation of the old absolutist order.

While attacking bourgeois liberalism, Engels continued his onslaught against the absolute monarchy, against the Prussian state and the ideologists of the "Christian German state". This is clearly expressed in his article, "Frederick William IV, King of Prussia", written in the autumn of 1842, which predicts inevitable revolutionary upheavals in Germany like those in France at the end of the eighteenth century. The censorship forbade the article being printed in Germany and it appeared in a collection published in Switzerland.

The first section of this volume closes with reports specially sent to the *Rheinische Zeitung* from England, where Engels went at the end of November 1842. His experiences in England, then the bastion of the capitalist world, were to play a decisive role in the development of his materialist ideas and his full turn to communism. These reports were written during his first few weeks in England and clearly indicate the subsequent direction of his ideas. He had been closely following the progress of the socialist and communist movements for some time, and was coming round to the view that communism alone could solve the social question. His acquaintance with economic and social conditions in England and with the English labour movement did much to confirm this opinion.

In the reports entitled "The Internal Crises", "The English View of the Internal Crises", "The Position of the Political Parties", "The Condition of the Working Class in England" and "The Corn Laws", Engels describes the mounting economic and political struggle in England, which he understood as rooted in the incompatibility of interests of the various classes. He describes with

evident sympathy the English workers' resistance to capitalist exploitation, in particular the activities of the Chartists. There was no doubt in his mind that the English working class was destined to play a crucial role in the coming social revolution: all that it needed to put an end to the domination of the propertied classes was to become aware of its real strength and to organise its ranks. Engels had still to overcome completely the contradictory aspects of his former outlook, with its Hegelian attribution of the dominant role in history to ideas rather than material interests. Yet he could not be blind to the fact that in an industrially developed country like England "it will be interests and not principles that will begin and carry through the revolution; ... the revolution will be social, not political" (p. 374).

The second section of this volume contains Engels' letters to his school friends Wilhelm and Friedrich Graeber, his sister Marie, his brother Hermann, the writer Levin Schücking and the journalist Arnold Ruge. They shed much light on the formation of his character, and show the wide range of his interests, his conviviality, his literary and artistic tastes and the workings of his rich and subtle mind.

Engels' developing ideas in literature, philosophy, religion and politics emerge most clearly in his letters to the Graeber brothers, which reflect his gradual escape from religion. From the outset he conceived a violent dislike for pietism and the hypocritical orthodox forms of Christianity, and gradually came to doubt the very essence of Christian dogma. In his correspondence with the Graeber brothers, both clergymen, Engels conducted serious discussions on the authenticity of the Gospel legends and on the contradictions to be found in the Bible. Concentrated critical analysis, his searching study of the history of Christianity, his wide acquaintance with critical works on the Gospels, and his grasp of the Hegelian dialectic set Engels on a path which was to lead him to a scientific interpretation of religion and his subsequent elaboration of scientific atheism.

Engels' letters dating from the years 1838 to 1842 give a clear idea of his literary interests, the extent of his reading, and his flair for subtle criticism. Originally Engels dreamed of the poet's laurels and now and again quotes his own verses in his letters. Indeed, some of his poems made their way into print: they are often imitative in form, and it is the epigrams and satirical parodies which betray the greatest degree of originality. However, certain poems are set apart by their perceptive political and philosophical content, and their revolutionary implications. A good example is

the ode on the anniversary of the July 1830 revolution in France which Engels sent to Friedrich Graeber in the summer of 1839 (pp. 463-64). It is a veritable hymn to revolution which the poet celebrates as a surge of vital energy among the popular masses, a truly popular festival.

Engels' critical view of his own work made him realise that poetry was not his true vocation. This merely meant, however, that he turned with all the more energy to other forms of literary activity, to literary, social and political criticism. His letters bear witness to the intensity of his work in these fields. Engels' original ideas, which subsequently found expression in his articles of literary criticism, were first expounded in his letters to the Graeber brothers before they appeared in print.

He was also to try his hand at translation, and rendered into German a poem, *On the Invention of Printing* (*A la invención de la imprenta*), by the Spanish poet M. J. Quintana. Even as a boy he had shown great interest in the study of foreign languages, for which, as his letters make clear, he had a phenomenal flair, and he was widely read in several languages. His letters to his school friends and the writer Levin Schücking show that what he looked for in literature was above all love of liberty and humanistic ideas. This explains his predilection for Shelley and his plans for publishing his own translations of the latter's verse, which, however, were never to materialise. He valued most in Shelley, whom he was always to admire, his praise of freedom and his furious protest at oppression. Engels used Shelley's words "To-morrow comes!" as an epigraph to his poem *An Evening*, in which he expresses the conviction that the dark despair then reigning in Germany would give way to "Freedom's day" (p. 107).

Engels often declares his political convictions more openly in his letters than in his literary writings, which were subject to censorship; he expounds them without concealing his hatred and contempt for despotism, the arbitrary rule of monarchs, the social arrogance of the aristocracy and the prosperous bourgeoisie, and the general atmosphere of political and intellectual bondage in his native land. Much of what Engels writes in his letters is permeated by a truly democratic spirit and reveals how, as he came to realise the transforming role of revolution in history, he began to advocate revolutionary methods for removing social and political barriers standing in the way of Germany's advance and unification.

Engels had a tremendous zest for life, which shows itself abundantly in his letters. He took great interest in art and

painting, travel and sport. He was something of a connoisseur of beer, wines and tobacco. He spent much of his leisure time riding, fencing, swimming and going for long walks. His letters to his favourite sister, Marie, also reveal his love of music: he was a keen concert-goer and opera-lover, and admired the works of Bach, Handel, Gluck, Mozart, Mendelssohn and above all Beethoven, and even attempted to write chorales himself. He was extremely sensitive to the grandeur and beauty of nature, and his landscape descriptions are often detailed and compelling (see "Landscapes", "Wanderings in Lombardy", etc.).

The two main sections of this volume are followed by a section of *Early Literary Experiments*, containing the poems Engels wrote in his schooldays and chapters of *A Pirate Tale*, written in 1837, in which for his heroes he turned to the Greek corsairs fighting against Turkish rule. This fragment and the poems shed some light on the very earliest formation of Engels' literary tastes and social ideals.

The documents included in the appendices are also of biographical interest, and enable us to form some idea of the setting in which Engels spent his childhood and youth. This applies in particular to the letters from his father, one of which, addressed to Karl Snethlage (October 5, 1842), testifies to the strained relations which by then existed in the family, and to the pious and conservative father's deep anxiety about his son's free-thinking. To a large extent this accounted for the decision to send Engels to England, where it was hoped the eldest son would be cured of the malaise besetting German youth and return to the bosom of the Church. Engels' father never imagined that in England Frederick would become a proletarian revolutionary and communist, to remain one till the end of his days.

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This volume contains all the extant writings and letters of the young Engels, nearly all of which are here published in English for the first time. The supplementary material has not previously been published in English. Engels' original drawings, musical notations, etc., are reproduced in the letters.

Letters written in a number of languages are printed in the original with a word-for-word translation in the footnotes. Words underlined by the author in the manuscripts are given in italics. Headings of articles and the dates and places of letters, provided by the editors, where the author's own are missing, are given in square brackets. The asterisks indicate footnotes by the author; the



editors' footnotes are indicated by index letters, and reference notes by superior numbers.

This volume was compiled by Lev Golman and Vladimir Sazonov of the Institute of Marxism-Leninism of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, who also prepared the preface and the greater part of the notes. Some notes, the name index, the index of quoted and mentioned literature and of periodicals, were prepared by Albina Gridchina. Yuri Vasin also assisted in the arrangement of the reference material.

All the articles, letters, etc., in this volume have been translated from the German, unless otherwise stated.

The prose was translated by Jack Cohen, Clemens Dutt, Barbara Ruhemann and Christopher Upward, and edited by Frida Knight, Margaret Mynatt and Alick West (Lawrence & Wishart Ltd.), Kate Cook and Richard Dixon (Progress Publishers). The poems were translated by Alex Miller in consultation with Diana Miller and Victor Schnittke, except for *The Single Combat of Eteocles and Polynices* translated from Engels' Greek composition by Robert Browning.

The volume was prepared for the press by the editors Lydia Belyakova, Yelena Chistyakova, Victor Schnittke and Lyudgarda Zubrilova, and the assistant-editor Tatyana Butkova, for Progress Publishers, and Irene Bach, scientific editor, for the Institute of Marxism-Leninism.

# FREDERICK ENGELS

## WORKS

August 1838-December 1842

## THE BEDOUIN<sup>1</sup>

Now the bell rings, and suddenly  
The silken curtain swift ascends.  
And all in hushed expectancy  
Wait for the evening to commence.

No Kotzebue commands the scene  
To set the merry audience roaring.  
No Schiller of the earnest mien  
Steps forth, his golden words outpouring.

Sons of the desert, proud and free,  
Walk on to greet us, face to face;  
But pride is vanished utterly,  
And freedom lost without a trace.

They jump at money's beck and call  
(As once that lad from dune to dune  
Bounded for joy). They're silent, all,  
Save one who sings a dirge-like tune.

The audience, amazed and awed  
By what these acrobats can do,  
Applauds them, just as it applauds  
The trumperies of Kotzebue.

Fleet nomads of the desert lands,  
You've braved the sun's fierce noontide rays  
Through harsh Morocco's burning sands,  
Through valleys where the date-palms sway.

And through the garden paradise  
Of Bled-el-Djerid once you swept.  
You turned your wits to bold forays.  
Your steeds to battle proudly stepped.

You sat there, where moon lustres spill  
By rare springs in a palm-tree grove,  
And lovely lips with gracious skill  
A fairy-story garland wove.

Sleeping in narrow tents you lay  
In love's warm arms, with dreams all round,  
Till sunrise ushered in the day  
And camels made their bellowing sound.

They jump at money's beck and call,  
And not at Nature's primal urge.  
Their eyes are blank, they're silent, all,  
Except for one who sings a dirge.

Written in the first half of September  
1838

First published in the *Bremisches Conver-*  
*sationsblatt* No. 40, September 16, 1838

Printed according to the journal  
Published in English for the first  
time

## TO THE ENEMIES<sup>2</sup>

Why can you never leave what's well alone  
And let a little honest striving  
Or well-meant words said in a kindly tone  
Do their good work among the living?  
To falsify what people really mean  
Is very easy to arrange.  
Bad in the good is all too quickly seen,  
But good to bad you'll never change.

Or is it that you seriously expect  
To gain advantages by making light  
Of others' efforts? If you want respect,  
Then win respect in your own right.  
Use your own brains then; if you would succeed,  
Prepare to make the upward climb;  
Hanging behind those who are in the lead,  
Belittling them, you waste your time.

Say, can you hope to do the courier wrong  
For whom you lay your spiteful snares?  
He carries news, so let him pass along  
As on his lawful way he fares.  
If truth he brings, truth shall indeed prevail,  
Transcending perfidy and fraud.  
The wise old saying hits it on the nail—  
"Honesty is its own reward."

Written about February 24, 1839

First published in *Der Bremer Stadtbote*  
No. 4, February 24, 1839

Signed: *Theodor H.*

Printed according to the news-  
paper *Bremisches Unterhaltungsblatt*  
No. 17, February 27, 1839

Published in English for the first  
time

## BOOK WISDOM<sup>3</sup>

He is not wise who from his reading draws  
Nothing but floods of useless erudition.  
For all his learning, life's mysterious laws  
Are a closed book beyond his comprehension.  
He who acquires a thorough textbook grounding  
In Botany, won't hear the grass that grows.  
Nor will he ever teach true understanding  
Who tells you all the dogma that he knows.  
Oh, no! The germ lies hid in man's own heart.  
Who seeks the art of life must look within.  
Burning the midnight oil will not impart  
The secret of emotion's discipline.  
The man is lost who hears his own heart's voice  
And spurns it, wilfully misapprehending.  
Of all your words so noble and so wise  
The most profound is human understanding.

Written in March 1839

First published in *Der Bremer Stadtbote*

No. 8, March 24, 1839

Signed: *Th. Hildebrandt*

Printed according to the text given  
in Engels' letter to his sister Marie  
of March 12, 1839

Published in English for the first  
time

# Telegraph

für

## Deutschland.

1839.

März.

Nr. 49.

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### LETTERS FROM WUPPERTAL<sup>4</sup>

#### I

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 49, March 1839]

As is well known, people understand by this name, held in much ill-repute among the Friends of Light,<sup>5</sup> the two towns of Elberfeld and Barmen, which stretch along the valley for a distance of nearly three hours' travel. The purple waves of the narrow river flow sometimes swiftly, sometimes sluggishly between smoky factory buildings and yarn-strewn bleaching-yards. Its bright red colour, however, is due not to some bloody battle, for the fighting here is waged only by theological pens and garrulous old women, usually over trifles, nor to shame for men's actions, although there is indeed enough cause for that, but simply and solely to the numerous dye-works using Turkey red. Coming from Düsseldorf, one enters the sacred region at Sonnborn; the muddy Wupper flows slowly by and, compared with the Rhine just left behind, its miserable appearance is very disappointing. The area is rather attractive: the not very high mountains, rising sometimes gently, sometimes steeply, and heavily wooded, march boldly into green meadows and in fine weather the blue sky reflected in the Wupper causes the red colour to disappear completely. After a bend round a cliff, one sees the quaint towers of Elberfeld straight ahead (the humble houses are concealed behind gardens), and a few minutes later one reaches the Zion of the obscurantists. Almost outside the town is the Catholic church; it stands there as if it has been expelled from the sacred walls. It is in Byzantine style, built very badly by a very inexperienced architect from a very good plan; the old Catholic church has been demolished to make room for the left wing, not yet built, of the Town Hall; only the tower remains

and serves the general good after a fashion, namely, as a prison. Immediately afterwards one comes to a large building, its roof supported by columns,<sup>a</sup> but these columns are of a most remarkable kind; they are Egyptian at the bottom, Doric in the middle, and Ionic at the top; moreover, for very sound reasons, they dispense with all superfluous accessories, such as a plinth and capitals. This building used to be called the museum, but the Muses kept away and there remained only a huge burden of debt so that not very long ago the building was sold by auction and became a casino, a name which adorns the bare façade, dispelling all reminders of the former poetic name. Incidentally, the building is so clumsily proportioned that at night it looks like a camel. Here begin the dull streets, devoid of all character; the fine new Town Hall, only half completed, is situated so awkwardly owing to lack of space that its front faces a narrow, ugly side street. Finally, one comes to the Wupper again, and a fine bridge shows that you are approaching Barmen, where at least more attention is paid to architectural beauty. As soon as you cross the bridge, everything assumes a more friendly character; large, massive houses tastefully built in modern style take the place of those mediocre Elberfeld buildings, which are neither old-fashioned nor modern, neither beautiful nor a caricature. New stone houses are springing up everywhere; the pavement ends and the street continues as a straight highway, built up on both sides. Between the houses one catches sight of the green bleaching-yards; the Wupper is still clear here, and the closely approaching mountains with their lightly sketched outlines, and the manifold alternation of forests, meadows and gardens from which red roofs peep out everywhere, make the area increasingly attractive the farther one goes. Halfway along the avenue one sees the façade of the Lower Barmen church, set somewhat back; it is the valley's most beautiful building, very well constructed in the noblest Byzantine style. But soon the pavement begins again and the grey slate houses jostle one another. There is, however, far more variety here than in Elberfeld, for the monotony is broken by a fresh bleaching-yard here, a house in modern style there, a stretch of the river or a row of gardens lining the street. All this leaves one in doubt whether to regard Barmen as a town or a mere conglomeration of all kinds of buildings; it is, indeed, just a combination of many small districts held together by the bond of municipal institutions. The most important of these districts are: Gemark, the ancient centre

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<sup>a</sup> From Goethe's poem *Mignon*.—Ed.



of the Reformed faith; Lower Barmen in the direction of Elberfeld, not far from Wupperfeld and above Gemarke; farther on Rittershausen, which has Wichlinghausen on the left, and Hekinghausen with the remarkably picturesque Rauental on the right. These are all inhabited by Lutherans of both churches<sup>6</sup>; the Catholics—at most two or three thousand—are scattered throughout the valley. After Rittershausen, the traveller at last leaves behind the Berg area and goes through the turnpike to enter the Old-Prussian Westphalian region.

This is the outward appearance of the valley which in general, apart from the gloomy streets of Elberfeld, makes a very pleasant impression; but the latter, as experience shows, is lost on the inhabitants. There is no trace here of the wholesome, vigorous life of the people that exists almost everywhere in Germany. True, at first glance it seems otherwise, for every evening you can hear merry fellows strolling through the streets singing their songs, but they are the most vulgar, obscene songs that ever came from drunken mouths; one never hears any of the folk-songs which are so familiar throughout Germany and of which we have every right to be proud. All the ale-houses are full to overflowing, especially on Saturday and Sunday, and when they close at about eleven o'clock, the drunks pour out of them and generally sleep off their intoxication in the gutter. The most degraded of these men are those known as *Karrenbinder*, totally demoralised people, with no fixed abode or definite employment, who crawl out of their refuges, haystacks, stables, etc., at dawn, if they have not spent the night on a dungheap or on a staircase. By restricting the previously indefinite numbers of ale-houses, the authorities have now to some extent curbed this annoyance.

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 50, March 1839]

The reasons for this state of affairs are perfectly clear. First and foremost, factory work is largely responsible. Work in low rooms where people breathe in more coal fumes and dust than oxygen—and in the majority of cases beginning already at the age of six—is bound to deprive them of all strength and joy in life. The weavers, who have individual looms in their homes, sit bent over them from morning till night, and desiccate their spinal marrow in front of a hot stove. Those who do not fall prey to mysticism are ruined by drunkenness. This mysticism, in the crude and repellent form in which it prevails there, inevitably produces the opposite extreme, with the result that in the main the *people*

there consist only of the "decent" ones (which is what the mystics are called) and the dissolute riff-raff. This division into two hostile groups, irrespective of their nature, is capable by itself of destroying the development of any popular spirit, and indeed what hope is there in a place where even the disappearance of one of the groups would be of no avail, since the members of both are equally consumptive? The few healthy people to be found there are almost exclusively joiners or other craftsmen, all of whom have come from other regions. Robust people can also be found among the local-born leather-workers, but three years of such a life suffice to ruin them physically and mentally: three out of five die from consumption, and it is all due to drinking spirits. But this would not have assumed such horrifying proportions if the factories were not operated in such a reckless way by the proprietors and if mysticism did not take the form it does and did not threaten to gain an increasing hold. Terrible poverty prevails among the lower classes, particularly the factory workers in Wuppertal; syphilis and lung diseases are so widespread as to be barely credible; in Elberfeld alone, out of 2,500 children of school age 1,200 are deprived of education and grow up in the factories—merely so that the manufacturer need not pay the adults, whose place they take, twice the wage he pays a child. But the wealthy manufacturers have a flexible conscience, and causing the death of one child more or one less does not doom a pietist's soul to hell, especially if he goes to church twice every Sunday. For it is a fact that the pietists among the factory owners treat their workers worst of all; they use every possible means to reduce the workers' wages on the pretext of depriving them of the opportunity to get drunk, yet at the election of preachers they are always the first to bribe their people.

In the lower social strata mysticism is most prevalent among the craftsmen (I do not include manufacturers here). It is a pitiful sight to see one of them in the street, a bent figure in a very long frock-coat, with his hair parted in the pietist fashion. But anyone who really wants to get to know this breed should visit the workshop of a pious blacksmith or boot-maker. There sits the master craftsman, on his right the Bible, on his left—very often at any rate—a bottle of schnapps. Not much is done in the way of work; the master almost always reads the Bible, occasionally knocks back a glass and sometimes joins the choir of journeymen singing a hymn; but the chief occupation is always damning one's neighbour. One sees that the tendency here is the same as everywhere else.<sup>7</sup> Their proselytising zeal is not without fruit. In

particular, many godless drunkards, etc., are converted, mostly in a miraculous way. But this is not surprising; these proselytes are all enervated, spiritless people, and persuading them is a mere bagatelle; they become converted, allow themselves to be moved to tears several times a week, and secretly continue their old way of life. Some years ago all this business suddenly came to light, to the horror of all the hypocrites. An American speculator turned up calling himself Pastor Jürgens; he preached several times attracting large crowds, for most people imagined that being an American he must be dark-skinned or even black. How amazed they were that he was not merely white but preached in such a way that he had the whole church in tears; incidentally, the reason for this was that he himself began to whimper when all other means of moving his audience had failed. The believers were unanimous in their wonder; true, there was some opposition from a few sensible people, but they were simply decried as godless. Soon Jürgens began to organise secret gatherings; he received rich gifts from his prominent friends and lived in clover. His sermons attracted larger crowds than any others, his secret gatherings were filled to overflowing, his every utterance made both men and women weep. All were now convinced that he was at the very least a demi-prophet and would build a new Jerusalem, until one day the fun came to an end. What was going on at his secret gatherings suddenly came to light; Herr Jürgens was arrested and spent a few years doing penance for his piety, while under investigation in Hamm. Later he was released, after promising to make amends, and sent back to America. It also became known that he had already practised his tricks in America, for which he had been deported, and in order not to get out of practice had given a rehearsal in Westphalia, where, owing to the leniency, or rather the weakness, of the authorities, he had been freed without further inquiries and had finally crowned his dissolute life by another repetition in Elberfeld. When it was revealed what had actually taken place at the gatherings of this noble creature, everyone rose up against him, and no one wanted to have anything to do with him; everyone turned away from him, from Lebanon to the Dead Sea, that is to say, from Mount Rittershaus to the weir at Sonnborn on the Wupper.

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 51, March 1839]

But the real centre of all pietism and mysticism is the Reformed community in Elberfeld. From the early days it was marked by a

strict Calvinist spirit, which in recent years owing to the appointment of extremely bigoted preachers—at present four of them officiate there—has developed into the most savage intolerance and falls little short of the papist spirit. Regular trials of heretics take place at the meetings; the behaviour of anyone who fails to attend the meetings is reviewed; they say: so and so reads novels, it is true the title-page states that it is a Christian novel, but Pastor Krummacker has said that novels are godless books; or so and so seems to be a God-fearing man, but the day before yesterday he was seen at a concert—and they wring their hands in horror at the abominable sin. And if a preacher is reputed to be a rationalist (by this they mean anyone whose opinion differs in the slightest from theirs), he is taken to task and carefully watched to see whether his frock-coat is perfectly black and his trousers of the orthodox colour; woe to him if he allows himself to be seen in a frock-coat with a bluish tinge or wearing a rationalist waistcoat! If someone turns out not to believe in predestination, they say at once: he is almost as bad as a Lutheran, a Lutheran is little better than a Catholic, and Catholics and idolaters are damned by their very nature. But what sort of people are they who talk in this way? Ignorant folk who hardly know whether the Bible was written in Chinese, Hebrew or Greek, and who judge everything, whether relevant or not, from the words of a preacher who has been recognised for all time as orthodox.

This spirit had existed ever since the Reformation gained the upper hand here, but it remained unnoticed until the preacher G. D. Krummacker, who died a few years ago, began to foster it in precisely this community. Soon mysticism was in full bloom, but Krummacker died before the fruit ripened; this occurred only after his nephew, Dr. Friedrich Wilhelm Krummacker, had developed and formulated the doctrine in such a strict form that one is at a loss whether to regard the whole thing as nonsense or blasphemy. Now the fruit has ripened, but no one knows how to pluck it and so in time it will inevitably fall off miserably rotten.

Gottfried Daniel Krummacker, brother of the Dr. F. A. Krummacker who was well known for his parables in Bremen, died about three years ago in Elberfeld after a long period of office. When over twenty years ago a preacher in Barmen taught predestination from his pulpit in a less strict form than Krummacker, the congregation began smoking in the church, created a disturbance and prevented him from preaching on the pretext that such a heretical sermon was no sermon at all, so that the authorities were compelled to intervene. Krummacker then wrote

a dreadfully rude letter to the Barmen magistracy, such as Gregory VII might have written to Henry IV,<sup>8</sup> demanding that the bigots should not be touched, since they were only defending their beloved Gospel. He also preached a sermon on the same lines, but he was only ridiculed. All this is characteristic of his frame of mind, which he preserved to his dying day. Moreover, he was a person of such peculiar habits that thousands of anecdotes were told of him, judging by which he should be regarded either as a strange eccentric or an exceptionally rude individual.

Dr. Friedrich Wilhelm Krummacher is a man of about forty, tall, strong, with an impressive figure, but since he settled in Elberfeld his circumference has noticeably increased. He has a very peculiar way of dressing his hair, which is imitated by all his supporters. Who knows, some day it may become the fashion to wear one's hair *à la* Krummacher, but such a fashion would surpass *all* preceding ones, even powdered wigs, in lack of taste.

As a student he was involved in the demagogy of the gymnastic associations, composed freedom songs, carried a banner at the Wartburg festival,<sup>9</sup> and delivered a speech which is said to have made a great impression. He still frequently recalls those dashing times from the pulpit, saying: when I was still among the Hittites and Canaanites. Later the Reformed community in Barmen chose him for their pastor and his real reputation dates from this period. He had hardly been appointed before he caused a split by his doctrine of strict predestination, not only between Lutherans and Reformists, but also among the latter, between the strict and moderate supporters of predestination. On one occasion an old orthodox Lutheran coming back a little tipsy from seeing friends had to cross a broken-down bridge. That seemed to him somewhat dangerous in his condition and he began to reflect: if you get over safely it will be all right, but if not you will fall into the Wupper and then the Reformists will say that this was as it should be; but that is not as it should be. So he turned back, looked for a shallow place and then waded across waist-deep, with the blissful feeling that he had robbed the Reformists of a triumph.

When a vacancy occurred in Elberfeld, Krummacher was chosen for it, and immediately all dissension ceased in Barmen, whereas in Elberfeld it became still fiercer. Already Krummacher's inaugural sermon made some people angry and delighted others; the dissension continued to increase, particularly because soon every preacher, although they all held the same views, formed his own party consisting of his congregation alone. Later people got bored

with the business and the eternal shouting of I am for Krummacher, I am for Kohl, etc., ceased, not through love of peace, but because the parties became more and more distinct from one another.

Krummacher is undeniably a man of excellent rhetorical, and also poetic, talent; his sermons are never boring, the train of thought is confident and natural; his strength lies primarily in painting gloomy pictures—his description of hell is always new and bold no matter how often it occurs—and in antitheses. On the other hand, he very often resorts to biblical phraseology and the images found in the latter, which, although his use of them is always ingenious, are bound in the end to be repetitive; interspersed with them one finds an extremely prosaic picture from daily life or a story based on his own life-history and his most insignificant experiences. He drags all this into the pulpit, whether appropriate or not; not long ago he regaled his reverent audience with two sermons about a journey to Württemberg and Switzerland, in which he spoke of his four victorious disputes with Paulus in Heidelberg and Strauss in Tübingen, naturally quite differently from Strauss' account of the matter in a letter.—In some passages his declamation is very good, and his powerful, explicit gesticulations are often entirely appropriate, but at times incredibly affected and lacking in taste. Then he thrashes about in the pulpit, bends over all sides, bangs his fist on the edge, stamps like a cavalry horse, and shouts so that the windows resound and people in the street tremble. Then the congregation begins to sob; first the young girls weep, then the old women join in with a heart-rending soprano and the cacophony is completed by the wailing of the enfeebled drunken pietists, who would be thrilled to the marrow by his words if they still had any marrow in their bones; and through all this uproar Krummacher's powerful voice rings out pronouncing before the whole congregation innumerable sentences of damnation, or describing diabolical scenes.

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 52, March 1839]

And what a doctrine this is! It is impossible to understand how anyone can believe in such things, which are in most direct contradiction to reason and the Bible. Nevertheless, Krummacher has formulated the doctrine so sharply, following and firmly adhering to all its consequences, that nothing can be refuted once the basis is accepted, namely, the inability of man on his own to

desire what is good, let alone do it. Hence follows the need for this ability to come from outside, and since man cannot even desire what is good, God has to press this ability on him. Owing to God's free will, it follows that this ability is allotted arbitrarily, and this also, at least apparently, is supported by the Scriptures.—The entire doctrine is based on such pretence of logic; the few who are chosen will, *volentes*, be saved, the rest damned for ever. "For ever?—Yes, for ever!!" (Krummacher.) Further, the Scriptures say: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.<sup>a</sup> But the heathen cannot come to the Father by Christ, because they do not know Christ, so they all exist merely to fill up hell.—Among Christians, many are called but few are chosen; but the many who are called are called only for the sake of appearance, and God took care not to call them so loudly that they obeyed him; all this to the glory of God and in order that they should not be forgiven. It is also written: for the wise men of this world the wisdom of God is foolishness<sup>b</sup>; the mystics regard this as an order to make their creed quite meaningless so that this statement may be fulfilled. How all this fits in with the teaching of the apostles who speak of rational worship of God and the rational milk of the Gospel is a secret beyond human understanding.

Such doctrines spoil all Krummacher's sermons; the only ones in which they are not so prominent are the passages where he speaks of the contradiction between earthly riches and the humility of Christ, or between the arrogance of earthly rulers and the pride of God. A note of his former demagoguery very often breaks through here as well, and if he did not speak in such general terms the government would not pass over his sermons in silence.

The aesthetic value of his sermons is appreciated only by very few in Elberfeld; for, compared with his three colleagues, nearly all of whom have an equally large congregation, he appears as figure one, and the others as mere noughts who serve only to enhance his value. The oldest of these noughts is called Kohl, which at the same time characterises his sermons.<sup>c</sup> The second is Hermann, no descendant of the Hermann,<sup>10</sup> to whom a monument is now being erected which should survive history and Tacitus. The third is Ball, namely, a ball for Krummacher to play with. All three are highly orthodox and imitate the worst aspects

<sup>a</sup> John 14:6.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Cf. 1 Corinthians 3:19.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> A pun: "Kohl" is a surname but also a German word meaning rubbish.—*Ed.*

of Krummacher in their sermons. The Lutheran pastors in Elberfeld are Sander and Hülsmann, who used to be deadly enemies, when the former was still in Wichlinghausen and became involved in the famous quarrel with Hülsmann in Dahle, now in Lennep, the brother of his present colleague. In their present position, they behave with courtesy to each other, but the pietists try to revive the dissension between them by constantly accusing Hülsmann of all kinds of misdemeanours against Sander. The third in this company is Döring, whose absent-mindedness is most odd; he is incapable of uttering three sentences with a connected train of thought, but he can make three parts of a sermon into four by repeating one of them word for word without being at all aware of it. *Probatum est*. His poems will be dealt with later.

The Barmen preachers differ little from one another; all are strictly orthodox, with a greater or lesser admixture of pietism. Only Stier in Wichlinghausen is worthy of some attention. It is said that Jean Paul knew him as a boy and discovered excellent talents in him. Stier held office of pastor in Frankleben near Halle, and during this period he published several writings in prose and verse, an improved version of the Lutheran catechism, a substitute for it, and a small book as an aid to its study for dull-witted teachers, and also a booklet on the lack of hymn books in the province of Saxony, which was particularly praised by the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung*<sup>11</sup> and did at least contain more rational views on church songs than those which can be heard in blessed Wuppertal, although it also has many unfounded judgments. His poems are extremely boring; he also distinguished himself by making some of Schiller's pagan poems acceptable to the orthodox. For example, lines from *Die Götter Griechenlands* he revised as follows:

When vain Earth you held in domination  
 With Sin's treacherous and deceitful bond,  
 Leading many a mortal generation,  
 Hollow Idols of a mythic land!  
 When your sinful cult still scintillated,  
 Things were different, different then by far!  
 When with flowers your shrines were decorated,  
 Venus Amathusia!<sup>a</sup>

Really very ingenious, truly mystical indeed! For six months now Stier has been in Wichlinghausen in place of Sander, but so far he has not enriched Barmen literature.

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<sup>a</sup> R. Stier, *Christliche Gedichte*, S. 190-91.—Ed.



*Langenberg*, a little place near Elberfeld, by its whole character still belongs to Wuppertal. The same industry as there, the same spirit of pietism. *Emil Krummacher*, brother of Friedrich Wilhelm, has his post there; he is not such a strict believer in predestination as his brother, but imitates him very much, as the following passage from his last Christmas sermon shows:

"With our earthly bodies we are still sitting here on wooden benches, but our spirits together with millions of believers are borne aloft to the sacred heights and, after observing the rejoicing of the heavenly hosts, they go down to lowly Bethlehem. And what do they see there? First of all, a poor stable, and in the poor, poor stable a poor manger, and in the poor manger poor, poor hay and straw, and on the poor, poor hay and straw lies like the poor child of a beggar, in poor swaddling clothes, the rich Lord of the world."

Something should now be said about the mission-house, but the book *Harfenklänge*, by an ex-missionary,<sup>a</sup> which has already been mentioned on the pages of this journal,<sup>b</sup> is sufficient testimony to the spirit that prevails there.<sup>12</sup> Incidentally, the inspector of this mission-house, Dr. *Richter*, is a learned man, an eminent orientalist and naturalist, and has also published an *Erklärte Hausbibel*.

Such are the activities of the pietists in Wuppertal; it is difficult to imagine that such things can still take place in our day; however, it looks as though even this rock of old obscurantism will not be able to withstand the surging flood of time any longer; the sand will be washed away and the rock will collapse with a great fall.

## II

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 57, April 1839]

It goes without saying that in an area so full of pietist activities this spirit, spreading in all directions, pervades and corrupts every single aspect of life. It exerts its chief influence on the education system, above all on the elementary schools. Part of them are wholly controlled by the pietists; these are the church schools, of which each community has one. The other elementary schools, over which the civil administration has greater influence, enjoy more freedom, although they, too, are under the supervision of the clerical school inspectors. Here too the retarding effect of mysticism is very obvious; for whereas the church schools still

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<sup>a</sup> J. Ch. F. Winkler.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> *Telegraph für Deutschland*.—*Ed.*

drum nothing but the catechism into their pupils, apart from reading, writing and arithmetic, as of old under the Elector Karl Theodor of blessed memory, in the other schools the rudiments of some sciences are taught, and also a little French, with the result that after leaving school many of the pupils try to continue their education. These schools are rapidly developing and since the Prussian Government came to office,<sup>13</sup> they have advanced far ahead of the church schools, behind which they used to lag considerably. The church schools, however, have a much greater attendance because they are far cheaper, and many parents still send their children to them partly out of an attachment to religion, partly because they consider that intellectual progress of the children gives worldliness the upper hand.

Wuppertal maintains three high schools: the municipal school in Barmen, the modern secondary school [*Realschule*] in Elberfeld, and the grammar school in the same city.

The Barmen municipal school, which is very poorly financed and therefore very badly staffed, nevertheless does everything in its power. It is wholly in the hands of a limited, niggardly governing body which in most cases also selects only pietists as teachers. The headmaster is also not averse to this trend, but is guided by firm principles in discharging his duties and manages very skilfully to keep every teacher in his place. Next to him comes Herr Johann Jakob Ewich, who can teach well from a good textbook and in history teaching is a zealous supporter of the Nösselt system of anecdotes. He is the author of many pedagogical works of which the greatest, i.e., in size, is entitled *Human*, published in Wesel by Bagel, two volumes, 40 printed sheets, price 1 Reichstaler. They are all full of lofty ideas, pious wishes and impracticable proposals. It is said that in practice his teaching lags far behind his beautiful theory.

Dr. Philipp Schifflin, the second senior teacher, is the most efficient teacher in the school. Probably no one in Germany has delved so deeply into the grammatical structure of modern French as he has. He took as his starting point, not the old Romance language, but the classical language of the last century, particularly that of Voltaire, and went on from there to the style of the most modern authors. The results of his research are contained in his *Anleitung zur Erlernung der französischen Sprache, in drei Cursen*, of which the first and second courses have already appeared in several editions, and the third will be out by Easter. Without doubt, next to Knebel's, this is the best textbook on the French language which we possess; it met with universal approval as soon

as the first course appeared and already enjoys an almost unprecedented circulation throughout Germany and even as far as Hungary and the Baltic provinces of Russia.

The remaining teachers are young graduates, some of whom have been excellently trained, while others are full of all sorts of jumbled knowledge. The best of these young teachers was Herr Köster, a friend of Freiligrath; an annual report contains his outline of poetics, from which he has totally excluded didactic poetry, and put the classes usually allotted to it under the epic or lyric; this article testified to his insight and clarity.<sup>14</sup> He was invited to Düsseldorf, and since the members of the governing body knew him as being opposed to every kind of pietism, they very willingly released him. The very opposite of him is another teacher<sup>a</sup> who, when asked by a fourth-form pupil who Goethe was, replied: "an atheist".

The Elberfeld modern secondary school is very well financed and can therefore select better teachers and arrange a fuller curriculum. On the other hand, it is addicted to that horrible system of filling up exercise books which can make a pupil dull-witted in six months. Incidentally, the administration is little in evidence: the headmaster<sup>b</sup> is away half the year and proves his presence only by excessive severity. Linked with the modern secondary school is a trade school where the pupils spend half their lives scribbling away. Of the teachers one must mention Dr. Kruse who spent six weeks in England and wrote a little work on English pronunciation which is remarkable for being completely unusable; the pupils have a very bad reputation and were the cause of Diesterweg's complaints about the Elberfeld youth.

The Elberfeld grammar school is in very straitened circumstances, but is recognised as one of the best in the Prussian state. It is the property of the Reformed community, but suffers little from the latter's mysticism, since the preachers are not interested in it and the school inspectors have no understanding of grammar school affairs; but it has to suffer all the more because of their stinginess. These gentlemen have not the slightest idea of the advantages of the Prussian grammar school education; they try to provide the modern secondary school with everything—money and pupils—and at the same time reproach the grammar school for being unable to meet its expenditure out of school fees. Negotiations are now taking place for the government, which is

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<sup>a</sup> Rudolf Riepe.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> P. K. N. Egen.—*Ed.*

very concerned in the matter, to take over the grammar school. If this does not happen, it will have to close down in a few years' time for lack of funds. The selection of teachers is now also in the hands of the school inspectors, people capable, it is true, of making very accurate entries in a ledger, but with no conception at all of Greek, Latin or mathematics. Their guiding principle in selection is as follows: it is better to choose a mediocre Reformist than an *efficient* Lutheran or, worse still, a Catholic. But as there are far more Lutherans than Reformists among the Prussian philologists, they have hardly ever been able to apply this principle.

Dr. Hantschke, a royal professor and temporary headmaster, comes from Luckau in Lausitz, writes poetry and prose in Ciceronian Latin and is also the author of a number of sermons, works on education and a textbook for the study of Hebrew. He would have been made permanent headmaster long ago if he were not a Lutheran and if the school inspectorate were less miserly.

Dr. Eichhoff, the second senior teacher, in conjunction with his junior colleague, Dr. Beltz, wrote a Latin grammar which, however, was not very well reviewed by F. Haase in the *Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung*.<sup>15</sup> His best subject is Greek.

Dr. Clausen, the third senior teacher, is, undoubtedly, the most capable man in the entire school, with an expert knowledge in all spheres of learning, and outstanding in history and literature. His lectures have a rare charm; he is the only one who can arouse a feeling for poetry among the pupils, a feeling which would otherwise be bound to perish miserably among the philistines of Wuppertal. As far as I know, his only written work is a thesis in an annual report, "Pindaros der Lyriker", which won him a high reputation among grammar school teachers in Prussia and beyond her borders.<sup>16</sup> It did not, of course, reach the book market.

These three schools were not founded until 1820; previously Elberfeld and Barmen had one *Rektoratsschule*<sup>17</sup> each and numerous private institutions which could not provide an adequate education. Their influence can still be felt in the Barmen merchants of the older generation. Not a trace of education; anyone who plays whist and billiards, who can talk a little about politics and pay a pretty compliment is regarded as an educated man in Barmen and Elberfeld. The life these people lead is terrible, yet they are so satisfied with it; in the daytime they immerse themselves in their accounts with a passion and interest that is hard to believe; in the evening at an appointed hour they turn up at social gatherings where they play cards, talk politics and smoke, and then leave for

home at the stroke of nine. So they live day in, day out, with never a change, and woe to him who interferes with their routine; he can be sure of most ungracious treatment in all the best houses.—Fathers zealously bring up their sons along these lines, sons who show every promise of following in their fathers' footsteps. The topics of conversation are pretty monotonous: Barmen people talk more about horses, Elberfeld people about dogs; and when things are at their height there may also be appraisals of fair ladies or chat about business matters, and that is all. Once every half a century they also talk about literature, by which they mean Paul de Kock, Marryat, Tromlitz, Nestroy and their like. In politics they are all good Prussians, because they are under Prussian rule and *a priori* very much against liberalism, but all this is only for as long as it suits His Majesty to preserve the Napoleonic Code, for all patriotism would disappear with its abolition. No one knows anything about the literary significance of Young Germany; it is regarded as a secret alliance, something like demagogues, under the chairmanship of Messrs. Heine, Gutzkow, and Mundt.<sup>18</sup> Some of the upper-class youth have probably read a little Heine, perhaps the *Reisebilder*, omitting the poems in it, or the *Denunziant*,<sup>a</sup> but they have only a hazy notion of the rest from the mouths of pastors or officials. Freiligrath is known personally to most of them and has the reputation of being a good fellow. When he came to Barmen he was deluged with visits from these green noblemen (as he calls the young merchants); however, he very soon realised what they were like and kept away from them; but they pursued him, praised his poems and his wine, and did their utmost to get on close terms with a man who had something in print, because for these people a poet is nothing, but an author whose works have been printed is everything. Gradually Freiligrath ceased to associate with these people and now meets only a few, since Köster left Barmen. Freiligrath's employers<sup>19</sup> in their precarious situation have always behaved in a decent and friendly manner towards him; surprisingly he is an extremely accurate and diligent office worker. It would be quite superfluous to speak of his poetic achievements after Dingelstedt in the *Jahrbuch der Literatur* and Carrière in the Berlin *Jahrbücher* have given such an accurate assessment of him.<sup>20</sup> It seems to me, however, that neither of them has paid sufficient attention to the fact that however far afield his thoughts may roam, he is still extremely attached to his homeland. This can be seen from his frequent

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<sup>a</sup> H. Heine, *Salon*, Preface to Vol. 3.—Ed.

allusions to German folk-tales, e.g., the *Unkenkönigin* (p. 54), *Snewittchen*<sup>21</sup> (p. 87), and others to which (p. 157) an entire poem (*Im Walde*) is devoted, from his imitation of Uhland (the *Edelfalk*, p. 82, *Die Schreiner gesellen*, p. 85; the first of the *Zwei Feldherrngräber* also reminds one of Uhland, but only to his advantage), then *Die Auswanderer* and, above all, his incomparable *Prinz Eugen*. One must pay more attention to these few points in his poetry the farther Freiligrath strays in the opposite direction. A deep insight into the state of his feelings is afforded by *Der ausgewanderte Dichter*, particularly the excerpts published in the *Morgenblatt*<sup>22</sup>; here he already realises that he cannot feel at home in distant parts unless he has his roots in true German poetry.

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 59, April 1839]

Journalism occupies the most important place in Wuppertal literature proper. At the top is the *Elberfelder Zeitung* edited by Dr. Martin Runkel, which under his perspicacious guidance won for itself a considerable and well-deserved reputation. He took over the editorship when two newspapers, the *Allgemeine* and the *Provinzialzeitung*, were merged; the newspaper came into being under somewhat unfavourable auspices; the *Barmer Zeitung* competed with it, but thanks to his efforts to get his own correspondents and to his leading articles Runkel gradually made the *Elberfelder Zeitung* one of the main newspapers in the Prussian state. True, in Elberfeld, where only a few people read the leading articles, the newspaper met with little recognition, but it received a much greater welcome elsewhere, which the decline of the *Preussische Staats-Zeitung* may have helped to bring about. The literary supplement, the *Intelligenzblatt*, does not rise above the usual level. The *Barmer Zeitung*, the publisher, editors and censors of which have frequently changed, is at present under the guidance of H. Püttmann, who from time to time writes reviews in the *Abend-Zeitung*. He would very much like to improve the newspaper, but his hands are tied by the well-justified parsimony of the publisher. Nor does the feature page with some of his poems, reviews or extracts from larger writings provide a remedy. The newspaper's companion, the *Wuppertaler Lesekreis*, derives its material almost exclusively from Lewald's *Europa*. In addition, there is also the *Elberfeld Täglicher Anzeiger* along with the *Fremdenblatt*—a product of the *Dorfzeitung*, which is unrivalled for its heart-rending poems and bad jokes—and the *Barmer Wochen-*

*blatt*, an old nightcap, with pietist asses' ears sticking out constantly from its literary lion's skin.

Of the other types of literature, the prose is of no value at all; if one takes away the theological or, rather, pietist works and a few booklets on the history of Barmen and Elberfeld, written very superficially, there is nothing left. But poetry is much cultivated in the "blessed valley" and a fair number of poets have taken up residence there.

Wilhelm Langewiesche, a bookseller in Barmen and Iserlohn, writes under the name of W. Jemand<sup>a</sup>; his main work is a didactic tragedy *Der ewige Jude* which is, of course, inferior to Mosen's treatment of the same subject. As a publisher, he is more important than his Wuppertal rivals, which is very easy, incidentally, since the two of them, Hassel in Elberfeld and Steinhaus in Barmen, publish only genuinely pietist works. Freiligrath lives in his house.

Karl August Döring, the preacher in Elberfeld, is the author of numerous prose and poetry works; to him Platen's words are applicable: "You are a river in full spate which no one can swim to the end."<sup>b</sup>

He divides his poems into religious songs, odes and lyrics. Sometimes, by the middle of a poem he has forgotten the beginning and is carried away into most peculiar regions; from the Pacific islands with their missionaries to hell, and from the sighs of a contrite soul to the ice of the North Pole.

Lieth, the headmaster of a girls' school in Elberfeld, is the author of poems for children; most of them are written in a now outmoded fashion and cannot bear comparison with the poems of Rückert, Güll and Hey, yet there are a few nice things to be found among them.

Friedrich Ludwig Wülfig, indisputably the greatest Wuppertal poet, born in Barmen, is a man of unmistakable genius. Should you see a lanky individual, about forty-five years of age, wrapped in a long reddish-brown frock-coat half as old as its owner, above his shoulders a countenance that defies description, on his nose gold-rimmed spectacles through the lenses of which every glance from his lustrous eyes is refracted, his head crowned by a green cap, in his mouth a flower, in his hand a button which he has just twisted off his frock-coat—this is the Horace of Barmen. Day in, day out he walks on the Hardtberg hoping to come across a new

<sup>a</sup> *Jemand* means "someone".— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> A. Platen, *Der romantische Oedipus*, Act III, Scene 4.— *Ed.*

rhyme or a new beloved. Until his thirtieth year this indefatigable man worshipped Pallas Athena, then fell into the hands of Aphrodite, who presented him with nine Dulcineas, one after the other; these are his Muses. Speak not of Goethe, who found a poetic aspect in everything, or of Petrarch, who embodied every glance, every word of his beloved in a sonnet—Wülfig leaves them far behind. Who counts the grains of sand beneath his beloved's feet? The great Wülfig. Who sings of Minchen (the Clio of the nine Muses), her stockings bespattered in a swampy meadow? No one but Wülfig.—His epigrams are masterpieces of the most eccentric, popular crudity. When his first wife died he wrote an announcement of her death which reduced all maid-servants to tears and an even finer elegy: "Wilhelmine—the most beautiful of all names!" Six weeks later he became betrothed again; and now he has a third wife. This ingenious man has new plans every day. When still in the full flowering of his poetic talent, he thought of becoming a button-maker, then a farmer, then a paper-merchant; finally he ended up in the haven of candle-making, so as to make his lamp shine in some way or other. His writings are like the sand on the sea-shore.

Montanus Eremita, an anonymous Solingen writer,<sup>23</sup> should be included here as a neighbour and friend. He is the most poetical historiographer of the Berg area; his verses are less absurd than tedious and prosaic.

Here, too, belongs Johann Pol, a pastor in Heedfeld near Iserlohn, who has written a slim volume of poems.

Kings come from God and missionaries too,  
But Goethe the poet comes from mankind alone.

This reflects the spirit of the entire book. But Pol is also a wit, for he says: "Poets are lamps, philosophers are the servants of truth."<sup>a</sup> And what imagination is shown by the two opening lines of his ballad *Attila an der Marne*.

Like the monstrous avalanche, like sword and flint hard  
cutting all,  
Through the blazing towns and ruins whirls the Scourge  
of God on Gaul.

He has also composed psalms, or rather combined fragments from the psalms of David. His greatest work is a song in praise of the quarrel between Hülsmann and Sander, written in a most

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<sup>a</sup> Engels is speaking ironically of Pol's wit; he is alluding to the internal rhymes in the German: "*Die Dichter sind Lichter, die Philosophen sind der Wahrheit Zofen.*"—Ed.



original way, in epigrams. The whole thing centres round the idea that the rationalists dared

To slander and blaspheme against Lord God.

Neither Voss nor Schlegel have ever ended a hexameter with such a perfect spondee. Pol is even better than Döring at grouping his poems: he divides them into "religious chants and songs and miscellaneous poems".<sup>24</sup>

F. W. Krug, candidate of theology, author of *Poetische Erstlinge und prosaische Reliquien*, and translator of a number of Dutch and French sermons, has also written a touching short novel<sup>a</sup> in the manner of Stilling in which, among other things, he presents new evidence supporting the Mosaic account of the creation. A delightful book.

In conclusion, I must also mention a clever young man who has the idea that since Freiligrath can be a business clerk and a poet simultaneously, he should be able to as well. It is to be hoped that German literature will soon be enriched by some of his short novels, which will not be inferior to the best; the only shortcomings of which he can be accused are hackneyed treatment, ill-conceived design and careless style. I would willingly quote extracts from one of them, if decency did not forbid it, but soon perhaps a publisher will take pity on the great D.<sup>b</sup> (I dare not give his full name lest his wounded modesty leads him to sue me for libel) and publish his short novels. He also *wants* to be a close friend of Freiligrath.

This just about covers the literary manifestations of the world-famous valley to which, perhaps, should be added a few wine-inspired geniuses who from time to time try their hand at rhyming, and whom I can warmly recommend to Dr. Duller as characters for a new novel. This whole region is submerged in a sea of pietism and philistinism, from which rise no beautiful, flower-covered islands, but only dry, bare cliffs or long sandbanks, among which Freiligrath wanders like a seaman off course.

Written in March 1839

Printed according to the journal

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*Telegraph für Deutschland* Nos. 49, 50,  
51 and 52 for March and Nos. 57 and  
59 for April, 1839

Published in English for the first  
time

<sup>a</sup> F. W. Krug, *Kämpfe und Siege des jungen Wahlheim oder Lebensbilder aus dem Reiche des Wahren, Guten und Schönen.*—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Dürholt, a clerk in Barmen. See this volume, p. 427.—Ed.

## TO THE BREMEN COURIER<sup>25</sup>

Dear *Bremen Courier*,

                    Please don't be offended  
If you've become the laughing-stock of town.  
Remember, friend, that folk have always tended  
To ridicule what's patently unsound.  
Your sunshine days have very nearly ended  
In the three months that you've been trotting round.  
Have you been saying things you didn't ought,  
To give yourself such food for afterthought?

My poems cost little effort when I did them;  
The donkey work was almost wholly done.  
I took your articles and parodied them;  
The subject-matter came from you alone.  
Simply subtract the rhyme-schemes and the rhythm—  
The image that remains is all your own.  
Rage, if you like, at your respectful and  
Obedient servant,

*Theodor Hildebrand*

Written about April 27, 1839

First published in the *Bremisches Unterhaltungsblatt* No. 34, April 27, 1839

Printed according to the newspaper

Published in English for the first time

[OPEN LETTER TO DR. RUNKEL]<sup>26</sup>

*To Herr Dr. Runkel in Elberfeld*

*Elberfeld, May 6th*

You have violently attacked me and my "Letters from Wuppertal" in your newspaper and accused me of deliberate distortion, ignorance of the conditions, personal abuse and even untruths. It does not matter to me that you call me a Young German, for I neither accept the charges you level against Young Literature nor have the honour of belonging to it. Up to now I have felt nothing but respect for you as a man of letters and journalist; I have even expressed my opinion to this effect in the second article, where I deliberately refrained from mentioning your poems in the *Rheinisches Odeon*<sup>27</sup> since I could not have praised them. Anyone can be accused of deliberate distortion, and this tends to be done wherever an account does not conform to the preconceived notions of the reader. Why do you not give a single example as evidence? As for ignorance of the conditions, I should have expected this reproach least of all did I not know what a meaningless expression this phrase has become, used everywhere for lack of anything better. I have possibly spent twice as much time as you in Wuppertal, have lived in Elberfeld and Barmen and have had the most favourable opportunity to observe closely the life of all social estates.

Herr Runkel, I do not, as you accuse me of doing, make any claim to genius, but it would indeed require an extraordinarily dull intelligence not to acquire a knowledge of the conditions in such circumstances, especially if one makes the effort to do so. As for personal abuse—a preacher or a teacher is just as much a public figure as a writer, and you would surely not call a

description of his public actions personal abuse. Where have I spoken of private matters, or even of such as would require a mention of my name, where have I ridiculed such things? As for the alleged untruths, much as I would like to avoid coming to blows or even causing a sensation, I find myself compelled, in order not to compromise the *Telegraph* or my anonymous honour, to challenge you to point out a single one of the "multitude of untruths". To be honest, there are in fact two. Stier's adaptation is not printed word for word, and Herr Egen's travels are not that bad.<sup>a</sup> But please, now be so kind as to complete the clover leaf! You say further that I have not shown a single bright side of the district. That is so; I have throughout acknowledged competence in individual cases (though I have not shown Herr Stier in his theological importance, which I truly regret), but in general I was unable to find any purely bright sides; and I await a description of the latter from you. Furthermore, it never occurred to me to say that the red Wupper becomes clear again in Barmen. That would be nonsense, or does the Wupper flow uphill? In conclusion I would ask you not to pass judgment before you have read the whole, and in future to quote Dante accurately or not at all; he does not say: *qui si entra nell' eterno dolore*,<sup>b</sup> but *per me si va nell' eterno dolore*<sup>c</sup> (*Inferno*, III, 2).

*The author of the Letters from Wuppertal*

Written on May 6, 1839

First published in the *Elberfelder Zeitung*

No. 127, May 9, 1839

Printed according to the newspaper

Published in English for the first time

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<sup>a</sup> See this volume, p. 19.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Here is the gateway to eternal pain.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Through me you pass into eternal pain (Dante, *La Divina Commedia*).—*Ed.*

[F. W. KRUMMACHER'S SERMON ON JOSHUA]<sup>28</sup>

In a recent sermon in Elberfeld on Joshua 10:12-13, where Joshua bids the sun stand still, Krummacher advanced the interesting thesis that pious Christians, the Elect, should not suppose from this passage that Joshua was here accommodating himself to the views of the people, but must believe *that the earth stands still and the sun moves round it*. In defence of this view he showed that it is expressed throughout the Bible. The fool's cap which the world will give them for that, they, the Elect, should cheerfully put in their pockets with the many others they have already received.— We should be happy to receive a refutation of this sad anecdote, which comes to us from a reliable source.

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## FROM ELBERFELD

For some time there have been loud and bitter complaints about the deplorable power of scepticism; here and there one looked gloomily at the toppled edifice of the old faith, anxiously waiting for the clouds covering the sky of the future to break. With a similar feeling of melancholy I laid down the *Lieder eines heimgegangenen Freundes*; they are the songs of a dead man, a genuine Wuppertal Christian, recalling the happy time when one could still cherish a childlike belief in a doctrine whose contradictions can now be counted on the fingers, when one burned with pious zeal against religious liberalism, a zeal at which people now smile or blush.—The very place of printing shows that these verses must not be judged by ordinary standards, that no brilliant thoughts, no unfettered soaring of a free spirit are to be found here; indeed, it would be unfair to expect anything but a product of pietism. The only proper standard that can be applied to these poems is provided by earlier Wuppertal literature, about which I have already vented my irritation at length,<sup>a</sup> to allow one of its products for once to be judged from a different standpoint. And here it is undeniable that this book reveals progress. The poems, which appear to come from a layman, although not an uneducated one, are in their thought at least on the level of those of the preachers Döring and Pol; at times even a faint hint of romanticism, as far as that can go together with the Calvinistic doctrine, is unmistakable. As regards form, they are undeniably the best that Wuppertal has produced so far; new or unusual rhymes are often

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<sup>a</sup> See this volume, pp. 22-23.—*Ed.*

used not without skill; the author even rises to the distich or the free ode, forms which are actually too elevated for him. Krummacher's<sup>a</sup> influence is unmistakable; his phrases and metaphors are used everywhere. But when the poet sings:

*Pilgrim:*     Though lamb of Jesus' flock you be,  
                   No ornament of His I see  
                   On Thee, O lamb so still.

*Little Lamb:* Oppressed, but only to arise,  
                   The lamb shall go to Paradise.  
                   Be silent, Pilgrim, be a lamb;  
                   Meek and low through gate may go,  
                   Be silent, pray, and be a lamb,

this is no imitation, but Krummacher himself! Nevertheless one can find passages in these poems which are truly moving by their genuineness of feeling; but, alas, one can never forget that this feeling is for the most part morbid! And yet, even here one can see how fortifying and comforting a religion which has truly become a matter of the heart is, even in its saddest extremes.

Dear reader, forgive me for presenting you with a book which can be of infinitely little interest to you; you were not born in Wuppertal, perchance you have never stood on its hills and seen the two towns<sup>b</sup> at your feet. But you too have a homeland and perhaps return to it with the same love as I, however ordinary it looks, once you have vented your anger at its perversities.

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<sup>a</sup> Friedrich Wilhelm Krummacher.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Barmen and Elberfeld.— *Ed.*

## GERMAN VOLKSBÜCHER<sup>a</sup>

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 186, November 1839]

Is it not a great commendation for a book to be a popular book, a book for the German people? Yet this gives us the right to demand a great deal of such a book; it must satisfy all reasonable requirements and its value in every respect must be unquestionable. The popular book has the task of cheering, reviving and entertaining the peasant when he returns home in the evening tired from his hard day's work, making him forget his toil, transforming his stony field into a fragrant rose garden; it has the task of turning the craftsman's workshop and the wretched apprentice's miserable attic into a world of poetry, a golden palace, and showing him his sturdy sweetheart in the guise of a beautiful princess; but it also has the task, together with the Bible, of clarifying his moral sense, making him aware of his strength, his rights, his freedom, and arousing his courage and love for his country.

If, generally speaking, the qualities which can fairly be demanded of a popular book are rich poetic content, robust humour, moral purity, and, for a German popular book, a strong, trusty *German* spirit, qualities which remain the same at all times, we are also entitled to demand that it should be in keeping with its age, or cease to be a book for the people. If we take a look in particular at the present time, at the struggle for freedom which

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<sup>a</sup> German *Volksbücher* were similar to the English chap-books of the same period, that is, cheap popular books intended for the mass of the people and containing legends, tales, poetry, etc.—*Ed.*



produces all its manifestations—the development of constitutionalism, the resistance to the pressure of the aristocracy, the fight of the intellect against pietism and of gaiety against the remnants of gloomy asceticism—I fail to see how it can be wrong to demand that the popular book should help the uneducated person and show him the truth and reasonableness of these trends, although, of course, not by direct deduction; but on no account should it encourage servility and toadying to the aristocracy or pietism. It goes without saying, however, that customs of earlier times, which it would be absurd or even wrong to practise today, must have no place in a popular book.

By these principles we should, and must, also judge those books which are now genuinely popular German books and are usually grouped together under this name. They are products in part of mediæval German or Romance poetry, in part of popular superstition. Earlier despised and derided by the upper classes, they were, as we know, sought out by the romantics, adapted, even extolled. But romanticism looked at their poetic content alone, and how incapable it was of grasping their significance as popular books is shown by Görres' work on them.<sup>a</sup> Görres, as he has shown but lately, actually *versifies* all his judgments. Nevertheless, the usual view of these books still rests on his work, and Marbach even refers to it in the announcement of his own publication. The three new revised adaptations of these books, by Marbach in prose, and *Simrock* in prose and poetry, two of which are again intended for the people,<sup>29</sup> call for another precise examination of the material adapted here from the point of view of its popular value.

So long as opinions about the poetry of the Middle Ages vary so widely, the assessment of the poetic value of these books must be left to the individual reader; but naturally no one would deny that they really are genuinely poetic. Even if they cannot pass the test as popular books, their poetic content must be accorded full recognition; yes, in Schiller's words:

What in immortal song shall live forever,  
Is doomed to die in life,<sup>b</sup>

many a poet may find yet one more reason to save for poetry by means of adaptation what proves impossible to preserve for the people.

There is a very significant difference between the tales of German and Romance origin. The German tales, genuine folk

<sup>a</sup> J. Görres, *Die teutschen Volksbücher*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> From Schiller's poem *Die Götter Griechenlands*.—Ed.

stories, place the man in action in the foreground; the Romance give prominence to the woman, either as one who suffers (Genovefa), or as one who loves, passive towards passion even in her love. There are only two exceptions, *Die Haimonskinder* and *Fortunat*, both Romance but also folk legends; while *Octavianus*, *Melusina*, etc., are products of court poetry which only reached the people later in prose adaptations.—Of the humorous tales only one, *Salomon und Morolf*, is not directly of Germanic origin, while *Eulenspiegel*, *Die Schildbürger*, etc., are indisputably ours.

If we view all these books in their entirety and judge them by the principles stated at the beginning, it is clear that they satisfy these requirements only in the one respect that they have poetry and humour in rich measure and in a form which is easily understood in general even by the least educated, but in other respects they are far from adequate, some of them a complete contradiction, others only partially acceptable. Since they are the products of the Middle Ages, they naturally fail entirely in the special purpose which the present age might require them to fulfil. Thus in spite of the outward richness of this branch of literature and in spite of the declamations of Tieck and Görres, they still leave much to be desired; whether this gap is ever to be filled is another question which I will not take it upon myself to answer.

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 188, November 1839]

To proceed now to individual cases, the most important one is undoubtedly the ***Geschichte vom gehörnten Siegfried***.—I like this book; it is a tale which leaves little to be desired; it has the most exuberant poetry written sometimes with the greatest naivety and sometimes with the most beautiful humorous pathos; there is sparkling wit—who does not know the priceless episode of the fight between the two cowards? It has character, a bold, fresh, youthful spirit which every young wandering craftsman can take as an example, even though he no longer has to fight dragons and giants. And once the misprints are corrected, of which the (Cologne) edition in front of me has more than a fair share, and the punctuation is put right, Schwab's and Marbach's adaptations will not be able to compare with this genuinely popular style.<sup>30</sup> The people have also shown themselves grateful for it; I have not come across any other popular book as often as this one.

**Herzog Heinrich der Löwe**.—Unfortunately I have not been able to get hold of an old copy of this book; the new edition

printed in Einbeck<sup>31</sup> seems to have replaced it entirely. It starts with the genealogy of the House of Brunswick going back to the year 1735; then follows a historical biography of Herzog Heinrich and the popular legend. It also contains a tale which tells the same story about Godfrey of Bouillon as the popular legend of Heinrich der Löwe, the story of the slave Andronicus ascribed to a Palestinian abbot called Gerasimi with the end substantially altered, and a poem of the new romantic school of which I cannot remember the author, in which the story of the lion is told once more. Thus the legend on which the popular book is based disappears entirely under the trappings with which the munificence of the clever publisher has furnished it. The legend itself is very beautiful, but the rest is of no interest; what do Swabians care about the history of Brunswick? And what room is there for the wordy modern romance after the simple style of the popular book? But that has also disappeared; the adapter, a man of genius, whom I see as a parson or schoolmaster at the end of the last century, writes as follows:

"Thus the goal of the journey was reached, the Holy Land lay before their eyes, they set foot on the soil with which the most significant memories of religious history are linked! The pious simplicity which had looked forward in longing to this moment changed into fervent devotion here, found complete satisfaction here and became the keenest joy in the Lord."

Restore the legend in its old language, add other genuine folk legends to make a complete book, send this out among the people, and it would keep the poetic sense alive; but in this form it does not deserve to circulate among the people.

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 189, November 1839]

**Herzog Ernst.**—The author of this book was no great poet, for he found all the poetical elements in oriental fairy-tales. The book is well written and very entertaining for the people; but that is all. Nobody will believe any longer in the reality of the fantasies which occur in it; it can therefore be left in the hands of the people without alteration.

I now come to two legends which the German people created and developed, the most profound that the folk poetry of any people has to show. I mean the legends of **Faust** and of **Der ewige Jude**. They are inexhaustible; any period can adopt them without altering their essence; and even if the adaptations of the Faust legend after Goethe belong with the Iliads *post Homerum*, they still always reveal to us new aspects, not to mention the importance of

the Ahasuerus legend for the poetry of later times. But how do these legends appear in the popular books! Not as products of the free imagination are they conceived, no, as children of a slavish superstition. The book about the Wandering Jew even demands a religious belief in its contents which it seeks to justify by the Bible and a lot of stale legends; it contains only the most superficial part of the legend itself, but preaches a very lengthy and tedious Christian sermon on the Jew Ahasuerus. The Faust legend is reduced to a common witches' tale embellished with vulgar sorcerer's anecdotes; what little poetry is preserved in the popular comedy has almost completely disappeared. These two books are not only incapable of offering any poetical enjoyment, in their present shape they are bound to strengthen and renew old superstitions; or what else is to be expected of such devilish work? The awareness of the legend and its contents seems to be disappearing altogether among the people, too; Faust is thought to be no more than a common sorcerer and Ahasuerus the greatest villain since Judas Iscariot. But should it not be possible to rescue both these legends for the German *people*, to restore them to their original purity and to express their essence so clearly that the deep meaning does not remain entirely unintelligible even to the less educated? Marbach and Simrock have still to adapt these legends; may they exercise wise judgment in the process!

We have before us yet another series of popular books, namely, the humorous ones, *Eulenspiegel*, *Salomon und Morolf*, *Der Pfaff vom Kalenberge*, *Die sieben Schwaben*, and *Die Schildbürger*. This is a series such as few other nations have produced. The wit, the natural manner of both arrangement and workmanship, the good-natured humour which always accompanies the biting scorn so that it should not become too malicious, the strikingly comical situations could indeed put a great deal of our literature to shame. What author of the present day has sufficient inventiveness to create a book like *Die Schildbürger*? How prosaic Mundt's humour appears compared with that of *Die sieben Schwaben*! Of course, a quieter time was needed to produce such things than ours which, like a restless businessman, is always talking about the important questions it has to answer before it can think of anything else.—As regards the form of these books, little needs changing, except for removing the odd flat joke and distortions of style. Several editions of *Eulenspiegel*, marked with the stamp of Prussian censorship, are not quite complete; there is a coarse joke missing right at the beginning which Marbach illustrates in a very good woodcut.

In sharp contrast to these are the stories of **Genovefa**, **Griseldis** and **Hirlanda**, three books of Romance<sup>a</sup> origin, each of which has a woman for heroine, and a suffering woman at that; they illustrate the attitude of the Middle Ages to religion, and very poetically too; only *Genovefa* and *Hirlanda* are too conventionally drawn. But, for heaven's sake, what are the German people to do with them today? One can well imagine the German people as *Griseldis*, of course, and the princes as Markgraf Walther; but then the comedy would have to end quite differently from the way it does in the popular book; both sides would resent the comparison here and there on good grounds. If *Griseldis* is to remain a popular book I see it as a petition to the High German Federal Assembly for the emancipation of women. But one knows, here and there, how this kind of romantic petition was received four years ago, which makes me wonder greatly that Marbach was not subsequently counted among the Young Germans.<sup>32</sup> The people have acted *Griseldis* and *Genovefa* long enough, let them now play *Siegfried* and *Reinald* for a change; but the right way to get them to do so is surely not to praise these old stories of humiliation.

The first half of the book **Kaiser Octavianus** belongs to the same class, while the second half is more like the love stories proper. The story of **Helena** is merely an imitation of *Octavianus*, or perhaps both are different versions of the same legend. The second half of *Octavianus* is an excellent popular book and one which can be ranked only with *Siegfried*; the characterisation of Florens and his foster-father Clemens is excellent, and so is that of Claudius; Tieck had it very easy here.<sup>33</sup> But running right through is there not the idea that noble blood is better than common blood? And how often do we not find this idea among the people themselves! If this idea cannot be banished from *Octavianus*—and I think it is impossible—if I consider that it must first be eradicated where constitutional life is to arise, then let the book be as poetic as you like, *censeo Carthaginem esse delendam*.<sup>b</sup>

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 190, November 1839]

In contrast to the tearful tales of suffering and endurance I have mentioned are three others which celebrate love. They are **Magelone**, **Melusina** and **Tristan**. I like *Magelone* best as a popular book; *Melusina* is again full of absurd monstrosities and fantastic

<sup>a</sup> The *Telegraph für Deutschland* has "romantic", which is a misprint.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> I am of the opinion that Carthage must be destroyed.—Ed.

exaggerations so that one could almost see it as a kind of Don Quixote tale, and I must ask again: what do the German people want with it? On top of that the story of Tristan and Isolde—I will not dispute its poetic value because I love the wonderful rendering by Gottfried von Strassburg,<sup>34</sup> even if one may find defects here and there in the narrative—but there is no book that it is less desirable to put into the hands of the people than this. Of course, here again there is a close connection with a modern theme, the emancipation of women; a skilful poet would today hardly be able to exclude it from an adaptation of *Tristan* without falling into a contrived and tedious form of moralising poetry. But in a popular book where this question is out of place the entire narrative is reduced to an apology for adultery and whether that should be left in the hands of the people is highly questionable. In the meanwhile the book has almost disappeared and one only rarely comes across a copy.

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 191, November 1836]

**Die Haimonskinder** and **Fortunat**, where we again see the *ma* in the centre of the action, are another couple of true popular books. Here the merriest humour with which the son of Fortunat fights all his adventures, there the bold defiance, the unrestrained relish in opposition which in youthful vigour stands up to the absolute, tyrannical power of Charlemagne and is not afraid, even before the eyes of the prince, to take revenge with its own hand for insults it suffered. Such a youthful spirit that allows us to overlook many weaknesses must prevail in the popular book; but where is it to be found in *Griseldis* and its like?

Last but not least, the **Hundertjährige Kalender**, a work of genius, the super-clever **Traumbuch**, the unfailing **Glücksrad**, and similar progeny of miserable superstition. Anyone who has even glanced at his book, knows with what wretched sophistries Görres made excuses for this rubbish. All these dreary books have been honoured with the Prussian censor's stamp. They are, of course, neither revolutionary, like Börne's letters,<sup>a</sup> nor immoral, as people claim *Wally*<sup>b</sup> is. We can see how wrong are the charges that the Prussian censorship is exceedingly strict. I hardly need waste any more words on whether such rubbish should remain among the people.

<sup>a</sup> L. Börne, *Briefe aus Paris*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> K. Gutzkow, *Wally, die Zweiflerin*.—Ed.

Nothing need be said of the rest of the popular books; the stories of *Pontus*, *Fierabras*, etc., have long been lost and so no longer deserve the name. But I believe I have shown, even in these few notes, how inadequate this literature appears, when judged according to the interest of the people and not the interest of poetry. What is necessary are adaptations of a strict selection which do not needlessly depart from the old style and are issued in attractive editions for the people. To eradicate forcibly any which cannot stand up to criticism would be neither easy nor advisable; only that which is pure superstition should be denied the stamp of the censor. The others are disappearing as it is; *Griseldis* is rare, *Tristan* almost unobtainable. In many areas, in Wuppertal, for example, it is not possible to find a single copy; in other places, Cologne, Bremen, etc., almost every shopkeeper has copies in his windows for the peasants who come into town.

But surely the German people and the best of these books deserve intelligent adaptations? Not everybody is capable of producing such adaptations, of course; I know only two people with sufficient critical acumen and taste to make the selection, and skill to handle the old style; they are the brothers *Grimm*. But would they have the time and inclination for this work? Marbach's adaptation is quite unsuitable for the people. What can one hope for when he starts straight away with *Griseldis*? Not only does he lack all critical sense, but he cannot resist making quite unnecessary omissions; he has also made the style quite flat and insipid—compare the popular version of the *Gehörnter Siegfried* and all the others with the adaptation. There is nothing but sentences torn apart, and changed word order for which the only justification was Herr Marbach's mania to appear original here since he lacked all other originality. What else could have driven him to alter the most beautiful passages of the popular book and furnish it with his unnecessary punctuation? For anyone who does not know the popular version, Marbach's tales are quite good; but as soon as one compares the two, one realises that Marbach's sole service has been to correct the misprints. His woodcuts vary greatly in value.—Simrock's adaptation is not yet far enough advanced for judgment to be passed on it; but I trust him more than his rival. His woodcuts are also consistently better than Marbach's.

These old popular books with their old-fashioned tone, their misprints and their poor woodcuts have for me an extraordinary, poetic charm; they transport me from our artificial modern "conditions, confusions and fine distinctions" into a world which is

much closer to nature. But that is not what matters here; Tieck, of course, made this poetic charm his chief argument—but what weight has the authority of Tieck, Görres and all other romantics when reason contradicts it and when it is a question of the *German people*?

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## KARL BECK

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 202, December 1839]

I am a Sultan, driven by storms that blow,  
My warrior hosts are armoured forms of song,  
And grief has laid a turban on my brow  
With many mysteries its folds among.<sup>a</sup>

With these bombastic words Herr Beck approached the German poets' ranks, demanding admission; in his eyes the proud awareness of his calling, about his lips an expression of modern world-weariness. Thus he stretched out his hand for the laurel wreath. Two years have passed since then; does the laurel appeasingly cover the "mysterious folds" of his brow?

There was much boldness in his first collection of poems. *Gepanzerte Lieder*, a *Neue Bibel*, a *Junges Palästina*<sup>35</sup>—the twenty-year-old poet jumped straight from the top form into the third heaven! That was a fire such as had not blazed for a long time, a fire which gave out much smoke because it came from wood that was too fresh and green.

The Young Literature developed so rapidly and brilliantly that its adversaries perceived they stood to lose rather than gain by arrogant rejection or condemnation. It was high time to take a closer look at it and to attack its real weaknesses. Thus, the Young Literature was, of course, recognised as an equal. Soon quite a number of these weaknesses were found—whether real or apparent does not concern us here; but the loudest claim was that the former Young Germany had wanted to dethrone lyric poetry.

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<sup>a</sup> K. Beck, *Nächte. Gepanzerte Lieder*. From the poem *Der Sultan*.—Ed.

Heine, of course, fought against the Swabians<sup>36</sup>; Wienbarg made bitter comments on the humdrum lyrics and their eternal monotony; Mundt rejected all lyrics as being out of tune with the times and prophesied a literary Messiah of prose. That was too much. We Germans have always been proud of our songs; if the Frenchman boasted of his hard-won charter and derided our censorship, we pointed proudly to philosophy from Kant to Hegel and to the line of songs from the Song of Ludwig<sup>37</sup> to Nikolaus Lenau. Are we to be deprived of this lyrical treasure? Behold, there comes the lyrical poetry of the "Young Literature" with Franz Dingelstedt, Ernst von der Haide, Theodor Creizenach and Karl Beck.

Beck's *Nächte* appeared shortly before Freiligrath's poems.<sup>a</sup> We know what a sensation both these collections of poems made. Two young lyrical poets had emerged with whom at that time none of the younger could be ranked. A comparative study of Beck and Freiligrath was made in the *Elegante Zeitung*<sup>b</sup> by Kühne<sup>38</sup> in the manner familiar from the *Charaktere*. I would like to apply Wienbarg's remark about G. Pfizer to this criticism.<sup>39</sup>

The *Nächte* are chaos. Everything lies in motley disorder. Images, often bold, like strange rock formations; seeds of a future life, but drowned in a sea of phrases; now and then a flower begins to bud, an island to take firm shape, a crystal layer to form. But still everything is in confusion and disorder. The words:

Oh, how the frenzied, flashing images  
Race through my wrathful, thunder-laden head,<sup>c</sup>

fit not Börne but Beck himself.

The image which Beck gives of Börne in his first attempt is terribly distorted and untrue; Kühne's influence here is unmistakable. Apart from the fact that Börne would never have used such phrases, he also knew nothing of all the desperate world-weariness which Beck ascribes to him. Is that the clear-headed Börne, the strong, imperturbable character whose love warmed but did not burn, least of all himself? No, it is not Börne, but merely a vague ideal of a modern poet composed of Heine's coquetry and Mundt's flowery phrases; the Lord preserve us from its realisation! Frenzied and flashing images never raced in Börne's head; his locks never stood on end with curses against heaven; in his heart

<sup>a</sup> F. Freiligrath, *Gedichte*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> K. Beck, *Nächte*. *Gepanzerte Lieder*. *Zweiundzwanzigste Nacht*.—Ed.

midnight never sounded, but always morning; his sky was never blood-red but always blue. Fortunately, Börne was never filled with such dreadful despair that he could have written *Die achtzehnte Nacht*. If Beck did not gabble so much about the Red of Life with which his Börne writes I should believe that he had never read the *Franzosenfresser*.<sup>a</sup> Let Beck take the most melancholy passage of the *Franzosenfresser* and it is bright day compared with his affected night-of-storm despair. Is not Börne poetic enough in himself, must he first be spiced with this new-fangled world-weariness? I say new-fangled because I can never believe that this sort of thing is a part of genuinely *modern* poetry. Börne's greatness is precisely that he was above the miserable flowery phrases and cliquish catchwords of our days.

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 203, December 1839]

Before a definite judgment of the *Nächte* could be formed, Beck had already come forward with a new series of poems. *Der fahrende Poet* showed him to us from a different angle. The storm had blown itself out and order began to emerge out of chaos. One had not expected such excellent descriptions as those in the first and second songs; nor had one believed that Schiller and Goethe, who had fallen into the clutches of our pedantic aesthetics, could offer material for such a poetic unity as is to be found in the third song, nor that Beck's poetic reflection could hover in almost philistine calm over the Wartburg as now in fact it did.

With *Der fahrende Poet* Beck had formally entered literature. Beck announced the *Stille Lieder*, and the journals reported that he was working on a tragedy, *Verlorene Seelen*.

A year passed. Except for a few poems nothing was heard of Beck. The *Stille Lieder* remained unpublished and nothing definite could be learned of the *Verlorene Seelen*. Eventually, his *Novellistische Skizzen* appeared in the *Elegante*. An attempt at prose by such an author would command attention in any event. I doubt, however, whether this attempt satisfied even a single friend of Beck's Muse. The earlier poet could be recognised in a few metaphors; with careful cultivation the style could be developed quite nicely; but that is all one can say for this little tale. Neither in profundity of thought nor poetic imagination did it rise above the

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<sup>a</sup> L. Börne, *Menzel, der Franzosenfresser*.—Ed.

usual sphere of literature meant for entertainment; the invention was rather ordinary and indeed ugly, and the execution was commonplace.

A friend told me during a concert that Beck's *Stille Lieder* had arrived. Just then the adagio of a Beethoven symphony began. The songs will be like this, I thought; but I was mistaken, there was little Beethoven and a great deal of Bellini lamentation. I was shocked when I took the booklet in my hands. The very first song was so infinitely trivial, so cheaply mannered, only given a spurious originality by an affected turn of phrase.

Only the enormous dreaming in these songs still recalls the *Nächte*. That a lot of dreaming was done in the *Nächte* could be excused; it could be overlooked in *Der fahrende Poet*; but now Herr Beck never comes out of his sleep at all. He is dreaming already on page 3; p. 4, p. 8, p. 9, p. 15, p. 16, p. 23, p. 31, p. 33, p. 34, p. 35, p. 40, etc., dreams everywhere. In addition there is a whole series of dream images. It would be ridiculous if it were not so sad. The hope of originality dwindled to a few new metres, and to make up for it there are suggestions of Heine and an infinitely *childish naivety* which runs most repulsively through almost all the songs. The first part, *Lieder der Liebe. Ihr Tagebuch*, suffers particularly. I would not have expected such weak, revolting pap from the blazing flame, the noble, strong spirit that Beck wants to be. Only two or three songs are tolerable. *Sein Tagebuch* is a little better; here there is occasionally a real song to make up for the frequent nonsense and drivel. The worst of the drivel in *Sein Tagebuch* is *Eine Träne*. We know what Beck produced earlier in tear poetry. There he let "the suffering, that bloody, raw corsair, sail in the quiet sea of tears"<sup>a</sup> and "grief, the dumb, cold fish", splash about in it. Now this is joined by:

Teardrop, not in vain  
So large and round a-brimming,  
All life's joy and pain  
In *your lap* (?) are swimming.  
So much, so much in you  
My love and lute are swimming too,  
Teardrop, not in vain  
So large and round a-brimming.<sup>b</sup>

How stupid it is! The better part of the whole booklet is to be found in the dream images, and some of the songs there are at

<sup>a</sup> K. Beck, *Nächte. Gepanzerte Lieder*. From the poem *Der Sultan*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> K. Beck, *Stille Lieder*. From the poem *Die Träne*.—Ed.

least heartfelt. Particularly *Schlaf wohl!* which, to judge by the date of its first publication in the *Elegante*,<sup>40</sup> must belong to the earlier of these songs. The final poem is among the better ones, although somewhat verbose, and at the end there is again the "tear the strong shield of the world spirit".<sup>a</sup>

To conclude there are attempts at the ballad. The *Zigeunerkönig*, with an opening which smacks strongly of Freiligrath's descriptive manner, is weak compared with the vivid portrayal of gipsy life in Lenau, and the gushing phrases, which are meant to make us find the poem fresh and strong, only render it more repulsive. *Das Röslein* is, however, a prettily reproduced moment. *Das ungrische Wachthaus* is in the same class as the *Zigeunerkönig*; the last ballad of this cycle is an example of how a poem can have flowing and sonorous verses and beautiful phrases without leaving much impression. The earlier Beck would have presented the sinister robber Janossyk more vividly in three striking images. And this Beck must have a final *dream* on the last page but one and so the booklet ends, but not the poem, the continuation of which is promised for the second slim volume. What does this mean? Are poems, like journals, to end with "to be continued"?

After several theatre managements had declared it impossible to produce, *Verlorene Seelen* was, we hear, destroyed by the author; he now appears to be working on another tragedy, *Saul*; at least, the *Elegante* has only published the first act and the *Theater-Chronik*<sup>b</sup> an extensive prospectus of it. This act has already been reviewed in these columns.<sup>41</sup> Unfortunately I can only confirm what is said there. Beck, whose uncontrolled and uncertain fantasy makes him incapable of presenting characters in the round, who compels all his personages to use *the same phrases*, Beck, who showed in his interpretation of Börne how little he can understand a character, let alone create one, could not have hit upon a more unfortunate idea than to write a tragedy. Beck was *forced* unwittingly to borrow the exposition from a recently published model,<sup>42</sup> to make his David and Merob speak in the tearful tone of *Ihr Tagebuch*, to present Saul's changes of mood with the crudeness of a comedy at a country fair. Hearing this Moab speak you begin to realise the significance of Abner as his model; is this Moab, this coarse, bloody disciple of Moloch, more like an animal than a man, supposed to be Saul's "evil spirit"? A child of nature is not a

<sup>a</sup> K. Beck, *Stille Lieder*. From the poem *Weltgeist*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> *Allgemeine Theater-Chronik*.—Ed.

beast, and Saul, who opposes the priests, does not for that reason find pleasure in human sacrifice. In addition, the dialogue is wooden beyond measure, the language feeble, and only a few tolerable images, which, however, cannot carry the weight of even one act of a tragedy, recall the expectations which Herr Beck no longer seems capable of fulfilling.<sup>43</sup>

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## RETROGRADE SIGNS OF THE TIMES

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There is nothing new under the sun! That is one of those happy pseudo-truths, which were destined to have a most brilliant career, which have passed from mouth to mouth in their triumphal procession round the globe, and after centuries are still often quoted as if they had only just made their appearance in the world. Genuine truths have rarely been so fortunate; they have had to struggle and suffer, they have been tortured and buried alive, and everyone has moulded them as he thought fit. There is nothing new under the sun! On the contrary, there is enough that is new, but it is suppressed if it does not belong to those pliant pseudo-truths which always have a loyal "that is to say, etc." in their train and like a flash of the northern lights soon give way to night again. But if a new genuine truth rises on the horizon like the red morning sky, the children of night know full well that it threatens the downfall of their kingdom and they take up arms against it. For the northern lights the sky is always clear, whereas the roseate dawn usually occurs in an overcast sky, the gloom of which it has to conquer or enkindle with its flames. And it is such *clouds* obscuring the roseate dawn of our time which we now intend to pass under review.

Or let us tackle the subject in another way! Attempts to depict the course of history in the form of a line are familiar.

"The form taken by history," states an intelligent work written to oppose Hegel's philosophy of history, "is not ascent and descent, not a concentric circle or a spiral, but an epic parallelism, sometimes converging" (this is what the word should be instead of "congruent"), "sometimes diverging."<sup>a</sup>

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<sup>a</sup> K. Gutzkow, *Zur Philosophie der Geschichte*, S. 53.—Ed.

Yet I prefer a free hand-drawn spiral, the turns of which are not too precisely executed. History begins its course slowly from an invisible point, languidly making its turns around it, but its circles become ever larger, the flight becomes ever swifter and more lively, until at last history shoots like a flaming comet from star to star, often skimming its old paths, often intersecting them, and with every turn it approaches closer to infinity.—Who can foresee what the end will be? And at those points where history seems to be resuming an old path again, short-sighted people who see no farther than their noses rise up and joyfully cry out that it is just as they thought! And there we are: there is nothing new under the sun! So our heroes of Chinese stagnation, our mandarins of retrogression are jubilant and pretend to have cut three centuries out of the annals of the world as an inquisitive excursion into forbidden regions, as a delirious dream—and they fail to see that history only rushes onward by the most direct route to a new resplendent constellation of ideas, which with its sun-like magnitude will soon blind their feeble eyes.

It is at just such a point in history that we now stand. All the ideas which have been advanced since Charles the Great, all the tastes which successively supplanted one another through five centuries, want to assert their extinct rights once more at the present time. The feudalism of the Middle Ages and the absolutism of Louis XIV, the hierarchy of Rome and the pietism of the past century contend for the honour of driving free thought from the field! Permit me not to speak of these at greater length; for some thousand swords, all sharper than mine, immediately flash in opposition to anyone who bears one of these devices on his shield, and we surely know that they all disintegrate in conflict with one another and under the adamant foot of the forward moving time. But corresponding to those colossal reactionary phenomena in the life of the church and state are *less noticed* tendencies in art and literature, an *unconscious* harking back to earlier centuries, which, it is true, are not a threat to the times but nevertheless are a danger to contemporary taste, and whose composition has curiously enough nowhere been comprehensively treated.

We do not need to go far afield to encounter these phenomena. Only go to visit a salon furnished in the modern style and you will see whose spiritual offspring are the figures that surround you. All the rococo abortions of the period of crassest absolutism have been conjured up in order to force the spirit of the movement into the forms in which the "*l'état c'est moi*" felt at ease. Our salons, with their chairs, tables, cupboards and sofas, are decorated



in the style of the Renaissance, and all that is needed is to put a wig on Heine and squeeze Bettina<sup>a</sup> into a hooped petticoat, and the restoration of the *siècle* will be complete.

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 27, February 1840]

Such a room is of course eminently suitable for reading a novel by Herr von Sternberg, with his remarkable preference for the period of Madame de Maintenon. People have forgiven Sternberg for this caprice of his mind, they have also looked carefully, but of course in vain, for deeper reasons for it; I venture to assert, however, that precisely this feature of Sternberg's novels, which for the moment perhaps promotes their circulation, will be a considerable obstacle to their prolonged existence. Apart from the fact that a perpetual harping on a most arid and prosaic period, in comparison with whose eccentric nature, floundering between heaven and earth and conventional puppets, our time and its children are still natural, does not precisely enhance the beauty of a literary work—apart from this fact, we are certainly too accustomed to regarding this period in a mocking light for it to have a lasting appeal to us under any other illumination, and to find such a caprice in every one of Sternberg's novels finally becomes extremely boring. This tendency of his cannot be regarded as more than a caprice, in my opinion at least, and therefore has no deeper reason; nevertheless I think I have found its starting point in the life of "good society". Undoubtedly, Herr von Sternberg was brought up for this society; he learned to move in it with pleasure, and perhaps found his proper home in its circles. So no wonder he flirts with a period whose social forms were far more definite and polished, though more wooden and tasteless than those of the present day. Far more audaciously than in the case of Herr von Sternberg, the taste of the *siècle* is expressed in its mother city, Paris, where it makes a serious pretence of wresting from the romantic writers their barely won victory. Victor Hugo arrived, Alexandre Dumas arrived, and the herd of imitators with them; the unnaturalness of the Iphigenias and Athalias gave way to the unnaturalness of a Lucrezia Borgia; cramped rigidity was followed by a burning fever; the French classics were shown to have plagiarised the ancient writers—and then Demoiselle Rachel appears and all is forgotten: Hugo and

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<sup>a</sup> Bettina von Arnim.—*Ed.*

Dumas, Lucrezia Borgia and the plagiarisms; Phèdre and le Cid walk the stage with measured tread and stylish Alexandrine lines; Achilles parades with his hints at the great Louis, and Ruy Blas and Mademoiselle de Belle Isle hardly venture to emerge from wings in order at once to find salvation in German translation factories and on the stage of German national theatres. It must be a blissful relief for a legitimist to be able to forget the revolution, Napoleon, and the great week,<sup>44</sup> by watching Racine's plays; the glory of the *ancien régime* rises from the grave, the world is draped with high-warp tapestries, Louis, the absolute monarch, walks along the well-clipped avenues of Versailles in brocaded waistcoat and full-bottomed wig, and an all-powerful array of mistresses rules the happy court and unhappy France.

While in all this the reproduction of the past remains in France itself, it seems that a peculiarity of previous-century French literature is seeking to repeat itself in German literature of the present day. I mean the philosophical dilettantism displayed by several recent authors just as much as by the Encyclopaedists. The place occupied by materialism among the latter is beginning to be taken by Hegel among the former. *Mundt* was the first who—to use his own phraseology—introduced the Hegelian categories into literature; *Kühne*, as always, did not fail to follow him and wrote the *Quarantäne im Irrenhause*, and although the second volume of *Charaktere*<sup>a</sup> betrays a partial falling off from Hegel, the first volume contains enough passages in which he tries to translate Hegel into the modern idiom. Unfortunately, these translations must be numbered among those which cannot be understood without the original.

The analogy is undeniable; will the conclusion which the author who has already been referred to drew from the fate of philosophical dilettantism in the previous century—namely, that with the system the germ of death is introduced into literature—will this conclusion be confirmed also in the present century? Will the roots of a system that surpasses all its predecessors in its consistency be obstacles encumbering the field cultivated by poetic genius? Or are these phenomena merely a sign of the love that philosophy has for literature and the fruits of which are so brilliantly manifested in Hotho, Röscher, Strauss, Rosenkranz and the *Hallische Jahrbücher*? In that case, of course, the point of view would be different, and we could hope for that co-operation between science and life, between philosophy and the modern

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<sup>a</sup> F. G. Kühne, *Weibliche und männliche Charaktere*.—Ed.

trends, between Hegel and Börne, which a section of so-called Young Germany aimed earlier at promoting. Apart from these two conclusions, there remains only one way out, one which, to be sure, looks somewhat strange compared with either of them: namely, to assume that Hegel's influence will be of no importance for *belles-lettres*. I think, however, that there are few who will be able to make up their minds to adopt this course.

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 28, February 1840]

But we must go farther back than to the Encyclopaedists and Madame de Maintenon: Duller, Freiligrath and Beck claim to represent the Second Silesian School of the seventeenth century<sup>45</sup> in our literature. Is there anyone to whom Duller's portrayals in *Ketten und Kronen*, *Der Antichrist*, *Loyola*, *Kaiser und Papst*, do not recall the heaven-storming pathos of the *Asiatische Banise* written of old by Ziegler von Kliphausen or Lohenstein's *Grossherzog Arminius sammt seiner durchlauchtigsten Thusnelda*? Beck has even quite surpassed these good men in pomposity; some passages of his poems are almost regarded as nothing but products of the seventeenth century dipped in a tincture of modern world-weariness; and Freiligrath, who also at times is incapable of distinguishing between pomposity and poetic diction, makes the retrograde step to Hofmannswaldau complete by reviving the Alexandrine,<sup>a</sup> and re-introducing coquetting with foreign words. It is to be hoped, however, that he will discard this along with his foreign subject-matter.

Withered the palm, blown off the desert sand.  
The poet seeks the heart of his homeland,  
A different man, and yet the same!<sup>b</sup>

And, certainly, if Freiligrath were not to do so, in a hundred years' time his poems would be regarded as a herbarium or a sand-box and used, like Latin rules of prosody, for teaching natural history in schools. A man like Raupach could not count on any other kind of practical immortality for his iambic chronicles, but it is to be hoped that Freiligrath will provide us with poetic works fully worthy of the nineteenth century.—However, it is nice, is it not, that in our revivalist literature since the romantics we have already covered from the twelfth to the seventeenth

<sup>a</sup> Allusion to Freiligrath's series of poems.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> F. Freiligrath. From the poem *Freistuhl zu Dortmund*.—*Ed.*

century? In that case Gottsched, too, will not make us wait much longer for him.

I confess to being perplexed how to arrange these individual items from a single point of view. I confess to having lost the threads by which they are linked to the torrent of time which keeps rolling on. Perhaps they are not yet ripe for a survey to be made with assurance, and will yet increase in size and number. But it remains remarkable that this *reaction* is conspicuous in art and literature as also in life, that the complaints of ministerial newspapers re-echo from walls that seem to have belonged to the "*l'état c'est moi*", and that corresponding to the shouting of the modern obscurantists, on the one hand, is the exaggerated obscurantism, on the other hand, of a part of recent German poetry.

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## PLATEN

Among the poetic offspring of the Restoration period, whose powers were not crippled by the electric shocks of the year 1830 and whose fame only became established in the present literary epoch, there are three who are distinguished by a characteristic similarity: Immermann, Chamisso, and Platen. All three possess unusual individuality, considerable character, and an intellectual power which at least outweighs their poetic talent. In Chamisso, it is sometimes imagination and feeling that predominate, and at other times calculating intellect; especially in the *terza rima* the surface is altogether cold and rationalistic, but underneath one hears the beating of a noble heart; in Immermann, these two qualities oppose each other and constitute the dualism which he himself acknowledges and the extreme features of which his strong personality can bend together but not unite; lastly, in Platen, poetic power has abandoned its independence and finds itself at ease under the domination of the more powerful intellect. If Platen's imagination had not been able to rely on his intellect and his magnificent character, he would not have become so famous. Hence he represented the intellectual in poetry, the form; hence also his wish to end his career with a great work of art was not granted. He was well aware that such a great work was essential to make his fame lasting, but he felt also that his powers were still inadequate for it and he put his hopes on the future and his preparatory work; meanwhile, time passed, he did not get beyond the preparatory work and finally died.

Platen's imagination followed timorously the bold strides of his intellect, and when it was a matter of a work of genius, when his imagination should have ventured on a bold leap that the intellect could not accomplish, it had to shrink back. That was the source of Platen's error in considering the products of his intellect to be poetry. His poetic creative powers sufficed for anacreontic ghazals and sometimes flashed like a meteor in his comedies; but let us admit merely that most of what was characteristic of Platen is the

product of the intellect, and will always be recognised as such. People will tire of his excessively affected ghazals and his rhetorical odes; they will find the polemics of his comedies for the most part unjustified, but they will have to pay full respect to the wit of his dialogue and the loftiness of his parabases, and see the justification of his one-sidedness in the greatness of his character. Platen's literary standing in public opinion will change; he will go farther from Goethe, but will come closer to Börne.

That his views, too, make him more akin to Börne is evident not only from a host of allusions in his comedies but already from several poems in his collected works, of which I shall mention only the ode to Charles X. A number of songs inspired by the Polish struggle for freedom were not included in this collection, although they were bound to be of great interest for a characterisation of Platen. They have now been issued by another publishing firm as a supplement to the collected works.<sup>46</sup> I find my view of Platen confirmed by them. Thought and character here have to be the substitute for poetry to a greater extent and more noticeably than anywhere else. For that reason Platen seldom feels at home in the simple style of the song; there have to be lengthy, extended verses, each of which can embody a thought, or artificial ode metres, the serious, measured course of which seems almost to demand a rhetorical content. With the art of verse, thoughts also come to Platen and that is the strongest proof of the intellectual origin of his poems. He who demands something else from Platen will not find satisfaction in these Polish songs, but he who takes up this booklet with these expectations will find himself richly compensated for the lack of poetic fragrance by an abundance of exalted, powerful thoughts that have sprung from a most noble character, and by a "magnificent passionateness", as the preface aptly says. It is a pity that these poems were not published a few months earlier, when German national consciousness rose against the imperial Russian European pentarchy<sup>47</sup>; they would have been the best reply to it. Perhaps the pentarchist, too, would have found in them many a motto for his work.<sup>a</sup>

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<sup>a</sup> Allusion to K. Goldmann's book *Die europäische Pentarchie*.—Ed.

[ON THE INVENTION OF PRINTING]<sup>48</sup>

Shall then the Poet's voice sing, only telling  
Of bloody Ambition, Thrones in all their pride,  
When Fame's shrill trumpets sound about him, swelling  
The lips in places where the Gods abide?  
Have you forgotten shame? And do you waste  
The precious gift of Praise with its bright light  
On men to curses and to execration  
Ever condemned by History outright?  
Awake, awake! Song, that's become so shy,  
Soar up above the clouds,  
With might unmatched to lofty triumph fly!  
And he who wants the world to find his song  
Well worthy of the laurels on his brow,  
Must make his song from now  
Unfold well worthy of the world, and strong!

They were not prodigal in olden days,  
But freely at the Altar  
Of beneficial Spirit, of Invention,  
They spent the sacrificial smoke of Praise.  
Saturn came down, and with the mighty plough  
Divided he the Earth's maternal breast.  
And then mankind beheld  
The living seeds grow on the barren ground.  
Heaven received Man's gratitude profound:  
God of the Golden Age is Saturn called.  
And were you not a God, you who once found

Body for Thought, for Word,  
Fixing in signs the life of speech that would  
Have otherwise flown off, by no ties bound?  
Without you, Time had gone,  
Still self-consuming, sinking, dying, down,  
Buried forever in oblivion.  
You came. 'Twas then that Thought  
Saw the swift widening of the narrow sphere  
That once enfolded its long infancy.  
It winged its way into that world so vast,  
Where mighty dialogue doth fill the air  
Between Time Future and deed-heavy Past.  
You've helped the blind to see!  
Immortal one, enjoy the honours rare,  
The lofty hymns of praise,  
That are your due alone, Exalted Spirit!  
And Nature, just as if the one invention  
Were of itself enough to prove her power,  
Rests from that time and, parsimonious,  
Gives the world no such wonder any more.

But Nature in the end bestirs herself,  
To give another token: the icy Rhine  
Sees Gutenberg come forth: "O vain endeavours!  
What does it help you, that you can inspire  
Your thoughts with life by writing,  
If thought dies, petrified, dumb in the dire  
Darkness of lethargy and long forgetting?  
Say, can a single vessel be enough  
E'er to contain the billowing sea that rages?  
Much less can Man's gifts of the Spirit be  
Unfolded in a single volume's pages!  
What lacks? The art of flight? But when bold Nature  
Created in one image countless beings,  
Now, after hers, there comes my own Invention!  
That, echoing a thousandfold, Truth might  
Embrace the world with powerful proclamation,  
Soaring aloft with Clarity's sheer flight!"

He spoke. And there was Print. And lo! all Europe,  
Astounded, moved, forthwith herself bestirs  
With thund'rous sound. As if by storm winds fanned,  
Swift-rushing onward roars



## Español.

¿Será que siempre la ambición sangrienta,  
 Ó del solio el poder pronuncie solo,  
 Cuando la trompa de la fama alienta  
 Vuestro divino labio, hijos de Apolo?  
 ¿No os da rubor? ¿El don de la alabanza,  
 La hermosa luz de la brillante gloria  
 Serán tal vez del nombre, á quien daría  
 Eterno oprobrio ó maldicion la historia?  
 ¡Oh, despertad! el humillado acento  
 Con magestad no usada,  
 Suba á las nubes, penetrando el viento:  
 Y si quereis que el universo os crea  
 Dignos del lauro, en que ceñís la frente,  
 Que vuestro canto enérgico y valiente  
 Digno tambien del universo sea.

No los aromas del loor se vieron  
 Vilmente degradados  
 Así en la antigüedad: siempre las aras  
 De la invencion sublime,  
 Del genio bienhechor los recibieron.

Wird denn allein des Dichters Stimme klingen  
 Von blut'gem Ehrgeiz und von stolzen Thronen,  
 Wenn die Trommeten Fama's um ihn klingen,  
 Die Lippen schwellend, wo die Götter wohnen?  
 Ward euch so fremd die Scham? Des Preißens Gabe,  
 Des Ruhmes Strahl mit seinem hellen Lichte  
 Verschwendet ihr an Männern, welchen ewig  
 Huzb spendet und Verwünschung die Geschichte?  
 Erwacht, erwacht! die Wolken überfliege  
 Der Sang, der schengenword'ne,  
 Mit nie gesch'n'ner Kraft in hehrem Siege!  
 Und wollt ihr, daß die Welt euch würdig halte  
 Des Lorbeers, der um eure Stirne blüht,  
 Es sorgt, daß euer Lied  
 Würdig der Welt und kräftig sich entfalte!

In alter Zeit ward nimmermehr verschwendet  
 Der Opferdust des Lobes;  
 An dem Altar wohlthätiger Erfindung,  
 Wohlthät'gen Geistes ward er stets gespendet.



The wrathful fire that has so long lain deep  
In the dark bowels of the Earth, asleep.  
O evil Pile, raised up for Ignorance there  
By base brutality and Tyrants' wrath!  
Rocks glowing, the Volcano gushes forth,  
And your foundations tremble in their fear!  
What is this monster of the evil spirit,  
This foul abortion, that, all scruples gone,  
Founds on the old decaying Capitol  
Its loathsome and abominable Throne,  
And now bids to destroy, yea, murder all?

It stands, although the structure of its power  
Is crumbling slowly. But one day that Throne  
Shall fall and cast its ruins o'er the land.  
A fastness perching on a crag alone  
Thus crowns the summit of a mountain high.  
The Sons of War once took up their abode  
In its security.  
Ruling by force of stolen power, they  
Would sally forth exultant to the fray.  
Deserted and alone,  
The Keep stands in the forest, seen by none.  
It still surveys, though crumbling with neglect,  
The world all round with menacing aspect.  
One day it shall fall down,  
And then the fields shall groan,  
Covered with ruins. Meanwhile, it shall be  
Scarecrow and bogey to all folk that lived  
In fear and terror of it recently.

That, then, was the first wreath of bay to deck  
The brow of Reason; but Intellect now rises  
Courageously, athirst for certain knowledge,  
Encompassing the world in its embraces.  
Copernicus soars to the starry places  
Hitherto shrouded in a heavy pall;  
And then he sees, immeasurably far,  
Day's bringer, our forever festive star,  
The brightest luminary of them all.  
Then Galileo feels beneath his feet  
The Earth's ball rolling; but blind Italy  
Rewards him with a prison cell's disgrace.

Meanwhile, the Earth sails onward ceaselessly  
And swiftly through the infinite sea of space,  
And with it, fast as lightning, sweep the stars,  
Shimm'ring in flight. Then Newton's fiery spirit  
Is flung aloft into their very midst.  
He follows, understands them,  
Charting the tracks of forces  
That keep them racing in their whirling courses.

What does it help you, then, to conquer Heaven,  
To find the law that moves eternally  
Air's circle and the seas? To split the ray  
Of light incorporeal; or to dig down  
Into the bowels of Earth and snatch the cradle  
Of gold and crystal? Spirit, return once more  
To Man!

And so it did, only to pour  
Its bitterness into lamentations loud:  
"How is the Intellect with blindness cowed!  
How rings that chain of iron  
Forged by the frenzied powers of Tyranny,  
From pole to pole each with the other vying,  
And pins Man helpless lying,  
Upon his death-bed, tired of slavery!  
This must be ended."

And the Despots heard,  
And wielded in their vile and villainous hands  
Two weapons to depend on—Fire and Sword.

"O senseless ones! Those very high-piled faggots  
That threaten to devour me horribly,  
That burn to keep me from the Truth away,  
Are beacons guiding me along Truth's way,  
Are Torches to light up Truth's victory!  
Truth fondly I desire;  
With rapture drunk, my heart to Truth gives prayer,  
My spirit looks on Truth; I follow her,  
Not of the sword afraid, nor yet of fire.  
That being so, then shall I still demur?  
Can I turn back again,  
Retrace my steps? The waves of Tagus never  
Run back towards the source from which they came  
Once they have flowed into the mighty sea.

The mountains seek to bar its course in vain;  
They cannot stay it in its onward motion.  
It rushes in the train  
Of Destiny that roars into the Ocean."

And then the great day came  
On which a mortal man arose outraged,  
In wrath from all-encompassing disgrace,  
And, with almighty voice,  
Called out to all the World: Mankind is free!  
And narrow boundaries no longer caged  
The sacred call: it rose up on the wing  
Of the great echo Gutenberg invented,  
Soared up, a wondrous thing,  
And swift, in mighty inspiration,  
O'erleapt the mountains and the ocean wide  
And o'er the very winds held domination.  
It was not shouted down by Tyranny,  
And loud and lusty rang on every side  
The joyful cry of Reason: Man is free!

Oh, free, yes, free! Sweetest of words, the breast  
Swells, beating faster at the sound of you;  
My spirit, that you imbue,  
O'erbrimming with your holy inspiration,  
Soars to serene celestial dominions,  
Bearing me on its fiery beating pinions.  
Where are you all that hear  
My singing, mortal beings? From on high,  
I see the awesome prison doors of Fate  
Open, the impenetrable veil of Time  
Is torn apart—the Future lies before me!  
I see full clear that Earth never again  
Shall be the wretched planet where Ambition  
And War with its fierce countenance can reign.

Now both of them are gone from Earth for ever,  
As Plague and Storm, those torturers, prepare  
To leave the zone they've pillaged and laid bare,  
When Polar ice-winds threaten to blow over.  
All people felt their true equality;  
With strength untamed, brave heroes struggled for  
That right and won it with triumphant glee.

There are no Slaves or Tyrants any more.  
Now Love and Peace fill all the World around,  
And Love and Peace breathe over all the Earth,  
And "Love and Peace!" both near and far resound.  
And up aloft, upon his golden Throne  
In blessing doth the Lord his sceptre raise,  
Dispensing Air and Joy all round below,  
So that on all Earth's ways  
They might, as once of old, abundant flow.

Do you not see that column soaring there,  
Towering in all its splendour to the sky,  
A-throb with flashing light, eye-dazzling?  
Less mighty are the pyramids so high,  
The work of slaves who toiled in abject fear  
Of one whose glory came from suffering.  
See there, unwavering,  
The eternal incense rise,  
As the whole Earth gives thanks to Gutenberg.  
For such beneficence, a modest prize!  
Hail to the one who broke the insensate power  
Of battering violence; raised the might of Reason,  
The strength of soul, high o'er the world to fly!  
Praise him who raised the Truth in triumph high,  
Making his hands' work fruitful for all time!  
Sing the Well-Doer's praise in song sublime!

### Bremen

Translated in the first half of 1840

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## JOEL JACOBY

Görres' troupe of tight-rope dancers has acquired a valuable recruit in *Joel Jacoby*. The role of clown was previously performed by Herr Guido Görres, whose jokes, however, were not appreciated by the public; but in his *Kampf und Sieg* the new member has recently again demonstrated his vocation for this role in surprising fashion. Such a versatile man, who can wear with equal grace the red cap and purple of David, the frock-coat of a candidate eager for a post, or the penitential shirt of a catechumen, who finds pleasure in acting as a walking advertisement, carrying in front of him an issue of the *Berliner politisches Wochenblatt* and behind him the publications list of Manz in Regensburg—such a man is quite at his ease in all roles. Now he makes his first appearance without being in the least embarrassed, and while "Prosperity and peace, struggle and victory, sound their strains for you", he has one eye on the Order of the Red Eagle and the other on the bishop's mitre.

"What should I give you for your refreshment?" he asks the public. "Do you want something from the year 1832 or 1834, 1836 or 1839? What should I declaim, Marat or Jarcke, David or Görres or Hegel?" But he is generous and gives us a ragout of all the reminiscences that spring up in the desert of his mind, and it is true that he gives us something refreshing.

One is perplexed how to deal with this nonsense. I shall readily be permitted not to analyse the perfidy of disposition and chaotic confusion of ideas which distinguish also this work of the author; we are indeed faced with a semi-lunatic in whose mind his own shapeless thought embryos have other people's ideas grafted on

them to produce an unbridled orgy! How much, for example, can our poet know of his own past if he calls himself "a quiet man"! He, who for the past eight years has continually shouted, raged and stormed for the revolution, against the revolution, for Prussia, for the Pope. He, a quiet man? He, whose complaints were always equivalent to *complaints*,<sup>a</sup> the born informer who always cast suspicion on a massive scale—does he belong to the country's quiet men?

Franz Karl Joel Jacoby's confusion of language is in keeping with his confusion of ideas. I would never have believed that the German language could be so closely linked with the most confused conceptions. Words which have never been seen in company with one another are here thrown together; ideas which are mutually antagonistic are here coupled together by an all-powerful verb; the most lawful and innocent expressions occur suddenly among reminiscences from Joel's revolutionary years, among suspicious-looking phrases of Menzel's, Leo's and Görres', among incorrectly understood thoughts of Hegel's, and over all this the poet brandishes his riding-whip so that the whole wild pack rushes along, knocking one another over, turning somersaults, and reeling, until it finally comes to rest in the bosom of the church as the sole source of salvation.

The actual content of this masterpiece, which is composed in accordance with a pseudo-parallelism, in the old "grand manner of saying everything twice" (and even three or six times!), consists of the lyrical laments of a Jew and a catechumen, and then the laments of a Catholic, where the author abandons one-sided lyrical subjectivity and develops a genuine modern drama, in the centre of which the vigorous personality of the author acts a tragic role (he is at least mournful enough to look at), and over whose disconsolate confusion rises the medieval dawn of the Catholic Church. The new prophet Joel rises up in gigantic form out of the modern chaos and predicts the downfall of all revolutionary, liberal, Hegeling,<sup>49</sup> and Protestant efforts, which will give way to a new age of absence of thought. A curse is pronounced on everything that does not bow down before the crossier. Only the "Prussian Fatherland" receives *pia desideria*<sup>b</sup>; on the other hand, the Carlist Basques and the "Belgian nightingale"<sup>50</sup> perish to the joy of their master Loyola. One sees that the terrorism of the Jacobin era remains firmly in Herr Jacoby's memory. A bloody

<sup>a</sup> A pun on the German words *Klagen* and *Verklagen*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Pious wishes.—Ed.



judgment is held on all enemies of Jesuitism and the monarchist principle, above all on the new philosophers, who carry a dagger in a sheath of mind-confusing ideas, and among their many-coloured rags the well-known shroud (at least Herr Jacoby knows it very well from former days) in which the priests and princes together sleep their sleep of death. But the new prophet knows them, "I have always understood you," he says himself. On the other hand, he acquits the master,<sup>a</sup> because a few of the latter's ideas have entered Herr Jacoby's heated brain like snowflakes, and there, of course, have turned to water. In face of the chorus of vultures and owls that now follows, as also in face of the infernal rejoicing, criticism is justly silent.

In Joel Jacoby we see the horrifying extreme to which all knights of unreason are driven in the end. That is the final outcome of all hostility to free thought, of all opposition to the absolute power of the mind, whether it appears in the form of wild, unruly sansculottism or the unthinking servile mind; whether it is represented by the parted hair of the pietist or the tonsure of the priest. Joel Jacoby is a living trophy, a sign of the victory which the thinking mind has achieved. Anyone who has ever entered the lists on behalf of the nineteenth century can gaze in triumph on this unfortunate poet of our time, for sooner, or later all its other adversaries will suffer the same fate.

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<sup>a</sup> Hegel.—Ed.

## REQUIEM FOR THE GERMAN ADELSZEITUNG<sup>51</sup>

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 59, April 1840]

Dies irae, dies illa  
Saecla solvet in favilla.<sup>a</sup>

The day that Luther produced the original text of the New Testament and with this Greek fire burnt to dust and ashes the centuries of the Middle Ages, with their lordly splendour and feudal servitude, with their poetry and lack of thought,<sup>52</sup> that day and the three centuries that followed brought forth, at long last, a time

"which belongs wholly to the public, a time of which Napoleon, whose rare perspicacity cannot be denied in spite of his many qualities that are reprehensible, particularly in German eyes, said: '*Le journalisme est une puissance*'"<sup>b</sup>.

I quote these words here merely to show how little medieval, i.e., lacking in thought, is the prospectus of the *Adelszeitung* from which they are taken.<sup>53</sup> And the German *Adelszeitung* was intended to set the crown on this public and give it consciousness. For it is clear that Gutenberg did not invent printing to assist a Borne, who was certainly a demagogue, or Hegel—who is indeed servile in front, as Heine proved, and revolutionary behind, as Schubarth proved<sup>c</sup>—or any other burgher to spread his confused ideas throughout the world, but for the one and only purpose of enabling the *Adelszeitung* to be founded.—*Peace be with it, it has passed away!* It took only a stealthy, timid look at this nasty,

<sup>a</sup> The day of anger, the day the world is reduced to ashes.—This and other Latin quotations are taken from the sequence on the Last Judgment in the Roman Catholic Requiem mass.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> "Journalism is a power."—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> K. Schubarth, *Ueber die Unvereinbarkeit der Hegel'schen Staatslehre mit dem obersten Lebens- und Entwicklungsprinzip des Preussischen Staats.*—*Ed.*

unmedieval world, and its pure, maidenly soul, or rather its gracious young lady's soul, recoiled before the abomination of desolation, before the filth of the democratic *canaille*, before the horrifying arrogance of those who are not admitted to court, before all those lamentable circumstances, relations and disorders of our time which, if they show themselves at the gates of nobles' castles, are welcomed with a riding-whip. Peace be with it, it has passed away; it sees no longer the hollowness of democracy, the undermining of what exists, the tears of the high- and noble-born, it has passed into eternal sleep.

*Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine!*<sup>a</sup>

And yet we have lost much by its death. What joy there was in all the salons to which only gentlemen with sixteen generations of ancestors are admitted, what delight in all the half-lost advance posts of orthodox aristocracy! There sat the old gracious papa in his inherited arm-chair, surrounded by his favourite hounds, in his right hand his inherited pipe, in his left hand his inherited riding-whip, and reverently studied the antediluvian genealogical tree in the first book of Moses, when the door opened and the prospectus of the *Adelszeitung* was brought in to him. The nobleman, seeing the word *Adel*<sup>b</sup> printed in large letters, hastily adjusts his spectacles and blissfully reads through the sheet; he sees that the new newspaper also gives space to family news, and he rejoices at the thought of his obituary—how he would like to read it himself!—when one day he is gathered to his ancestors.—Then the young squires gallop into the castle yard; the old man hurriedly sends for them. Herr Theoderich “von der Neige”,<sup>c</sup> with a lash from his whip, drives the horses into the stable, Herr Siegwart rides down a few flunkies, treads on the cat's tail and in knightly fashion pushes aside an old peasant who has come with a request and has been refused; Herr Giseler orders the servants on pain of corporal punishment to make impeccable arrangements for the hunt; and so at last the young barons noisily enter the hall. Barking, the dogs rush to meet them, but are driven under the table with lashes from riding-whips, and Herr Siegwart von der Neige, who had quietened his favourite hound with a kick of his gracious boot, does not receive from the delighted father even the usual angry glance because of it. Herr

<sup>a</sup> Eternal rest give unto it, O Lord!—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Nobility.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> *Neige* means “decline”.—*Ed.*

Theoderich, who besides the Bible and the family tree has read a few things in the encyclopaedia and therefore knows how to pronounce foreign words more correctly than the others, has to read the prospectus aloud, and the old man amid his tears of joy forgets about the redemption ordinance and the burdens of the nobility.

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 60, April 1840]

How morally-modestly-condescendingly the gracious lady rode into the modern world on her white paper palfrey, how boldly her two knights looked out into the world—each of them every inch a baron, each drop of their blood the fruit of sixty-four nuptials between partners of equal rank, each glance a challenge! First of all, Herr von *Alvensleben*, who has pranced his knightly charger over the arid waste of French novels and memoirs so that now he can venture also on a tilt against bourgeois louts. His shield bears the device: “A properly inherited right can never be a wrong”, and he cries out to the world in a loud voice: “It has been vouchsafed to the nobles in the past to earn distinction, now they are resting on their laurels or, in plain language, they have grown idle; the nobles have given powerful protection to the princes *and thereby to the peoples also*, and I shall take care that these great deeds are not forgotten, and my beloved, the *Adelszeitung*—*requiescat in pace*<sup>a</sup>—is the most beautiful lady in the world, and whoever denies it, he—”

But here the noble hero falls off his horse, and in his place Herr Friedrich, baron de la *Motte Fouqué*, jogs into the lists. The old “light-brown” Rosinante, whose horseshoes had fallen off from prolonged sojourn in the stable, this hippogriff, which had never been well fed even in its best days and long ago ceased to make romantic leaps among the warriors of the North, suddenly began to stamp on the ground. Herr von Fouqué forgot the annual poetic commentary for the *Berliner politisches Wochenblatt*, ordered his armour to be polished and the old blind horse brought out, and with the grandeur of a lone hero set out on a crusade against the ideas of the times. But so that the honour-loving burgher estate would not think that the bent lance of the old warrior was directed against it, Fouqué throws it a foreword.<sup>54</sup> Such condescending kindness deserves discussion.

The foreword teaches us that world history does not exist in order to realise the idea of freedom, as Hegel most erroneously

<sup>a</sup> May it rest in peace.—*Ed.*

supposes, but solely to prove that there must exist three estates: the nobility, which has to fight, the burghers—to think, and the peasants—to plough. But there should be no caste distinctions; the estates should replenish and renovate one another, not by misalliances, but by elevation to a higher estate. It is, of course, difficult to understand how the nobility, “a lake clear as spring water” which pure springs combined to produce, which gushed forth from the heights of robber castles, could be in any need of renovation. But the noble baron allows that people who have not been only burghers, but also “ostlers”, and *perhaps even tailors’ journeymen*, should renovate the nobility. But how other estates should be renovated by the nobility, Herr Fouqué does not say. Probably by persons who have been degraded from the ranks of the nobility, or perhaps—since Herr Fouqué is kind enough to confess that the nobility in itself is no better at bottom than the *canaille*—it will be as much an honour for a nobleman to be raised to the burgher estate, or even to the peasant estate, as it is for the burgher to obtain a nobleman’s patent? Furthermore, in the Herr Fouqué state, care is taken to ensure that philosophy does not get the upper hand too much; Kant with his ideas of eternal peace<sup>55</sup> would have gone to the stake there, for where eternal peace prevails the nobility could not fight, at best only apprentices would.

It is clear that on account of his thorough studies of history and statecraft Herr Fouqué deserves to be raised to the thinking, i.e., the burgher estate; he has managed excellently to detect among the Huns and Avars, among the Bashkirs and Mohicans, indeed even among antediluvians, not only an honourable public, but also a high nobility. Moreover, he has made a totally new discovery—that in the Middle Ages, when the peasant was a feudal serf, the peasant estate was the giver and recipient of love and kindness in respect of the other two estates. His language is incomparable, he lays about him with “dimensions penetrating to the very roots” and “knows how to extract gold from phenomena that are in *themselves* (Hegel—Saul among the prophets) most obscure”.

*Et lux perpetua luceat eis*<sup>a</sup>—

they are truly in need of it.

The defunct *Adelszeitung* has indeed had some splendid ideas, for example, the one about the landownership of the nobility, and a hundred more which it would be impossible to praise, but its

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<sup>a</sup> And may perpetual light shine upon them.—Ed.

happiest idea, however, was that in its very first issue, among the announcements, it immediately advertised a *misalliance*. Whether it was prepared with equal humanity to include Herr von Rothschild in the German nobility, it did not say. May God comfort the unfortunate parents and raise the deceased to heavenly baronial rank.

And let them sleep in peace  
Until the Judgment Day.

We, however, shall sing a requiem for it and pronounce a funeral oration, as is the duty of an honest burgher.

*Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulcra regionum  
Coget omnes ante thronum.<sup>a</sup>*

Do you not hear the trumpet, whose sound overturns the tombstones and makes the earth shake with joy so that the graves burst open? The Day of Judgment has come, the day that will never be followed by another night<sup>b</sup>; the spirit, the eternal king, has ascended his throne and at his feet are gathered all the peoples of the earth to render account of their thoughts and deeds; new life pervades the whole world, so that the old family trees of the peoples joyfully wave their leafy branches in the morning air, shedding all their old foliage to be at the mercy of the wind, which blows them together into a large funeral pyre which God himself ignites with his lightning. Judgment has been pronounced on the races of the earth, a judgment which the children of the past would like to defeat as much as in a lawsuit over inheritance, but the eternal judge inexorably threatens them with his piercing glance; the talent which they did not put to use is taken from them and they are cast out into the darkness where no ray of the spirit refreshes them.

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<sup>a</sup> The trumpet spreading wonderful sound over the graves of all regions summons all before the throne.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> The *Telegraph für Deutschland* has the misprint *Macht* (might) for *Nacht* (night).—*Ed.*

## MODERN LITERARY LIFE<sup>56</sup>

### I

#### KARL GUTZKOW AS DRAMATIST

[*Mitternachtzeitung für gebildete Leser* No. 51, March 26, 1840]

One would have thought that after Gutzkow's well-known article in the *Jahrbuch der Literatur*<sup>57</sup> his opponents would feel moved to equally noble revenge; with the possible exception of Kühne, who was really dismissed too superficially here also. But one little knows the egoism of our literature if one expects any such thing. It was most significant that the *Telegraph* in its literary share-list took each writer's evaluation of himself as the price at par. So it was predictable that Gutzkow's latest writings would receive no special welcome from this quarter.

Nevertheless there are those among our critics who pride themselves on their impartiality to Gutzkow, and others who admit to a decided predilection for his literary work. The latter spoke very highly of his *Richard Savage*,<sup>58</sup> the *Savage* which Gutzkow wrote in feverish haste in twelve days, while his *Saul*,<sup>59</sup> where one can see with how much love the poet worked on it, how carefully he nurtured it, they dismiss with a few words of half-hearted recognition. At the very time when *Savage* was making its fortune on every stage and all the journals were filled with reviews, those to whom knowledge of this play was denied should have been prompted to trace Gutzkow's dramatic talent in *Saul*, which was available to them in print. But how few journals gave even a superficial criticism of this tragedy! One really does not know what to think of our literary life if one compares this neglect with the discussions aroused by Beck's *Fahrender Poet*, a poem which is surely farther from classicism than Gutzkow's *Saul*!

But before discussing this play we must consider the two dramatic studies in the *Skizzenbuch*.<sup>60</sup> The first act of *Marino*

*Falieri*, an unfinished tragedy, shows how well Gutzkow can fashion and shape each single act by itself, how skilfully he can handle the dialogue and endow it with refinement, grace and wit. But there is not enough action, one can relate the content in three words, and so on the stage it would bore even those who can appreciate the beauties of the execution. Any improvement, it is true, would be difficult since the action is so constructed that to move anything from the second act to the first would only do harm elsewhere. But here the true dramatist proves his worth, and if Gutzkow is one, as I am convinced he is, he will solve the problem satisfactorily in the tragedy as a whole which he has promised to and will, we hope, soon complete.

*Hamlet in Wittenberg* already gives us the outline of a whole. Gutzkow has done well to give only the outlines here, since the most successful part, the scene in which Ophelia appears, would offend if depicted in greater detail. I find it inexplicable, however, that in order to introduce doubt, that German element, into Hamlet's heart, Gutzkow should bring him together with Faust. There is no need whatever to bring this trait into Hamlet's soul from without, since it is already there, and is inborn in him. Otherwise Shakespeare also would have especially motivated it. Gutzkow here refers to Börne, but it is precisely Börne who not only demonstrates the split in Hamlet but also establishes the unity of his character.<sup>a</sup> And by what agency does Gutzkow introduce these elements into Hamlet's mind? Perhaps through the curse which Faust pronounces on the young Dane? Such *deus-ex-machina* effects would make all dramatic poetry impossible. Through Faust's conversations with Mephistopheles which Hamlet overhears? If so, firstly, the curse would lose its significance, and, secondly, the thread leading from this character of Shakespeare's Hamlet is often so fine as to be lost to sight, and, thirdly, could Hamlet speak so casually of other things immediately afterwards? It is different with the appearance of Ophelia. Here Gutzkow has seen through Shakespeare, or if not that, has supplemented him. It is a case of Columbus and the egg; after the critics have argued about it for two hundred years a solution is given here which is as original as it is poetical and probably the only possible one. The execution of the scene is also masterly. Those who were not convinced by a certain scene in *Wally*<sup>61</sup> that Gutzkow also has imagination and is not coldly matter-of-fact, can learn it here. The tender, poetic bloom on the delicate figure of Ophelia is more

<sup>a</sup> L. Börne, *Hamlet, von Shakespeare.—Ed.*



than one is entitled to expect from mere outlines.—The verses spoken by Mephistopheles are totally unsuccessful. It would require a second Goethe to reproduce the language of Goethe's *Faust*, the melody that rings in the seeming doggerel; in anybody else's hands these light verses would become wooden and ponderous. On the interpretation of the principle of evil I will not argue with Gutzkow here.

Now we come to our main work, *König Saul*. Gutzkow has been upbraided for having his *Savage* preceded by a number of trumpet blasts and fanfares in the *Telegraph*, although all the fuss is about two or three short notices; it does not occur to anybody that others have had their works welcomed by paid musicians; but because it is Gutzkow, who has told someone a home truth and perhaps done someone else a slight injustice, it is made out to be a great crime. With *König Saul* there is no room for such reproaches; it came into the world unannounced either by notices below the line or excerpts in the *Telegraph*. There is the same modesty in the drama itself; no spectacular effects with thunder and lightning rise like volcanic islands from a sea of watery dialogue, no pompous monologues are intoned whose inspired or moving rhetoric has to conceal a number of dramatic blunders; everything develops calmly and organically, and a conscious, poetic force leads the action safely to its conclusion. And will our critics read such a work *once* and then write an article whose bright, flowery flourishes show from what thin, sandy soil they sprout? I regard as a great merit of *König Saul* the fact that its beauties are not on the surface, that one must look for them, that after a single reading one may well throw the book contemptuously into a corner. Let an educated man forget how famous Sophocles is and then let him choose between *Antigone* and *Saul*; I am convinced that after a single reading he would find both works equally bad. By that I do not, of course, mean to say that *Saul* can be compared to the greatest poetic work of the greatest Greek; I only wish to indicate the degree of perverseness with which frivolous superficiality can judge. It was entertaining to see how certain sworn enemies of the author now suddenly believed themselves to have won an enormous triumph, how jubilantly they pointed to *Saul* as a monument to all Gutzkow's hollowness and lack of poetry, how they did not know what to make of Samuel and pretended it was always being said of him "I don't know if he is alive or dead". It was amusing how beautifully they unconsciously revealed their boundless superficiality. But Gutzkow may be reassured; it happened thus to the prophets who came before him, and in the end his *Saul* will be

among the prophets. Thus they despised Ludwig Uhland's plays until Wienburg opened their eyes.<sup>62</sup> Precisely Uhland's plays have much in common with *Saul* in the modest simplicity of their dress.

[*Mitternachtzeitung für gebildete Leser* No. 52, March 27, 1840]

Another reason why superficiality could dismiss *Saul* so easily lies in the peculiar conception of historical fiction. With historical works which are as well known as the first book of Samuel and regarded in so many and various ways, everyone has his own peculiar standpoint which he wishes to see recognised or heeded at least to some extent in the case of a poetic adaptation. One reader is for Saul, another for David, a third for Samuel; and everybody, however solemn his assurances that he is willing to let the poet have his views, is nevertheless piqued if his own are not respected. But Gutzkow has done well here to leave the common highway where even the most ordinary cart finds a rut. I would like to see the man who would undertake to create a purely historical Saul in a tragedy. I cannot be satisfied with the attempts hitherto made to place the story of Saul on a purely historical basis. Historical criticism of Old Testament scripture has not yet got beyond the bounds of old-fashioned rationalism. A Strauss would still have much to do here if he wanted to separate strictly and clearly what is myth, what is history, and what is interpolated by the priests. Furthermore, have not a thousand failures shown that the Orient as such is an infertile ground for drama? And where in the story is that higher power which emerges victorious when the individuals who have outlived themselves break down? Surely not David? He remains as before amenable to the influence of the priests and is a poetic hero at most in the unhistorical light in which the Bible presents him. Consequently Gutzkow has not only taken advantage here of the right belonging to every poet, he has also removed the obstacles standing in the way of a poetic presentation. How then would a purely historical Saul appear in all the trappings of his time and nationality? Imagine him speaking in Hebrew parallelisms, all his ideas relating to Jehovah and all his images to the Hebrew cult; imagine the historical David speaking in the language of the psalms—to imagine an historical Samuel is altogether impossible—and then ask yourselves whether such figures would be even tolerable in drama? Here the categories of period and nationality had to be removed, here the outlines of the characters as they appear in biblical history and in previous criticism had to undergo many very necessary changes;

indeed, a great deal here which historically was known to them only as notions or at most as vague representations had to be developed into clear concepts. Thus the poet had the perfect right, for example, to assume that his characters were familiar with the concept of the church.—And one cannot but heartily applaud Gutzkow when one observes how he solved his problem here. The threads from which he wove his characters are all to be found, however entangled, in his source; many had to be pulled out and thrown away, but only the most biassed criticism can charge him with having interwoven anything alien, except in the scene with the Philistines.

Grouped in the centre of the drama are three characters by whose original portrayal alone Gutzkow made his material truly tragic. Here he shows a genuinely poetic view of history; no one will ever be able to convince me that a “coldly matter-of-fact” person, “a debater”, would be capable of selecting from a confused tale precisely that which would produce the greatest tragic effect. These three characters are Saul, Samuel and David. Saul concludes one period of Hebrew history, the age of the Judges, the age of heroic legend; Saul is the last Israelite Nibelung whose generation of heroes has left him behind in an age he does not understand and which does not understand him. Saul is an epigone whose sword was originally destined to gleam through the mist of the age of myth but whose misfortune it was to have lived to see the age of advancing culture, an epoch which is alien to him, which covers his sword with rust, and which he therefore seeks to drive back. He is otherwise a noble person to whom no human feeling is alien, but he does not recognise love when he encounters it in the apparel of the new age. He sees this new age and its manifestations as the work of the priests, whereas the priests only prepare it, are only tools in the hands of history from whose hierarchical seed sprouts an unsuspected plant; he fights the new epoch, but it prevails over him. It gains giant strength overnight and smashes the great, noble Saul together with all who oppose it.

Samuel stands at the transition to culture; here as always the priests, as the privileged possessors of education, prepare the state of culture among primitive peoples, but education penetrates to the people, and the priests must resort to other weapons if they want to preserve their influence on the people. Samuel is a genuine priest whose holy of holies is the hierarchy; he firmly believes in his divine mission, and is convinced that if the rule of the priests is overthrown Jehovah's wrath will descend on the

people. To his horror he sees that the people already know too much when they demand a king; he sees that moral power, the imposing frock of the priest, no longer suffices with the people; he must resort to the weapons of cleverness and unwittingly becomes a Jesuit. But the very crooked ways he now pursues are doubly hateful to the king who could never be the priests' friend, and in the struggle Saul's eyes soon become as sharp for priestly tricks as they are blind to the signs of the times.

The third element, which emerges victorious from this struggle, the representative of a new historical epoch in which Judaism attains a new stage of consciousness, is David, equal to Saul in his humanity, and far exceeding him in his understanding of the age. At first he appears as Samuel's pupil, barely having left school; but his reason has not so bowed itself before authority as to lose its resilience; it springs up and restores his independence to him. Samuel's personality may still impress him, but his intellect always comes to his aid, his poetic imagination rebuilds the new Jerusalem for him as often as Samuel destroys it with the lightning of his anathemas. Saul cannot become reconciled with him since both are pursuing opposite aims, and when he says that he hates only what priestly deceit has put into David's soul, he is again confusing the effects of priestly lust for power with the signs of the new age. Thus David develops before our eyes from a foolish boy to the bearer of an epoch, and so the seeming contradictions in his portrayal vanish.

In order not to interrupt the development of these three characters, I have deliberately passed over a question raised by all critics who took the trouble to read *Saul* once, the question of whether Samuel appears as a living person in the witches' scene and at the end or whether his ghost delivers the speeches there recorded. Let us suppose that no easy or thoroughly satisfactory answer is to be found in *Saul*; would that be such a great fault? I think not—take him for what you like, and if you feel inclined start boring discussions about it; after all one finds the same thing in Shakespeare's Hamlet whose madness all the critics and commentators have discussed for the past two hundred years "three long and three broad and altogether polygonally"<sup>a</sup> and from all angles. Gutzkow has not made the problem so very difficult, however. He has long known how ridiculous ghosts are in broad daylight, how *mal à propos* the Black Knight appears in *Die Jungfrau*

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<sup>a</sup> A quotation from Wienbarg's article "Ludwig Uhland, als Dramatiker". See this volume, p. 42.—Ed.

*von Orleans*,<sup>a</sup> and that all ghostly apparitions would be quite out of place in *Saul*. In the witches' scene especially the mask is easy to see through, even if the old high priest had not appeared earlier in a similar manner, before there was any talk of Samuel's death.

Of the play's remaining characters the best drawn is Abner, who devotes himself to Saul with utter conviction and due to perfect compatibility of temperament and in whom the warrior and enemy of the priests has relegated the man wholly into the background. Least successful, by contrast, are Jonathan and Michal. Jonathan indulges throughout in phrases about friendship, and insists on his love for David without, however, proving it in anything but words; he dissolves completely in the friendship for David, thereby losing all manliness and strength. His butter-like softness cannot properly be called character. Gutzkow was confused here as to what he should do with Jonathan. In any case, he is superfluous like this. Michal is kept quite vague and is characterised to some extent only by her love for David. How very unsuccessful these two figures are can best be seen in the scene where they converse about David. What is said there about love and friendship lacks all the striking sharpness, all the wealth of thought, to which we are accustomed in Gutzkow. Mere phrases which are neither quite true nor quite false, nothing remarkable, nothing significant.—Zeruiah is a Judith; I don't know whether it was Gutzkow or Kühne who once said that Judith, like every woman who transcends the limits of her sex, must die after her deed if she does not want to appear unattractive; Zeruiah also dies accordingly.—In itself the characterisation of the Philistine princes is excellent and rich in entertaining features, but whether it fits into the play is a question still to be settled.

[*Mitternachtzeitung für gebildete Leser* No. 53, March 30, 1840]

I trust I shall be excused for not giving a consecutive analysis of the dramatic action; only one point must be emphasised here, namely, the exposition. This is excellent and contains features in which Gutzkow's great dramatic talent is unmistakable. Wholly in keeping with Gutzkow's quick, impetuous manner, the mass of the people appears only in short scenes. There is something awkward about large crowd scenes; if one is not a Shakespeare or a Goethe they easily become trivial and insignificant. By contrast, a few words spoken by a couple of warriors or other men from the

<sup>a</sup> Schiller, *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, Act III, Scene 9.—Ed.

crowd are often very effective and achieve perfectly their aim of sketching public opinion; moreover, they can appear much more frequently without being conspicuous and tiresome. So much for the first and fourth scenes of the first act. The second and third scenes contain Saul's monologue and his conversation with Samuel, which are the finest and most poetic passages of the play. The classically restrained passion of the dialogue is characteristic of the spirit in which the whole play is written. After the general state of the action has been rapidly outlined in these scenes, we are introduced to more specific matters in the fifth scene between Jonathan and David. This scene suffers somewhat from a confusion of thought; several times one loses sight of the dialectical thread — without any doubt the result of the unsuccessful drawing of Jonathan right from the start. The final scene in the act is masterly, however. We are already familiar to some extent with the chief characters, and here they are brought together; David and Saul meet with the serious intention of being reconciled. Here the poet had to develop their different natures, show their incompatibility and bring about the inevitable conflict instead of the intended reconciliation. And this task, which only the most lively awareness, the most acute delineation of the characters, the surest look into the human soul can deal with satisfactorily, is solved here unsurpassably; the transitions in Saul's mind from one extreme to the other are so true psychologically, so finely motivated, that I must judge this scene the best in the whole play, in spite of the unfortunate episode with the son-in-law.

In the second act, the scene with the Philistines is striking, or, to use Kühne's expression, "freshly piquant", but I doubt whether its rich wit suffices to secure it a place in the tragedy. When Gutzkow lifted his Saul above the concepts of his age and ascribed to him a consciousness which he did not have, that can be justified; however, this scene introduces a purely modern concept, and David is standing on *German* soil here. That is damaging, at least for the tragedy. Comic scenes could still occur, but they would have to be of a different kind. The comic element in tragedy is not there, as superficial criticism says, for the sake of variation or contrast, but rather to give a more faithful picture of life, which is a mixture of jest and earnest. But I doubt if Shakespeare would have been satisfied with such reasons. In real life does not the most moving tragedy invariably appear in comic dress? I will only remind you of the character who, though he appears in a novel as he must, is yet the most tragic I know, Don Quixote. What is more tragic than a man who from sheer love of humanity and

misunderstood by his own age falls into the most comic follies? Still more tragic is Blasedow, a Don Quixote of the future, whose consciousness is more heightened than that of his model. Incidentally, I must here defend Blasedow against the otherwise penetrating criticism in the *Rheinisches Jahrbuch* which charges Gutzkow with having treated a tragic idea comically.<sup>63</sup> Blasedow *had* to be treated comically, like Don Quixote. If he is treated seriously, he becomes a prophet of world-weariness, a quite ordinary one, torn by emotion; remove the foil of comedy from the novel, and you have one of those formless, unsatisfactory works with which modern literature began. No, *Blasedow* is the first sure sign that Young Literature has left behind the period, necessary though it was, of wretchedness, of the *Wallys* and of the *Nächte* "written in red life".—The truly comic in tragedy is to be found in the fool in *King Lear* or the grave-digger scenes in *Hamlet*.

[*Mitternachtzeitung für gebildete Leser* No. 54, March 31, 1840]

Here also that pitfall of the dramatist, the two last acts, has not been negotiated by the author entirely without damage. The fourth act contains nothing but decisions. Saul decides, Astharoth decides twice, Zeruiah decides, David decides. Then the witches' scene which also yields only meagre results. The fifth act consists of nothing but battle and reflection. Saul reflects a little too much for a hero, David too much for a poet. One often thinks that one is hearing not a poet-hero but a poet-thinker, perhaps Theodor Mundt. In general Gutzkow has a way of making monologues less conspicuous by having them spoken in the presence of others. But since such monologues can rarely lead to decisions and are purely reflective, there are still more than enough real monologues.

The language of the play, as was to be expected of Gutzkow, is thoroughly original. We again find those images of Gutzkow's prose which are so expressive that one is unaware of moving from simple, naked prose into the flourishing region of the modern style, those pithy, apt expressions which frequently sound almost like proverbs. There is nothing of the lyric poet in Gutzkow, except in the lyrical moments of the action, when lyrical enthusiasm grips him unawares, and he is able to use prose. Hence the songs put into David's mouth are either unsuccessful or insignificant. When David says to the Philistines:

I need but make you up as verses  
For fun into a wreath,<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> K. Gutzkow, *König Saul*, Act II, Scene 7.—Ed..

what does it mean?—The basic thought of such a song is often very pretty, but the execution invariably miscarries. In other respects, too, one notices in the language that Gutzkow does not possess sufficient skill in writing verse, which is, of course, better than making the verses more flowing, but also more insipid, with old phrases.

Unsuccessful images have not been entirely avoided either. For example:

The anger of the priest  
From whom the people first did wrest the crown  
And then in whose emaciated hand  
It should have been a staff.<sup>a</sup>

Here the *crown* is already an allegory for kingdom and cannot become the abstract basis for the second image of the staff. This is all the more striking as the mistake could so easily have been avoided, and proves clearly that verse still presents difficulties for Gutzkow.

Circumstances have prevented me from gaining a knowledge of *Richard Savage*. I admit, however, that the immoderate applause which greeted the first performances made me suspicious of the play. I recalled what had happened three years ago with *Griseldis*.<sup>64</sup> Since then enough disapproving voices have made themselves heard, the first and most thorough, as far as one can judge without knowing the play from accounts given in journals, strangely enough in a political paper, the *Deutscher Courier*.<sup>65</sup> But I can easily spare myself a criticism, for what journal has not already reviewed it? Let us wait, therefore, until it is available in print.

Werner,<sup>66</sup> Gutzkow's most recent work, has received the same applause in Hamburg. To judge by its antecedents, the play is probably not only of great value in itself, but may be the first really modern tragedy. It is strange that Kühne, who has so often reviewed the modern tragedy that one might almost think he himself was writing one, has allowed himself to be forestalled by Gutzkow. Or does he not feel called upon to try his hand at drama?

However, we hope that Gutzkow, having prepared the way to the stage for the Young Literature, will continue with original, vital plays to drive shallowness and mediocrity from the usurped theatre. It cannot be done through criticism, however devastating;

<sup>a</sup> K. Gutzkow, *König Saul*, Act I, Scene 3.—Ed.



that we have seen. Those who pursue the same tendencies as himself will support him most strongly, and thus new hope is rising in us for the German drama and the German theatre.

## II

MODERN POLEMICS<sup>67</sup>

[*Mitternachtzeitung für gebildete Leser* No. 83, May 21, 1840]

The Young Literature has a weapon through which it has become invincible and gathers under its banners all young talents. I mean the modern style, which in its concrete vitality, sharpness of expression, and variety of nuances offers to every young writer a bed in which the river or the stream of his genius can comfortably roll on without his originality—if he has any—being infected too strongly with alien elements, Heine's carbonic acid or Gutzkow's caustic lime. It is a pleasure to see how every young author seeks to adopt the modern style with its proudly soaring rockets of enthusiasm which at their highest point dissolve in a gaily coloured shower of poetical fire or burst in crackling sparks of wit. In this respect the criticisms in the *Rheinisches Jahrbuch*, which I mentioned earlier in my first article of this series, are of importance; they are the first sign of the effect which a new literary epoch has had on Rhenish soil, fairly alienated from German poetry. Here is the whole modern style with its light and shade, its original but apt descriptions, and its iridescent poetic spotlight.

In these circumstances we can say of our authors not only: *le style c'est l'homme*,<sup>a</sup> but also: *le style c'est la littérature*.<sup>b</sup> The modern style bears the stamp of mediation, not only between the celebrities of the past, as L. Wihl recently remarked, but also between production and criticism, poetry and prose. It is Wienbarg in whom these elements interpenetrate most intimately; in *Die Dramatiker der Jetztzeit* the poet has been absorbed into the critic. The same would apply to the second volume of Kühne's *Charaktere*<sup>c</sup> if there were more coherence in the style.—German style has

<sup>a</sup> "The style makes the man." The expression belongs to G. L. Buffon.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> "The style makes the literature."—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> F. G. Kühne, *Weibliche und männliche Charaktere*.—Ed.

gone through its dialectical mediation process; from the naive directness of our prose there emerged the language of the intellect which culminated in the lapidary style of *Goethe*, and the language of the imagination and the heart, the splendour of which has been revealed to us by *Jean Paul*. Mediation began with *Börne*, but in him the intellectual element nevertheless still dominated, especially in the *Briefe*,<sup>a</sup> while *Heine* helped the poetical side to come into its own. Mediation is completed in the modern style; imagination and intellect do not unconsciously flow into each other, nor do they stand in direct opposition; they are united in style, as in the human mind, and since their unification is conscious, it is also lasting and genuine. Hence I cannot admit that fortuitousness which Wihl still tends to vindicate in the modern style, and I am compelled to discern a genetic, historical development here.—The same mediation occurs in literature; there is almost no one in whom production and criticism are not combined; even among the lyric poets Creizenach has written *Der schwäbische Apoll* and Beck a work on Hungarian literature,<sup>68</sup> and the reproach that the Young Literature is getting lost in criticism has its foundation far more in the mass of critics than of criticisms. Or do not the productions of Gutzkow, Laube, Mundt and Kühne significantly outweigh their critical writings, both in quantity and quality? Thus the modern style remains a reflection of literature. There is, however, one aspect of style which is always a sure test of its essence: the polemical. With the Greeks polemic took the form of poetry, becoming plastic with Aristophanes. The Romans clad it in the gown of the hexameter which was suitable for everything, and Horace, the lyric poet, developed it likewise lyrically into satire. In the Middle Ages, when the lyric was in full flower, it passed with the Provençals into *sirventes* and *chansons*, with the Germans into the *Lied*. When bare intellect made itself master of poetry in the seventeenth century, the epigram of the later Roman period was sought out to serve as the form for polemical wit. The French fondness for classical imitation produced Boileau's Horacising satires. In Germany, the previous century, which fastened on to anything until German poetry began to develop in complete independence, tried all polemical forms until Lessing's antiquarian letters found in prose the medium which permits the freest development of polemics. Voltaire's tactics, which deal the opponent a blow now and then, are truly French; so is the sniping war

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<sup>a</sup> L. Börne, *Briefe aus Paris*.—Ed.

of Béranger, who in the same French manner puts everything into a *chanson*. But what about modern polemics?

Forgive me, dear reader, you have probably long ago guessed the aim of this diatribe; but I happen to be a German and cannot rid myself of my German nature which always starts with the egg. Now, however, I will be all the more direct; it is a question of the dissensions in modern literature, the justification of the parties and especially the dispute at the root of all the rest, the dispute between Gutzkow and Mundt, or, as the matter now stands, between Gutzkow and Kühne. This dispute has now been going on for two years in the midst of our literary developments and could not but have upon them an influence partly favourable, partly unfavourable. Unfavourable because the smooth course of development is always disturbed when literature lets itself become the arena of personal sympathies, antipathies and idiosyncrasies; favourable because, to speak in Hegelian terms, it stepped out from the one-sidedness in which it found itself as a party, and proved its victory through its very destruction; also because, contrary to the expectations of many, the "younger generation" did not take sides, but used the opportunity to free itself from all alien influences and to devote itself to independent development. If then a few have taken sides, they prove thereby how little confidence they have in themselves and of what little consequence they are to literature.

Whether Gutzkow picked up the first stone, whether Mundt was the first to put his hand to his left hip, may be left unexamined; suffice it that stones were thrown and swords drawn. It is only a question of the deeper causes of a war which was bound to break out sooner or later; for nobody who has watched its whole course without bias will believe that on either side there prevailed subjective motives, spiteful envy or frivolous love of fighting. Only in Kühne's case was personal friendship with Mundt a motive, and in itself surely no ignoble one, for accepting Gutzkow's challenge.

[*Mitternachtzeitung für gebildete Leser* No. 84, May 22, 1840]

Gutzkow's literary work and aspirations bear the stamp of a sharply defined individuality. Only a few of his numerous writings leave a wholly satisfying impression and yet it cannot be denied that they are among the finest products of German literature since 1830. Why is this so? I believe I see in him a dualism that has much in common with the schism in Immermann's mind which

Gutzkow himself first tore open. Gutzkow possesses the greatest power of intellect, as is recognised by all German authors—of *belles-lettres*, of course; his judgment is never at a loss, his eye finds its bearings with wonderful facility in the most complex phenomena. Alongside this intellect there is, however, an equally powerful heat of passion which expresses itself as enthusiasm in his productions and puts his imagination in that state of, I would almost say, erection, in which alone spiritual creation is possible. His works, though they are often very protracted compositions, come into being in a flash, and if on the one hand one can see in them the enthusiasm with which they are written, on the other this haste prevents the calm working out of detail and, like *Wally*, they remain mere sketches. More calm prevails in the later novels, most of all in *Blasedow*, which is chiselled with a plasticity altogether unusual in Gutzkow up to now. His earlier figures were character drawings rather than characters, *μετέωρα*,<sup>a</sup> hovering between heaven and earth, as Karl Grün says. Nevertheless, Gutzkow cannot prevent the enthusiasm from giving way momentarily to intellect; in this mood are written those passages of his works which produce the disagreeable impression already mentioned; it is this mood which Kühne in his insulting language called “senile shivers”.—But it is also this passionate disposition which leads Gutzkow so easily into outbursts of wrath, often about the most insignificant things, and which brings into his polemic a gushing hatred, a wild vehemence, which Gutzkow surely regrets afterwards; for he must see how unwisely he acts in moments of fury. That he does see this is proved by the well-known article in the *Jahrbuch der Literatur*,<sup>b</sup> on whose objectivity he somewhat flatters himself—he knows, then, that his polemic is not free of momentary influences.—To these two sides of his mind, whose unity Gutzkow does not yet appear to have found, there is also added a boundless feeling of independence; he cannot bear the lightest fetters, and whether they were of iron or cobweb, he would not rest until he had smashed them. When against his will he was counted as belonging to Young Germany with Heine, Wienbarg, Laube and Mundt, and when this Young Germany began to degenerate into a clique, he was overcome by a malaise which left him only after his open breach with Laube and Mundt. But effectively as this desire for independence has preserved him from alien influence, it easily becomes heightened into a rejection of

<sup>a</sup> High above.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> See this volume, p. 71.—*Ed.*

everything different, a withdrawal into himself, an excess of self-reliance, and then it borders on egoism. I am far from accusing Gutzkow of consciously striving for unrestricted domination in literature, but at times he uses expressions which make it easier for his opponents to charge him with egoism. His passionate disposition alone drives him to give himself wholly as he is, and so one can discern at once the whole man in his works.—Add to these spiritual characteristics a life continually wounded over the last four years by the censor's scissors and the restrictions imposed on his free literary development by the police, and I may hope to have sketched the main features of Gutzkow's literary personality.

While the latter's nature thus proves to be thoroughly original, in *Mundt* we find an amiable harmony of all spiritual powers, which is the first prerequisite for a humourist: a calm intellect, a good German heart, and in addition the necessary imagination. Mundt is a genuinely German character, who, however, for precisely this reason, rarely rises above the ordinary and often enough verges on the prosaic. He possesses amiability, German thoroughness, sterling honesty, but he is not a poet concerned with artistic development. Mundt's works prior to the *Madonna* are insignificant; the *Moderne Lebenswirren* is rich in good humour and fine detail, but worthless as a work of art and tedious as a novel; in the *Madonna* enthusiasm for new ideas gave him an impetus which he had not known before, but again the impetus did not produce a work of art, merely a mass of good ideas and splendid images. Nevertheless, the *Madonna* is Mundt's best work, for the showers of rain sent into the literary sky shortly afterwards by the German cloud-gatherer Zeus<sup>69</sup> cooled Mundt's enthusiasm considerably. The modest German Hamlet strengthened his protestations of harmlessness with innocent little novels in which the ideas of the times appeared with trimmed beard and combed hair, and submitted in the frock-coat of a suppliant a most abject petition for most gracious assent. His *Komödie der Neigungen* did his reputation as a poet an injury which he attempted to heal with *Spaziergänge und Weltfahrten* instead of with new, rounded poetical works. And if Mundt does not throw himself into production with his earlier enthusiasm, if instead of travel books and journalistic articles he does not give us poems, then there will soon be no more talk of Mundt the poet. One could observe a second retreat by Mundt in his style. His preference for Varnhagen, in whom he thought he had discovered Germany's greatest master of style, led him to adopt the latter's diplomatic turns of phrase, affected expressions and abstract flourishes; and Mundt entirely failed to

see that the fundamental principle of the modern style—concrete freshness and liveliness—was thereby violated to the core.

[*Mitternachtzeitung für gebildete Leser* No. 85, May 25, 1840]

Besides these differences, the intellectual development of the two disputants had been wholly opposed. Gutzkow manifested from the start an enthusiasm for Börne, the "modern Moses", which still lives on in his soul as fervent adoration; Mundt sat in the secure shade thrown by the giant tree of Hegel's system and for a time betrayed the conceit of most Hegelians; in the early years of his literary activity the axioms of the philosophical padishah that freedom and necessity are identical and that the aspirations of the South-German liberals are one-sided, prejudiced Mundt's political views. Gutzkow left Berlin with distaste at conditions there and acquired a predilection for South Germany in Stuttgart which never left him; Mundt felt at home in Berlin life, loved to sit at the aestheticising tea-parties and distilled from the intellectual activity of Berlin his *Persönlichkeiten und Zustände*,<sup>70</sup> that literary hothouse product which suffocated all free poetic activity in him and in others. It is saddening to see how Mundt, in the second issue of *Freihafen* for 1838, reviewing a work by Münch, goes into raptures in his description of such a personality, raptures to which he could never be roused by a work of poetry.<sup>71</sup> Berlin conditions—it is as if this word were invented for Berlin—made him forget everything else and he even let himself be misled into a ridiculous contempt for the beauties of nature, such as is revealed in the *Madonna*.

So Gutzkow and Mundt confronted each other when the ideas of the age suddenly made their paths cross. They would soon have separated, perhaps waved greetings to each other from afar and been happy to recall their meeting, had not the setting up of Young Germany and the *Roma locuta est* of the most serene Federal Diet compelled them both to unite. The state of affairs was thus radically altered. Their common fate obliged Gutzkow and Mundt to give weight in their judgments of each other to considerations the observation of which was bound in the long run to become unbearable for both of them. Young Germany, or Young Literature, as it called itself after the catastrophe from above so as to sound more harmless and not to exclude others with similar aims, was near to degenerating into a clique, and that against its will. From all sides one found oneself compelled to drop opposing tendencies, to cover up weaknesses, to overstress

agreement. This unnatural, forced pretence could not last long. Wienbarg, the finest figure in Young Germany, withdrew; Laube had from the start protested against the conclusions which the state permitted itself; Heine in Paris was too isolated to quicken the literature of the day with the electric sparks of his wit; Gutzkow and Mundt, by mutual agreement, as I would like to think, were frank enough to break the public peace.

Mundt polemicised little and insignificantly, but once he let himself be misled into conducting his polemic in a manner inviting the sharpest censure. At the end of the article "Görres und die katholische Weltanschauung" (*Freihafen*, 1838, II) he says that if German religiousness will have nothing to do with Young Germany, the movement has sufficiently shown that it contains more than enough rotten elements as far as religion is concerned. It is clear that this refers not only to Heine, who does not concern us here, but to Gutzkow. However, even if the accusations were true, Mundt should at least have enough respect for those to whom he is bound by common fate not to champion narrow-mindedness, philistinism and pietism against them! Mundt could hardly behave worse than when he says in pharisaic triumph: God, I thank thee that I am not as Heine, Laube and Gutzkow, and that in the eyes of German religiousness, if not of the German Confederation, I can pass as respectable!

Gutzkow, by contrast, took real pleasure in polemics. He pulled out all the stops and followed the *allegro moderato* of the *Literarische Elfen*<sup>72</sup> with an *allegro furioso* of literary notices. He had the advantage over Mundt in that he could expose the latter's literary whims in full focus and place them within range of the permanently loaded gun of his wit. Almost every week at least one blow against Mundt could be found in the *Telegraph*. He knew how to profit by the overwhelming advantage which possession of a weekly journal gives over an opponent limited to a quarterly<sup>a</sup> and his own works; it is particularly remarkable that Gutzkow intensified his polemic, allowing his contempt for Mundt's literary gifts to appear only gradually, while the latter treated Gutzkow as an inferior personality immediately after the declaration of war, without regard for such a descending climax.—The usual artifices of political journals, recommending articles of the same colour in other journals, smuggling in hidden malice under the guise of recognition and praiseworthy objectivity, etc., were carried over into the literary sphere in this polemic; whether their

<sup>a</sup> *Freihafen*.—Ed.

own articles appeared under the pseudonyms of provincial correspondents cannot, of course, be determined, since right from the start there streamed to each party a crowd of obliging, nameless assistants, who would have felt very flattered if their labours were taken for the works of their commanding generals. Marggraff attributes most of the blame for the dispute to these interlopers who with their zeal wished to buy commendatory notices below the line.<sup>73</sup>

Towards the end of 1838 a third fighter entered the lists, Kühne, whose armoury we must review for the moment. For a long time Mundt's personal friend and without doubt the Gustav to whom Mundt once appeals in the *Madonna*, his literary character also has much in common with Mundt, although on the other hand a French element is clearly evident in him. He is linked with Mundt particularly by their common development through Hegel and the social life of Berlin, which determined Kühne's taste for personalities and conditions and Varnhagen von Ense, the true inventor of these literary hybrids. Kühne is also one of those who give much praise to Varnhagen's style and overlook the fact that what is good in it is really only an imitation of Goethe.

[*Mitternachtzeitung für gebildete Leser* No. 86, May 26, 1840]

The chief foundation of Kühne's literary stature is *esprit*, that French, quickly combining intellect, linked with a lively imagination. Even the extreme of this trend, the cult of the phrase, is so little alien to Kühne that, on the contrary, he has achieved a rare mastery in handling it, and one cannot read reviews such as that of the second volume of Mundt's *Spaziergänge* (*Elegante Zeitung*,<sup>a</sup> May 1838) without a certain enjoyment. Naturally, it also happens often enough that this play with phrases makes a disagreeable impression and one is reminded of a few apt words of Mephistopheles which have become commonplace.<sup>b</sup> In a journal one may well tolerate passages interwoven with phrases in this fashion; but when in a work like the *Charaktere* a passage occurs which reads quite well but lacks all real content—and that is more than once the case—this shows too much levity in selection. On the other hand, his French cleverness makes Kühne one of our best journalists, and it would surely be easy for him, with greater activity, to lift the *Elegante Zeitung* far above its present level. But oddly enough, Kühne is far from displaying the agility of mind

<sup>a</sup> *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Goethe, *Faust*, Erster Teil, Studierzimmer: "Mit Worten lässt sich trefflich streiten, mit Worten ein System bereiten...."—Ed.



which alone seems to correspond to the *esprit* in which he recalls Laube.—Kühne displays this trans-Rhenish nature most clearly as a critic. While Gutzkow does not rest until he has got to the bottom of his subject and forms his judgment from that alone without regard to any favourable or mitigating minor considerations, Kühne places the subject in the light of a witty thought, which, it is true, consideration of the object has most often inspired. When Gutzkow is one-sided, it is because he judges without due regard of person, more by the object's weaknesses than its virtues and demands classical creations from budding poets like Beck; when Kühne is one-sided, he endeavours to regard all aspects of his object from a single viewpoint which is neither the highest, nor the most illuminating, and excuses the playfulness of Beck's *Stille Lieder* with the truly apt phrase that Beck is a lyrical musician.

In Kühne one must further distinguish two periods; the beginning of his literary career was marked by a bias towards the Hegelian doctrine and, so it seems to me, by a devotion to Mundt or a community of views with him in which independence was not always duly respected. The *Quarantäne* marks his first step towards emancipation from these influences; Kühne's views did not find their full development until the literary troubles after 1836. For a comparison of Kühne's and Gutzkow's poetic aims two works written at the same time are available, the *Quarantäne im Irrenhause* and *Seraphine*. Both reflect the whole personality of their authors. Gutzkow portrayed the reasonable and the genial side of his character in Arthur and Edmund; Kühne, as a beginner, revealed himself fully and more artlessly in the hero of the *Quarantäne*, as he looks for a way out of the labyrinth of the Hegelian system. Gutzkow excels, as always, in the sharpness of his portrayal of the soul, in the psychological motivation; almost the entire novel takes place in the mind. Such an intellectual compounding of the motives from nothing but misunderstandings, however, destroys all quiet enjoyment, even of the interspersed idyllic situations, and no matter how masterly *Seraphine* is on the one hand, it is a failure on the other. Kühne, by contrast, bubbles over with witty reflections on Hegel, German soul-searching and Mozart's music, with which he fills three-quarters of the book, but in the end succeeds only in boring the readers and spoiling the novel as such. *Seraphine* does not contain a single well-drawn character; and Gutzkow's aim, which was to show his ability to portray female characters, is realised least of all. The women in all his novels are either trivial, like Celinde in *Blasedow*, devoid of real womanliness,

like Wally, or unlovely through a lack of inner harmony, like Seraphine herself. He almost seems to realise this himself when he makes Michal say in *Saul*:

You can lay open, like the human brain,  
The very heart of woman,  
You can show all a woman's heart is made of;  
But that which is the spirit of life within it  
No scalpel can lay bare, nor keen comparison.<sup>a</sup>

The same lack of precise characterisation is displayed in the *Quarantäne*. The hero is not a complete character but a personification of the transitional epoch in the present-day consciousness, who therefore lacks all individuality. The remaining characters are almost all made too indeterminate so that one cannot properly say of most of them whether they are successes or failures.

Kühne had long been challenged by Gutzkow but had replied only indirectly by praising Mundt's merits excessively and rarely mentioning Gutzkow's. Eventually Kühne also came out in opposition to him, at first calmly and critically rather than polemically; he called Gutzkow a debater, but would not concede to him any further literary claim; soon afterwards, however, he began his offensive in a manner which perhaps no one had expected, with the article "Gutzkows neueste Romane".<sup>74</sup> Here with much wit Gutzkow's dual nature is distorted into caricature and traced in his writings, but there is also such a mass of unworthy expressions, unfounded assertions and ill-concealed innuendoes that the polemic only benefited Gutzkow. He replied with a brief reference to the *Jahrbuch der Literatur* for 1839 (why has that for 1840 not yet appeared?) which carried his article on the latest literary disputes. The policy of winning minds by impartiality was shrewd enough, and the restraint which this article cost Gutzkow must be recognised; if it was not entirely satisfactory and, in particular, disposed too easily of Kühne, who can surely not be denied an important influence on present-day literature or a sound talent for the historical novel, although not yet very clear in the *Klosterroman*, this can gladly be overlooked until his opponents have done as well or have excelled him.

[*Mitternachtzeitung für gebildete Leser* No. 87, May 28, 1840]

This *Jahrbuch der Literatur*, however, bore within itself the seed of a new split, Heine's "Schwabenspiegel".<sup>75</sup> Probably only a few of

<sup>a</sup> K. Gutzkow, *König Saul*, Act III, Scene 3.—Ed.

those involved know what actually happened; I find it best to pass over this whole embarrassing story. Or could not Heine muster the required number of sheets again soon to bring out an uncensored volume, which would also contain the complete "Schwabenspiegel"? Then one could at least see what the Saxon censorship considered fit to cut and whether the mutilation is indeed to be laid to the charge of any censorship authority.<sup>76</sup> Enough, the flames of war were fanned again. Kühne behaved unwisely by accepting the stupid article on *Savage* and by accompanying Dr. Wihl's explanation (which it was surely too much to expect the *Elegante* to accept, rather as if Beck had sent his declaration against Gutzkow to the *Telegraph*) with a currish parody which the other side likewise rejected with a bark.<sup>77</sup> This dog-fight is the most shameful blot on all modern polemics; if our men of letters start treating each other like beasts and applying the principles of natural history in practice, German literature will soon be like a menagerie and the long-awaited Messiah of literature will fraternise with Martin and van Amburgh.

To prevent the once more slackening polemic from going to sleep, an evil spirit stirred up the dispute between Gutzkow and Beck.<sup>78</sup> I have already given my judgment of Beck elsewhere,<sup>a</sup> but, as I willingly admit, not without bias. The retrogressive step which Beck took in *Saul* and in the *Stille Lieder* made me suspicious and unfair to the *Nächte* and the *Fahrender Poet*. I ought not to have written the article, much less sent it to the journal which printed it. I may therefore be permitted to correct my judgment to the effect that I accord recognition to Beck's past, the *Nächte* and *Fahrender Poet*, but that it would go against my conscience as a critic if I did not describe the *Stille Lieder* and the first act of *Saul* as retrogressive. The faults of Beck's first two works were inevitable because of his youth, nay, in the press of images and the immature impetuosity of thought one might be inclined to see a superabundance of strength, and in any case here was a talent of which one might have the highest hopes.—Instead of those flaming images, instead of that wildly excited youthful strength, there is a tiredness, a languor in the *Stille Lieder*, which was least to be expected of Beck, and the first act of *Saul* is equally feeble. But perhaps this flabbiness is only the natural, momentary consequence of that over-excitement, perhaps the following acts of *Saul* will make up for all the defects of the first—but Beck is a poet, and even in its most severe and just censure criticism should

<sup>a</sup> See this volume, pp. 41-46.—*Ed.*

show a proper respect for his future creative work. Every true poet deserves such reverence; and I myself would not like to be taken for an enemy of Beck's, since, as I readily admit, I am indebted to his poetic works for the most varied and enduring stimulation.

The dispute between Gutzkow and Beck might well have been avoided. It cannot be denied that in the exposition of his *Saul* Beck followed Gutzkow to some extent, unwittingly, of course, but that does not detract from his honesty, only from his originality. Instead of being indignant about it, Gutzkow should rather have felt flattered. And Beck, instead of laying stress on the originality of his characters, which no one had called in doubt, had indeed to take up the gauntlet once it was thrown down, as he in fact did, but should also have revised the act, which one trusts he will have done.

Gutzkow now adopted a hostile position to all the Leipzig men of letters and has since harried them unremittingly with literary witticisms. He sees them as a regular band of organised ruffians which harasses him and literature in every possible way; but he would truly do better to adopt a different method of attack if he does not want to give up the fight. Personal connections and their reaction on public opinion are inevitable in Leipzig literary circles. And Gutzkow should ask himself whether he has never succumbed to this sometimes unfortunately unavoidable sin; or must I remind him of certain Frankfurt acquaintances? Is it surprising if the *Nordlicht*, the *Elegante* and the *Eisenbahn* occasionally agree in their judgments? The description *clique* is quite unfitting for these circumstances.

This is how matters stand at present; Mundt has withdrawn and no longer bothers about the dispute; Kühne also is rather tired of the interminable warfare; Gutzkow is also sure to see soon that his polemic must eventually become boring to the public. They will gradually begin to challenge each other to novels and plays; they will see that a journal is not to be judged by a biting literary article, that the nation's educated circles will award the prize to the best poet, not the most impetuous polemicist; they will get used to a calm existence side by side, and, perhaps, learn to respect each other again. Let them take Heine's conduct as an example, who in spite of the dispute does not conceal his esteem for Gutzkow. Let them determine their relative value not by their own subjective estimation, but by the conduct of the younger people to whom literature will sooner or later belong. Let them learn from the *Hallische Jahrbücher* that polemic may only be directed against the

children of the past, against the shadows of death. Let them consider that otherwise literary forces may arise between Hamburg and Leipzig which will overshadow their polemic fireworks. The Hegelian school, in its latest, free development, and the younger generation, as they prefer to be called, are advancing towards a unification which will have the most important influence on the development of literature. This unification has already been achieved in Moritz Carrière and Karl Grün.

Written in March 1840

First published in the *Mitternachtzeitung für gebildete Leser* Nos. 51-54, March 1840, and Nos. 83-87, May 1840

Signed: *Friedrich Oswald*

Printed according to the newspaper

Published in English for the first time

## [ON ANASTASIUS GRÜN]

In connection with Anastasius Grün's application for the post of chamberlain, one is involuntarily reminded of the verses he published two years ago in the *Elegante*.<sup>a</sup> The poem was entitled *Apostasie* and concluded:

God's will, you'll know how well I fare  
By this flag overhead.  
God's truth, if ever you see me *there*,  
I'm sick or good as dead.  
Then think of me as dead and gone:  
Bitter, to cast one's eye,  
Living, on one's own gravestone,  
As one is passing by.<sup>79</sup>

It sounds almost like a premonition.

Written in the first half of April 1840

First published in the *Telegraph für  
Deutschland* No. 61, April 1840

Signed: F. O.

Printed according to the journal

Published in English for the first  
time

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<sup>a</sup> *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*.—Ed.

## LANDSCAPES

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 122, July 1840]

Hellas had the good fortune of seeing the nature of her landscape brought to consciousness in the religion of her inhabitants. Hellas is a land of pantheism; all her landscapes are—or, at least, were—embraced in a harmonious framework. And yet every tree, every fountain, every mountain thrusts itself too much in the foreground, and her sky is far too blue, her sun far too radiant, her sea far too magnificent, for them to be content with the laconic spiritualisation of Shelley's spirit of nature,<sup>a</sup> of an all-embracing Pan. Each beautifully shaped individual feature lays claim to a particular god, each river will have its nymphs, each grove its dryads—and so arose the religion of the Hellenes. Other regions were not so fortunate; they did not serve any people as the basis of its faith and had to await a poetic mind to conjure into existence the religious genius that slumbered in them. If you stand on the Drachenfels or on the Rochusberg at Bingen, and gaze over the vine-fragrant valley of the Rhine, the distant blue mountains merging with the horizon, the green fields and vineyards flooded with golden sunlight, the blue sky reflected in the river—heaven with its brightness descends on to the earth and is mirrored in it, the spirit descends into matter, the word becomes flesh and dwells among us—that is the embodiment of Christianity. The direct opposite of this is the North-German heath; here there is nothing but dry stalks and modest heather, which, conscious of its weakness, dare not raise itself above the ground; here and there is a once defiant tree now shattered by lightning; and the brighter the sky, the more sharply does its self-sufficient magnificence demarcate it from the poor, cursed earth lying below it in sackcloth and ashes, and the more does its eye, the sun, look

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<sup>a</sup> The words "spirit of nature" are in English in the original. In Shelley's works, in particular in *Queen Mab*, the pantheistic figurative symbol of Pan appears.—Ed.

down with burning anger on the bare barren sand—there you have a representation of the Jewish world outlook.

The heathland has been much reviled, all literature\* has heaped curses on it and, as in Platen's *Oedipus*, it has been used only as a background for satire, but people have scorned to seek out its rare charms, its hidden poetic connections. One must really have grown up in a beautiful region, on mountain heights or forest-crowned crags, to feel properly the frightening, depressing character of the North-German Sahara, but also to be able to detect with pleasure the beautiful features of this region, which, like the mirage in Libya, are not always visible to the eye. The really prosaic Germany is to be found only in the potato fields on the right<sup>a</sup> bank of the Elbe. But the homeland of the Saxons, the most active of the German races, is poetic even in its desolation. On a stormy night, when clouds stream ghost-like past the moon, when dogs bay to one another at a distance, gallop on snorting horses over the endless heath and leap with loose reins over the weathered granite blocks and the burial mounds of the Huns; in the distance the water of the moor glitters in the reflected moonlight, will-o'-the-wisps flit over it, and the howling of the storm sounds eerily over the wide expanse; the ground beneath you is unsafe, and you feel that you have entered the realm of German folk-lore. Only after I became acquainted with the North-German heathland did I properly understand the Grimm brothers' *Kinder- und Haus-Märchen*. It is evident from almost all these tales that they had their origin here, where at nightfall the human element vanishes and the terrifying, shapeless creations of popular fantasy glide over a desolate land which is eerie even in the brightness of midday. They are a tangible embodiment of the feelings aroused in the solitary heath dweller when he wends his way in his native land on such a wild night, or when he looks out over the desolate expanse from some high tower. Then the impressions which he has retained from childhood of stormy nights on the heath come back to his mind and take shape in those fairy-tales. You will not overhear the secret of the origin of the popular fairy-tales on the Rhine or in Swabia, whereas here every lightning night—*bright* lightning night, says Laube—speaks of it with tongues of thunder.

The summer thread of my apologia for the heath, carried by

\* In the third volume of *Blasedow* the old man is concerned for the heath.—*Note by Engels.*

<sup>a</sup> The *Telegraph für Deutschland* has "left", which is a misprint.—*Ed.*



the wind, would probably continue to be spun out, if it had not become entangled with an unfortunate signpost painted in the colours of the land of Hanover.<sup>a</sup> I have long pondered over the significance of these colours. It is true that the royal Prussian colours do not show what Thiersch tries to find in them in his bad song about Prussia<sup>80</sup>; nevertheless, by their prosiness they remind one of cold, heartless bureaucracy and of all that the Rhinelander still cannot find quite plausible about Prussianism. The sharp contrast between black and white can provide an analogy for the relation between king and subject in an absolute monarchy; and since, according to Newton, they are not colours at all, they can be an indication that the loyal frame of mind in an absolute monarchy is that which does not hold a brief for any colour. The gay red and white flags of the people of the Hanse towns were at least fitting in olden days; the French *esprit* displays its iridescence in the tricolour, the colours of which have been appropriated by phlegmatic Holland too, probably in derision of itself; the most beautiful and significant, of course, is still the unhappy German tricolour. But the Hanoverian colours! Imagine a dandy in white trousers who has been chased for an hour at full speed through road-side ditches and newly ploughed fields, imagine Lot's pillar of salt<sup>81</sup>—an example of the Hanoverian *Nunquam retrorsum*<sup>b</sup> of former times as a warning for many—imagine this honourable memorial splashed with mud by ill-bred Bedouin youths, and you have a Hanoverian frontier post with its coat of arms. Or does the white signify the innocent basic law of the state and the yellow the filth with which it is being bespattered by certain mercenary pens?

To continue with the religious character of various regions, the Dutch landscapes are essentially Calvinist. The absolute prose of a distant view in Holland, the impossibility of its spiritualisation, the grey sky that is indeed the only one suited to it, all this produces the same impression on us as the infallible decisions of the Dordrecht Synod.<sup>82</sup> The windmills, the sole moving things in the landscape, remind one of the predestined elect, who allow themselves to be moved only by the breath of divine dispensation; everything else lies in "spiritual death". And in this barren orthodoxy, the Rhine, like the flowing, living spirit of Christianity, loses its fructifying power and becomes completely choked up with sand. Such, seen from the Rhine, is the appearance of its Dutch banks; other parts of the country may be more beautiful, I do not know them.—Rot-

<sup>a</sup> Yellow and white.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Never turning back (inscription under the rampant steed of the Hanoverian coat of arms).—Ed.

terdam, with its shady quays, its canals and ships, is an oasis for people from small towns in the interior of Germany; one can understand here how the imagination of a Freiligrath could ply with the departing frigates to distant, more luxuriant shores. Then there are the cursed Zeeland islands, nothing but reeds and dykes, windmills and the tops of chiming church steeples, between which the steamboat winds its way for hours!

But then, with what a blissful feeling we leave behind the philistine dykes and tight-laced Calvinist orthodoxy and enter the realm of the free-ranging spirit! Helvoetsluys vanishes, on the right and the left the banks of the Waal sink into the rising, jubilant waves, the sandy yellow of the water changes to green, and now what is behind is forgotten, and we go forward into the dark-green transparent sea!

And now have done with grieving,  
And shed that bitter load.  
And you'd go travelling onwards  
Time to be up and leaving  
To take the great highroad.  
The sky leans gently downwards  
To mingle with the sea—  
In tired despondency?

The sky bends downwards, holding  
The world with all its charms,  
Happy to be enfolding  
Such beauty in his arms.  
As if to kiss her lover  
The wave leaps up to the sky,  
And you'd wish life was over,  
In dark despondency?

The God of Love, descending,  
Makes all this world his own;  
To dwell here without ending,  
He gives himself through Man.  
And does that God not really  
Abide within your breast?  
Then let him reign more freely  
And shine his worthiest.

Then climb on to the rigging of the bowsprit and gaze on the waves, how, cleft by the ship's keel, they throw the white spray high over your head, and look out, too, over the distant green surface of the sea, where the foaming crests of the waves spring up in eternal unrest, where the sun's rays are reflected into your eyes from thousands of dancing mirrors, where the green of the

sea merges with the blue of the sky and the gold of the sun to produce a wonderful colour, and all your trivial cares, all remembrance of the enemies of light and their treacherous attacks disappear, and you stand upright, proudly conscious of the free, infinite mind! I have had only one impression that could compare with this; when for the first time the divine idea of the last of the philosophers,<sup>a</sup> this most colossal creation of the thought of the nineteenth century, dawned upon me, I experienced the same blissful thrill, it was like a breath of fresh sea air blowing down upon me from the purest sky; the depths of speculation lay before me like the unfathomable sea from which one cannot turn one's eyes straining to see the ground below; in God we live, move and have our being! We become conscious of that when we are on the sea; we feel that God breathes through all around us and through us ourselves; we feel such kinship with the whole of nature, the waves beckon to us so intimately, the sky stretches so lovingly over the earth, and the sun shines with such indescribable radiance that one feels one could grasp it with the hand.

The sun sinks in the north-west; on its left a shining streak rises from the sea—the Kentish coast and the southern bank of the Thames estuary. Already the twilight mist lies on the sea, only in the west is the purple of evening spread over the sky and over the water; the sky in the east is resplendent in deep blue, from which Venus already shines out brightly; in the south-west a long golden streak in the magical light along the horizon is Margate, from the windows of which the evening redness is reflected. So now wave your caps and greet free England with a joyful shout and a full glass. Good night, and a happy awakening in London!

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 123, August 1840]

You who complain of the prosaic dullness of railways without ever having seen one should try travelling on the one from London to Liverpool. If ever a land was made to be traversed by railways it is England. No dazzlingly beautiful scenery, no colossal mountain masses, but a land of soft rolling hills which has a wonderful charm in the English sunlight, which is never quite clear. It is surprising how various are the groupings of the simple figures; out of a few low hills, a field, some trees and grazing cattle, nature composes a thousand pleasant landscapes. The trees, which occur singly or in groups in all the fields, have a singular beauty that makes the whole neighbourhood resemble a park. Then

<sup>a</sup> Probably Hegel.—*Ed.*

comes a tunnel, and for a few minutes the train is in darkness, emerging into a deep cutting from which one is suddenly transported again into the midst of smiling, sunny fields. At another time the railway track is laid on a viaduct crossing a long valley; far below it lie towns and villages, woods and meadows, between which a river takes its meandering course; to the right and left are mountains which fade into the background, and the valley is bathed in a magical light, half-mist and half-sunshine. But you have hardly had time to survey the wonderful scene before you are carried away into a bare cutting and have time to recreate the magical picture in your imagination. And so it goes on until night falls and your wearied eyes close in slumber. Oh, there is rich poetry in the counties of Britain! It often seems as if one were still in the golden days of merry England<sup>a</sup> and might see Shakespeare with his fowling-piece moving stealthily behind a hedge on a deer-poaching expedition, or you might wonder why not one of his divine comedies actually takes place on this green meadow. For wherever the scenes are supposed to occur, in Italy, France or Navarra, his baroque, uncouth rustics, his too-clever schoolmasters, and his deliciously bizarre women, all belong basically to merry England,<sup>b</sup> and it is remarkable that only an English sky is suited to everything that takes place. Only some of the comedies, such as the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, are as completely adapted to a southern climate as *Romeo and Juliet*, even in the characters of the play.

And now back to our Fatherland! Picturesque and romantic Westphalia has become quite indignant at its son Freiligrath, who has entirely forgotten it on account of the admittedly far more picturesque and romantic Rhine. Let us console it with a few flattering words so that its patience does not give out before the second issue appears.<sup>83</sup> Westphalia is surrounded by mountain ranges separating it from the rest of Germany, and it lies open only to Holland, as if it had been cast out from Germany. And yet its children are true Saxons, good loyal Germans. And these mountains offer magnificent points of view; in the south the Ruhr and Lenne valleys, in the east the Weser valley, in the north a range of mountains from Minden to Osnabrück—everywhere there is a wealth of beautiful scenery, and only in the centre of the province is there a boring expanse of sand which always shows up through the grass and corn. And then there are the beautiful old

<sup>a</sup> The words "golden days of merry England" are in English in the original.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> The words "merry England" are in English in the original.—Ed.

towns, above all Münster with its Gothic churches, with its market arcades, and with Annette Elisabeth von Droste-Hülshoff and Levin Schücking. The last-named, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making there, was kind enough to draw my attention to the poems of that lady,<sup>84</sup> and I could not let this opportunity slip without bearing part of the blame which the German public has incurred in regard to these poems. In connection with them it has once again been proved that the much-vaunted German thoroughness treats the appreciation of poetry much too light-heartedly; people leaf through it, examine whether the rhymes are pure and the verses fluent, and whether the content is easy to understand and rich in striking, or at least dazzling, images, and the verdict is complete. But poems like these, which are marked by a sincerity of feeling, a tenderness and originality in the depiction of nature such as only Shelley can achieve, and a bold Byronic imagination—clothed, it is true, in a somewhat stiff form and in a language not altogether free from provincialism—such poems pass away without leaving a trace. Anyone, however, who is prepared to read them rather more slowly than usual—and, after all, one only takes up a book of poems in the hours of a siesta—could very well find that their beauty prevents him from going to sleep! Furthermore, the poetess is a fervent Catholic, and how can a Protestant take any interest in such? But whereas pietism makes the man, the schoolmaster, the chief curate Albert Knapp, ridiculous, the childish faith of Fräulein von Droste becomes her very well. Religious independence of mind is an awkward matter for women. Persons like George Sand, Mistress Shelley,<sup>a</sup> are rare; it is only too easy for doubt to corrode the feminine mind and raise the intellect to a power which it ought not to have in any woman. If, however, the ideas by which we children of the new stand or fall are truth, then the time is not far off when the feminine heart will beat as warmly for the flowers of thought of the modern mind as it does now for the pious faith of its fathers—and the victory of the new will only be at hand when the young generation takes it in with its mother's milk.

Written at the end of June and in July  
1840

First published in the *Telegraph für Deutschland* Nos. 122 and 123, July and August 1840

Signed: *Friedrich Oswald*

Printed according to the journal

Published in English for the first time

<sup>a</sup> Mary Wollstonecraft-Shelley, *née* Godwin.— *Ed.*

# M o r g e n b l a t t

für  
gebildete Leser.

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Donnerstag, den 30. Juli 1840.

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Da sind wir am Ziel! Wie stiegen die Meisten,  
Die Richter des Herbers, wir stiegen die Höhe,  
Die himmelanstreufenden, weit hinter uns.

P. A. B. Wolff.

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## [REPORTS FROM BREMEN]

### THEATRE. PUBLISHING FESTIVAL

[*Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* No. 181, July 30, 1840]

Bremen, July

As far as I know, no periodical of any note has a permanent correspondent in Bremen, and it could easily be concluded from this *consensus gentium*<sup>a</sup> that there is nothing to write about from here. But that is not the case; for have we not a theatre, which only recently had in succession Agnese Schebest, Caroline Bauer, Tichatscheck, and Mme Schröder-Devrient performing as visiting stars, and whose repertory could compete in quality with many other more famous theatres. Have not Gutzkow's *Richard Savage* and Blum's *Schwärmerei nach der Mode* already been shown here? The first of these two plays has by now been discussed to excess; I consider that a very recent review of it in the *Hallische Jahrbücher*,<sup>85</sup> if one leaves out the frequent hostile remarks, contains very much that is true and, in particular, hits on its basic mistake, namely, that the relationship between mother and child, as an unfree relationship, can never provide the basis for a drama. Perhaps Gutzkow was aware of this mistake beforehand, but he was right in not allowing that to prevent him from carrying out his plan; for if he wanted to break into the theatrical world with a single play he had to make some concessions to established theatrical routine, which he could always withdraw later if his plan

<sup>a</sup> Universal opinion.—Ed.

was successful. He had to give his play an original foundation, even if this could not stand up to poetic criticism, and even if his scenes became melodramatic and effect-seeking. One can find fault with *Richard Savage*, one can condemn it, but one must also admit that by it Gutzkow proved his dramatic talent.—I would not say anything at all about Blum's *Schwärmerei nach der Mode* had this play not been loudly hailed as "timely" in many journals. But there is absolutely nothing timely about it, neither in the characters, nor in the action, nor in the dialogue. It is true that Blum performed one service by having the courage to bring pietism on to the stage, but one cannot so easily dispose of this sprained foot of Christianity. One must at last stop looking for deception, greed or refined sensuality concealed behind pietism; real pietism decisively turns away from such exaggerations and extremes as were displayed in Königsberg, or such abuses as Stephan from Dresden indulged in. When Stephan with his unfortunate company came here to take ship for New Orleans, and no one had as yet the slightest moral suspicion of him, I myself saw how distrustfully the pietists here behaved towards him. Anyone who wants to write about this trend should try going to the "Quakers", as they are called here, and see the love these people show towards one another, how quickly friendship is established between two complete strangers who know nothing more of each other than that they are both "believers", with what assurance, consistency and determination they follow their path, and with what subtle psychological tact they are able to discover all their little faults, and I am convinced he would not write another *Schwärmerei nach der Mode*. Pietism is just as right in condemning this play as it is wrong in respect of the free thinking of our century.—Hence, too, the only notice of the play taken by the pietists here was to ask whether it contained "blasphemous speeches".

The Gutenberg festival<sup>86</sup> has also been celebrated here, in the *ultima Thule*<sup>a</sup> of German culture, and indeed in a more gladdening way than in the other two Hanse towns. For several years past the printers had been putting by something from their wages each week to ensure a worthy celebration of the festival. Already at an early stage, a committee was set up, but here too difficulties were encountered from the state in holding the festival. Small cabals, mostly connected with particular personalities, developed, as is inevitable in such small states. For a while, nothing was heard of

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<sup>a</sup> An island lying at the extreme north of the habitable world, mentioned in ancient legends and in Virgil's *Georgics*.—Ed.

the whole affair, and it seemed that at most a "craftsmen's gala" was being organised. Only on the eve of the festival did the interest become more general, the programme was issued, Professor Wilhelm Ernst Weber, well known for his excellent translations of the ancient classics and his commentaries on German poets, drew attention to the next day's event by his speech in the big hall, and the merchants were undecided whether they ought not to grant their office workers a half-holiday next day. The festival day came; all ships on the Weser flew their flags, and at the lower end of the town were two ships, the mast-tops of which were connected by a long line of innumerable flags to form a huge arch of honour. On one of these ships was mounted the only available gun, which thundered throughout the day. The committee, together with all the assembled printers, marched in a solemn procession to the church and from there to the newly-built steamship *Gutenberg* which, with its snow-white, gilt-ornamented hull, is the finest steamer that ever sailed the Weser. For this, its inaugural journey, it was festively decorated with garlands and flags; the procession went on board, cruised with music and singing up the Weser as far as the bridge; there a halt was made, a choral was sung and one of the printers delivered a speech. While all the participants in the festival took part in a luncheon on board arranged by the ship's owner, Herr Lange von Vegesack, the *Gutenberg* proceeded with a speed that did honour to its builder through the arch of flags to Lankenau, a pleasure resort below the town, thousands of people hailing it with shouts of "hurrah" from the bridge and the quayside. It was the festive procession and the Weser excursion that gave the celebration the character of a people's festival, but even more so the distribution, at first restricted but later liberal, of tickets for an evening in a public garden which had been taken over and illuminated for the occasion. There the committee repaired after a banquet, and the festival concluded under the bright illuminations with music and the drinking of Haut-Sauternes, St. Julien and champagne.

#### LITERATURE

[*Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* No. 182, July 31, 1840]

Bremen, July

For the rest, life here is rather monotonous and small-townish; the *haute volée*, i.e., the families of patricians and monied aristocrats, are spending the summer on their landed estates; the



middle-class ladies even in this fine period of the year cannot tear themselves away from their tea-parties, where cards are played and tongues wag; and the merchants day after day visit the museum, the stock exchange, or their club, to talk about coffee and tobacco prices and the state of the negotiations with the Customs Union<sup>87</sup>; few go to the theatre.—Interest in the current literature of the Fatherland as a whole is not to be found here; it is pretty generally held that Goethe and Schiller set the coping-stones of the arch of German literature, and that in any case the romantic writers served only as later ornamentations. People subscribe to a reading-club, partly because it is the fashion, partly because a siesta can be more comfortable with a periodical; but they are interested only in scandal and anything that the papers may say about Bremen. With many educated people this apathy may of course be due to lack of leisure, for here the merchant especially is always compelled to keep his business in mind, and any time he may have left over is taken up by the duties of etiquette towards his usually numerous relatives, visits, etc. On the other hand, there is a seclusive kind of literature here which has an ample circulation, partly through pamphlets, most of which are concerned with theological controversies, and partly through periodicals. The *Bremer Zeitung*, tactfully edited and with informative reports, used to enjoy a considerable reputation over a wide area, which however has decreased since its involuntary involvement in the political affairs of the neighbouring state. Its West-European articles are intelligently written, even if they are not definitely liberal-minded. A supplement to the newspaper, the *Bremisches Conversationsblatt*, tried to represent Bremen in current German literature and carried clever articles by Professor Weber and Dr. Stahr in Oldenburg; poems were supplied by Nicolaus Delius, a talented young philologist who could gradually achieve an honourable position also as a poet. But it proved difficult to recruit important outside contributors, and so the newspaper had to close down for lack of material. Another periodical, the *Patriot*, which endeavoured to serve as a worthier organ for the discussion of matters of local interest and at the same time to be more valuable from the aesthetic point of view than the small local newspapers, died because of the ambiguity of its position as neither a local newspaper nor an organ of *belles-lettres*. The smaller local newspapers, which feed on scandals, feuds between actors, town gossip, and such like, can boast of a more tenacious existence. In particular, the *Unterhaltungsblatt*,<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Bremisches Unterhaltungsblatt*.—Ed.

owing to its numerous contributors (almost every clerk in an office can boast of having written a few lines for the *Unterhaltungsblatt*), has achieved a singular degree of omniscience. If there is a nail sticking out of a seat in the theatre, if a pamphlet has not been ordered in the club, if a drunken cigar-maker has spent a night of merriment in the street, if a gutter has not been properly cleaned—the first to pay attention to it is the *Unterhaltungsblatt*. If a militia officer believes that his rank gives him the right to ride on the foot-path, he can be sure that the next issue of this newspaper will raise the question whether militia officers ought to be allowed to ride on the foot-paths. This excellent sheet could be called the providence of Bremen. Its chief contributor, however, is Crischan Tripsteert, the pseudonymous author of poems in Low German. It would be better for this dialect if it were abolished in accordance with Wienburg's demand rather than that it should have to let itself be misused by Crischan Tripsteert for his poems. The other local newspapers are of too low a level for even their names to be merely mentioned before the general public. Quite apart is the *Bremer Kirchenbote*, a pietistic-ascetic newspaper edited by three priests<sup>a</sup> to which Krummacker, the well-known writer of parables,<sup>b</sup> sometimes contributes. This newspaper is so zealous that the censorship is often compelled to intervene, although to be sure this only happens in extreme cases, since its tendency meets with approval in higher circles. It carries on a continual polemic against Hegel, the "father of modern pantheism", and "his disciple, the ice-cold Strauss", as well as against any rationalist who comes within ten miles. Next time I shall say something about Bremerhaven and social conditions in Bremen.

Written in July 1840

First published in the *Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* Nos. 181 and 182, July 30 and 31, 1840

Signed: F. O.

Printed according to the newspaper

Published in English for the first time

<sup>a</sup> Georg Gottfried Treviranus, Friedrich Ludwig Mallet, and F. A. Toel.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Friedrich Adolf Krummacker.—Ed.

## AN EVENING

To-morrow comes!  
Shelley<sup>a</sup>

### 1

I sit in the garden. 'Neath the ocean's rim  
The old day's sun has slowly slipped from sight,  
And hidden shafts that draw their strength from him  
Now fill the heavens with scintillating light.  
But with day's brilliance fading from the sky,  
The flowers stand and grieve in silent sadness;  
Meanwhile the birds, safe in the tree-tops high,  
Carol their love-songs full of joy and gladness.  
Ships that have traced the oceans with their wake  
Now lie at anchor in the peaceful bay.  
From end to end the timbered bridges shake  
As the tired people trudge their homeward way.  
The cool wine bubbles in the crystal glass.  
I leaf through Calderón's great comedies,  
Drinking my fill to very drunkenness  
On heady wine and headier tragedies.

### 2

The radiance in the West is almost gone.  
Patience! A new day's coming—Freedom's day!  
The sun shall mount his ever-shining throne  
And Night's black cares be banished far away.  
New flowers shall grow, but not in nursery beds  
We raked ourselves and sowed with chosen seeds:  
All earth shall be their garden full of light;

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<sup>a</sup> Written in English in the original. (Shelley, *Queen Mab*).—Ed.

All plants shall flourish in far alien lands.  
 The Palm of Peace shall grace the Northern strands,  
 The Rose of Love shall crown the frozen wight,  
 The sturdy Oak shall seek the Southern shore  
 To make the club that strikes the despot down,  
 And he who brings his nation peace once more  
 Shall wear upon his head the oak-leaf crown.  
 The Aloe, flourishing all over Earth,  
 Is like the People's spirit everywhere,  
 As prickly, coarse, and lacking grace as they are,  
 Till, with a crash, there suddenly bursts forth  
 Through every obstacle a blossom bright—  
 The Freedom flame, that glowed concealed from sight;  
 Its scent is far more like to reach the Lord  
 Than all the incense of the pious fraud.  
 Only the Cypress-trees are left alone,  
 Abandoned in the grove, their meaning gone.

## 3

The birds on their green branches greet the dawn  
 With paeans of tumultuous song, and know  
 That when the drifting cloudlets have withdrawn  
 Their steamy summits to the vales below,  
 Then shall the sun begin to mount his throne—  
 These birds are minstrel singers, every one;  
 Their words fly free as the free winds that blow;  
 And winds and words as one united go.  
 These songsters do not haunt the castle walls  
 (Those stately homes have long since tumbled down),  
 But, in proud oaks unbent by howling squalls,  
 Boldly they look towards the rising sun,  
 Though they be dazzled when his brilliance falls  
 To ring the earth with radiant light around.  
 I, too, am one of Freedom's minstrel band.  
 'Twas to the boughs of *Börne's* great oak-tree  
 I soared, when in the vales the despot's hand  
 Tightened the strangling chains round Germany.  
 Yes, I am of those plucky birds that make  
 Their course through Freedom's bright aethereal sea.  
 Though I be just a sparrow in their wake,

Rather that little sparrow would I be  
Than the caged nightingale that can't take wing  
And only to a prince's ear may sing.

## 4

No longer does the cargo vessel press  
Across the ocean to enrich the few  
Or swell the greedy merchant's revenue:  
It bears the seeds of human happiness.  
It is a noble stallion prancing high,  
Whose rider slays all hypocrites and crawlers,  
It is the fearless scourge of human dolours,  
It is a thought that dreams of Liberty.  
The flag bears not the royal coat of arms  
For the ship's frightened crew to tremble under;  
It bears the cloud on which, after the thunder,  
After the lightning bolts of raging storms,  
The reconciling Freedom rainbow forms.

## 5

The bridge of Love shall throw its spans unseen  
Across from heart to heart; between the piers  
Runs Passion's wild and ever-rushing stream,  
The swiftly flowing torrent of the years.  
The bridge is diamond hard: it will not sag.  
Across goes Freedom's bravely shining flag.  
Across goes Man. Where'er his feet may lead him,  
Wherever he may choose to cast his eye,  
He sees a friendly roof against the sky  
And knows that food and drink are there to meet him;  
A very home from home awaits to greet him,  
Wherever he may make his bed and lie.  
A bridge of purer faith shall pierce the clouds.  
Man shall ascend it, climbing without fear  
Its heavenward steps to gaze on, humbly proud,  
The Eternal Archetype of All the Spirits.  
Out of his bosom issues forth Mankind,  
And to his bosom Men return again,  
All conscious links in the great spirit-chain  
By which Eternal Matter is confined.

## 6

New wine shall fill your glasses to the brim,  
 Pure Freedom wine's intoxicating brew:  
 Not the unwary senses to bedim,  
 But jaded senses to exchange for new,  
 That with revived perception you may hear  
 The spheres in heaven singing high and low;  
 That the blood coursing through your veins may clear,  
 Transformed into pure Aether, which flows through  
 The Infinities; that your eye-beams may spear  
 Primordial Space, like warriors bold that go  
 To storm the starry summits without fear.  
 Between, like Jack-o'-Lanterns in the sky,  
 Images of past woe are gliding by.

## 7

And there shall rise another Calderón,  
 Pearl-fisher in the tide of poetry,  
 With images like flames ascending from  
 The layered wood of the sweet Cedar-tree.  
 With golden lyre, he shall exalt in song  
 The bloody stamping out of Tyranny.  
 Mankind shall hear proud Victory's refrain,  
 And Peace shall flourish in the world again.  
 He too shall sing how Mankind made a stand  
 Against the cruel hordes of Tyranny  
 Upon *Mantible Bridge*\*<sup>88</sup>; how that brave band  
 Fought on through levelled spears to victory  
 And so set foot on Freedom's hallowed land;  
 How *Doctor of His Honour*\*\* came to be  
 Man, like *The Constant Prince*\*\*\* condemned to languish  
 In chains until deliverance from anguish;  
 How Freedom came, *The Daughter of the Air*\*\*\*\*  
 Descending earthwards from aethereal space  
 To sing her magic songs, so wondrous fair;

\* *La puente de Mantible*.— Note by Engels.

\*\* *El médico de su honra*.— Note by Engels.

\*\*\* *El principe constante*.— Note by Engels.

\*\*\*\* *La hija del aire*.— Note by Engels.

How *Life* became a *Dream*\* of joy and grace,  
 And how the Cup of Happiness shone clear  
 Of furious ferment showing not a trace;  
 And how the sun shall put the clouds to flight,  
 Bringing sweet *April-and-May-Mornings*\*\* light.

## 8

But say, when is the new sun going to rise?  
 When will the bad old times be cracked asunder?  
 We saw the old sun sinking in the skies—  
 How long must night's oppression keep us under?  
 The melancholy moon peers through the cloud,  
 And white mists, bivouacked in the vales below,  
 Hide all that lives on earth beneath their shroud.  
 Like blind men tapping through the dark we go.  
 Patience! For look, already heavenward bound,  
 The sun would chase the gloomy clouds away.  
 The very mists that crawl along the ground  
 Are Spirits' dawn-breeze-wakened roundelay.  
 The morning star dances his upward way.  
 The mists are pierced by shafts of blood-red fire.  
 Do not the flowers unfold to greet the day?  
 Do you not hear the joyful feathered choir?  
 Now half the heavens are filled with radiance bright.  
 The snow-capped mountains blaze with ruby light.  
 The golden clouds rear up their noble heads  
 Like the sun's fiery chariot-drawing steeds.  
 Look yonder, where the densest light rays run  
 In joyous throng to greet the new-born sun!

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Signed: *Friedrich Oswald*

Printed according to the journal

Published in English for the first  
 time

\* *La vida es sueño*.—Note by Engels.

\*\* *Mañanas de Abril y Mayo*.—Note by Engels.

## [REPORTS FROM BREMEN]

### AN OUTING TO BREMERHAVEN<sup>89</sup>

[*Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* No. 196, August 17, 1841]

Bremen, July

The *Roland* was due to leave at six o'clock in the morning. I stood leaning against the wheel-house and looked for familiar faces in the throng of people pushing to get on board the steamer. For today a Sunday outing to Bremerhaven had been arranged, and at reduced prices, so everybody took the opportunity to get a little nearer to the sea and to look at some big ships. I thought it strange that the craze for profit, which otherwise continually serves the monied aristocracy, should here for once make some concessions to democracy. The price reduction made it possible for the more impecunious to join in, and in addition the distinction between first and second class had been eliminated, which means a great deal in Bremen where the "upper crust" shy at nothing so much as mixed company. So the steamer became very full. True Bremen burghers, who had never once left the territory of the free Hanseatic town<sup>90</sup> and now wanted to show their families the port, formed the core of the party; coopers, emigrants and journeymen were also there in large numbers; here and there a man from the stock exchange was standing apart from the crowd since he belonged to high society, and everywhere one saw the pawns who are always pushed forward on the chessboard of a trading city, the office clerks, who are again divided into agents, senior apprentices and juniors. The agent already regards himself as an important person; he is only one step from independence; he is the factotum of his firm, he knows the situation of his house inside out, he is familiar with the state of the market and the brokers crowd around him at the stock exchange. Nor does the senior apprentice think much less of himself;



although he is not on the same footing with his master as the agent, he already knows very well how to deal with a broker and especially a cooper or boatman and in the absence of the master and the agent he displays the consciousness that he now represents the firm and that the credit of an entire house depends on his conduct. The junior, however, is an unfortunate creature; at most, he represents the merchant house to the worker who packs the goods, or the postman in whose area the office is situated. As well as having to copy out all the business letters and bills of exchange, deliver invoices and pay them, he must also be the universal messenger boy, take letters to the post, tie up parcels, mark crates, and fetch letters from the post. Every day at noon you can see the post-office crowded with these "juniors", waiting for the mail from Hamburg. And worst of all, the junior must take the blame for whatever goes wrong in the office, for it is part of his calling to be the scapegoat for the entire office. These three classes also keep strictly separate in society: the juniors, who for the most part have not yet worn out their school boots, like to laugh loudly and make much ado about nothing; the senior apprentices zealously debate the latest big purchase made by a sugar merchant, and each one has his own conjectures about it; the agents smile at jokes which are not for publication and could tell you a thing or two about the ladies present.

[*Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* No. 197, August 18, 1841]

Bremen, July

The steamer set off. Although the people of Bremen can see such a spectacle every day, Bremish curiosity had to make itself felt nevertheless in the enormous mass of people who watched our departure from every vantage point on the shore.—The weather was not too promising; for it was the same old metallic sky of which Homer tells, though the side turned towards us, which the eternal gods do not have polished every day, had a considerable coating of rust. More than once a drop of rain extinguished my cigar with a hiss. The dandies who had up to now carried their mackintoshes over the arm found they had to put them on, and the ladies opened their umbrellas.—Seen from the Weser, the view of Bremen as you leave it is very pretty; on the left the new town with its long "dyke" planted with trees, on the right the gardens on the earthwork which stretch down to the Weser here and are crowned with a colossal windmill. But then comes the

Bremen desert, willow bushes right and left, marshy fields, potato patches and a mass of broccoli fields. Broccoli is the favourite dish of the people of Bremen.

A lanky assistant insurance broker stood on the wheel-house, in spite of the pouring rain and sharp wind, and conversed in Low German with the captain who was quietly drinking his coffee. Then he hurried below again to a company of second-class merchants to report to them on the important pronouncements of the captain. The agents and the senior apprentices almost fought to get near this respected personality, but he took no notice of them, for today he was only speaking to established houses. Now he hurried down from the wheel-house with the news: "In a quarter of an hour we'll be in Vegesack." "Vegesack!" repeated all the hearers delightedly, for Vegesack is the oasis of the Bremen desert, in Vegesack there are mountains sixty foot high, and the people of Bremen even speak of the "Vegesack Switzerland". Vegesack is indeed situated quite prettily, or, as one says here, "nicely" or "sweetly", which makes one think of the latest consignment of brown sugar from Havana sold so advantageously. The view of the place from the Weser is charming; before you reach it you see many ships' hulls on the Weser, some worn out, others newly built here. The Lesum flows into the Weser here and its hills also form quite "nice" banks which are even considered to be romantic, or so the schoolmaster from Grohn, a village near Vegesack, assured me on his honour. Soon after Vegesack the sea of sand really tries to send up some decent waves and descends fairly steeply into the Weser. Here are the villas of the Bremen aristocracy whose gardens add greatly to the beauty of the Weser's banks for a short distance. Then it becomes dull and boring again.—I went below and in a little side room of the saloon found a crowd of "senior apprentices", who had hoisted all their sails to entertain three pretty tailor's daughters fittingly; a crowd of "juniors" jostled each other at the door, listening eagerly to the talk of the senior apprentices; behind them stood the ladies' *garde d'honneur*, an old friend of the family, growling in annoyance at their behaviour. The conversation bored me, so I went back on deck and stood on the wheel-house. Nothing is more enjoyable than to stand like this above a crowd of people, to watch the thronging and to hear the babel of words rising from below. The fresh breeze has greater freshness up here, and if the rain is also felt more freshly, it is at least better than the drops which a philistine shakes down your neck from his umbrella.

[*Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* No. 198, August 19, 1841]

Bremen, July

At last, after various uninteresting Hanover and Oldenburg villages, came a pleasant change, the free port of Bracke, its houses and trees forming an effective background to the ships on the Weser. Quite large sea-going vessels come as far as this, and the Weser is impressively wide from here on downstream except where it is broken up by islands.—The steamer went on after a brief stop and an hour and a half later we had reached our goal, in about six hours' sailing altogether. As the fort of Bremerhaven came into view a bookdealer of my acquaintance quoted Schiller, the insurance broker quoted the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*, and a merchant quoted the latest issue of the import list. With a splendid curve the steamer entered the Geest, a little river which flows into the Weser near Bremerhaven. But in spite of the captain's warnings, the passengers crowded too near the bow of the ship, and the water being at its lowest ebb, the *Roland*, the representative of Bremen's independence, ran aground on the sand with a jolt. The passengers dispersed, the engines reversed, and the *Roland* managed to get off the sandbank.

Bremerhaven is a young town. In 1827 Bremen bought a narrow strip of land from Hanover and had the port built there at enormous cost. Gradually an entire Bremen colony moved into it, and the population is still growing. Hence, everything here is Bremish, from the style of the buildings to the Low German language of the inhabitants, and the Bremen people of the old sort, who were perhaps irritated by the extraordinary tax levied to buy the strip of land, can now hardly conceal their pleasure when they see how beautiful, how practical, how Bremish everything is.—You get the best view of the whole straight from the steamer jetty. A beautiful, broad quay with the colossal port building in the middle standing out in unsuccessful antique style; the whole length of the port, with all its ships; on the left and beyond it the little fort which is occupied by Hanoverian soldiers, while its brick walls show only too clearly that it is there only *pro forma*. It is thus quite consistent that no one is allowed inside, although such permission is easily obtained for any Prussian fortress.—We walked along the quay in the rain. Now and then a side street offered a view into the centre of the town; everything is rectangular, the streets straight as a ruler, and the houses often still in the process of building. Only this modern layout of the place forms a contrast to Bremen. With the bad weather and church services not yet over, the streets were as quiet as in Bremen.

[*Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* No. 199, August 20, 1841]

Bremen, July

I went on board a big frigate the deck of which was full of emigrants who stood watching the "yaw!" being hauled up. A yawl here is any boat which has a keel and is therefore suitable for service at sea. The people were still cheerful; they had not yet trodden the last clod of their native soil. But I have seen how deeply it affects them when they really leave German soil forever, when the ship, with all its passengers on board, slowly moves from the quay into the roadstead and thence sails into the open sea. They are almost all true German faces, without falseness, with strong arms, and you need only be among them for a moment and see the cordiality with which they greet each other to realise that it is certainly not the worst elements who leave their Fatherland to settle in the land of dollars and virgin forests. The saying: stay at home and feed yourself honestly<sup>a</sup> seems to be made for the Germans, but this is not so; people who want to feed themselves honestly go, very often at least, to America. And it is by no means always lack of food, much less greed, which drives these people into distant lands; it is the German peasant's uncertain position between serfdom and independence, it is the inherited bondage and the rules and regulations of the patrimonial courts<sup>91</sup> which make his food taste sour and disturb his sleep until he decides to leave his Fatherland.

The people going over on this ship were Saxons. We went below to take a look at the inside of the ship. The saloon was most elegantly and comfortably appointed; a little square room, everything elegant, mahogany inlaid with gold, as in an aristocratic drawing-room. In front of the saloon were the berths for the passengers in small, nice little cabins; from an open door by the side we got a whiff of ham from the larder. We had to go on deck again to reach the steerage by another companion-way: "But it's terrible down there,"<sup>b</sup> all my companions quoted when we got back. Down there lay the dregs who had not enough money to spend ninety talers on the cabin class fare, the people to whom nobody raises a hat, whose manners some here call common, others uneducated, a plebs which owns nothing, but which is the best any king can have in his realm and which alone upholds the German principle, particularly in America. It is the Germans in

<sup>a</sup> Cf. Psalms 37:3.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Schiller, *Der Taucher*.—*Ed.*

the cities who have taught the Americans their deplorable contempt for our nation. The German merchant makes it a point of honour to discard his Germanness and become a complete Yankee ape. This hybrid creature is happy if the German in him is no longer noticed, he speaks English even to his compatriots, and when he returns to Germany he acts the Yankee more than ever. English is often heard in the streets of Bremen, but it would be a great mistake to take every English speaker for a Britisher or a Yankee. The latter always speak German when they come to Germany in order to learn our difficult language; but these English speakers are invariably Germans who have been to America. It is the German peasant alone, perhaps also the craftsman in the coastal towns, who adheres with iron firmness to his national customs and language, who, separated from the Yankees by the virgin forests, the Allegheny mountains and the great rivers, is building a new, free Germany in the middle of the United States; in Kentucky, Ohio and in Western Pennsylvania only the towns are English, while everybody in the countryside speaks German. And in his new Fatherland the German has learnt new virtues without losing the old ones. The German corporative spirit has developed into one of political, free association; it presses the government daily to introduce German as the language of the courts in the German counties,<sup>a</sup> it creates German newspapers one after another, which are all devoted to the calm, level-headed endeavour to develop existing elements of freedom, and, as the best proof of its strength, it has caused the "Native Americans"<sup>b</sup> party to be founded which has spread through all the states and aims to hinder immigration and to make it difficult for the immigrant to acquire citizenship.<sup>92</sup>

"But it's terrible down there." All round the steerage runs a row of berths, several close together and even one above the other. An oppressive air reigns here, where men, women and children are packed next to one another like paving stones in the street, the sick next to the healthy, all together. Every moment one stumbles over a heap of clothes, household goods, etc; here little children are crying, there a head is raised from a berth. It is a sad sight; and what must it be like when a prolonged storm throws everything into confusion and drives the waves across the deck, so that the hatch, which alone admits fresh air, cannot be opened! And yet, the arrangements on the Bremen ships are the most

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<sup>a</sup> This word is in English in the original.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> This name is in English in the original.— *Ed.*

humane. Everybody knows what it is like for the majority who travel via Le Havre. Afterwards we visited another, an American, ship; they were cooking, and when a German woman standing nearby saw the bad food and even worse preparation she said weeping bitterly that if she had known this before she would rather have stayed at home.

[*Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* No. 200, August 21, 1841]

Bremen, July

We went back to the inn. The *prima donna* of our theatre sat there in a corner with her husband, its *ultimo uomo*, and with several other actors; the rest of the company was very dull, and so I reached for some printed matter that lay on the table, of which an annual report on Bremen trade was the most interesting. I took it and read the following passages:

"Coffee in demand in summer and autumn, until slacker conditions set in towards winter. Sugar enjoyed a steady sale, but the actual *idea* for this only came with rising supplies."

What is a poor man of letters to say when he sees how the manner of expression not only of modern *belles-lettres* but of philosophy is infecting the style of the broker! Conditions and ideas in a trade report—who would have expected that! I turned the page and found the description:

"Superfine medium good ordinary real Domingo coffee."

I asked the agent of one of the leading Bremen merchant shippers who happened to be present what this superfine designation might mean. He replied: "Look at this sample I have just taken from a consignment delivered to us; that description will fit it roughly." Thus I learned that superfine medium good ordinary real Domingo coffee is a pale grey-green coffee from the island of Haiti, each pound of which has fifteen half-ounces of good beans, ten half-ounces of black beans and seven half-ounces of dust, small stones and other rubbish. I then let myself be initiated into several other mysteries of Hermes and in this way passed the time until midday, when we partook of a very indifferent meal and were called back to the steamer by the bell. The rain abated at last, and no sooner had the steamer "laid" the Geest than the clouds broke and the rays of the sun fell bright and warming on our still wet clothes. To everybody's astonishment, however, the steamer did not go upstream, but down the roadstead where a proud three-master had just anchored. We had barely reached the middle

of the current when the waves grew bigger and the steamer began to pitch noticeably. Who, if he has ever been to sea, does not feel his pulse quicken when he senses this sign of the proximity of the sea! For a moment he believes he is again going out into the free, roaring sea, into the deep, clear green of the waves, right into the middle of that marvellous light which is created by the sun, azure and sea together; he involuntarily begins to find his sea-legs again. The ladies, however, were of a different opinion, looked at each other in fright and grew pale, while the steamer, "in a gallant style",<sup>a</sup> as the English say, described a semicircle around the newly arrived ship and picked up its captain. The assistant insurance broker was just explaining to some gentlemen, who had vainly endeavoured to find the ship's name on the bow, that according to the number on its flag it was the *Maria*, Captain Ruyter, and that according to Lloyd's list it had sailed from Trinidad de Cuba between such-and-such a date, when the captain came up the steamer's companion-way. Our assistant insurance broker met him, shook his hand with the expression of a protector, asked how the voyage had been, what cargo he was carrying, and in general conducted a long discourse with him in Low German, while I listened to the flatteries which the bookdealer was lavishing on the half-naïve, half-flirtatious tailor's daughters.

The sun went down in full glory. A glowing ball, it hung in a net of clouds, the strands of which seemed already to have caught fire, so that one expected it to burn through the net at any moment and drop hissing into the river! But it sank calmly behind a group of trees which looked like Moses' burning bush. Truly, both here and there God speaks with a loud voice! But the hoarse croaking of a member of the Bremen opposition tried to shout Him down; this clever man was straining hard to prove to his neighbour that it would have been much wiser to deepen the fairway of the Weser for larger ships instead of building Bremerhaven. Unfortunately, the opposition here is too often motivated by envy of the power of the patricians than by the consciousness that the aristocracy resists the rational state, and in this matter its representatives are so narrow-minded that talking to them about the affairs of Bremen is as difficult as to firm supporters of the Senate.<sup>93</sup>—Both parties convince one more and more that such small states as Bremen have outlived themselves and even in a mighty union of states would lead a life under pressure from without and phlegmatically senile within.—Now we

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<sup>a</sup> These words are in English in the original.—*Ed.*

were close to Bremen. The high spire of the Church of Ansgarius, with which our "church troubles" were connected, rose from moor and heath, and soon we reached the tall warehouses framing the right bank of the Weser.

Written in July 1840

First published in the *Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* Nos. 196, 197, 198, 199 and 200, August 17-21, 1841

Printed according to the newspaper

Published in English for the first time



## [TWO SERMONS BY F. W. KRUMMACHER]

We have before us the two sermons which caused the otherwise so pious people of Bremen to prohibit the Elberfeld zealot, *F. W. Krummacher*, from further officiating by invitation in the Church of St. Ansgarius. If the ordinary sermon in which God is spoken of only as the *Father of the World* or the *Highest Being* generally sounds very watery, the text of these orations by Krummacher is lye, caustic, even *aqua regia*. They will be read with interest if only because of the originality displayed in communicating thus with the congregation from the pulpit; they show that Krummacher is a zealot of intelligence, blessed with wit and imagination. Whether he speaks in this fiery language out of a real rock-like faith in Christianity may be doubted; we believe that Krummacher is no hypocrite but that he fixed on this manner of preaching merely because he liked it and cannot now abandon it, the less so because the ordinary tone of the evangelical whisperers on love and of the preachers for the ladies is very insipid. This much is certain, however, that Krummacher is badly mistaken about the significance of the pulpit if he raises it to a seat of the Inquisition. What can a congregation take home from such a sermon? Nothing but that *spiritual pride* which is so repellent in pietism. He who demands of his congregation nothing but *faith*, who merely reiterates this rigid commandment in synonyms and uses the rest of the sermon-lecture for current polemics, will spread much self-conceit, pride and orthodox obduracy, but little Christianity. Krummacher seems to be methodically carrying on this task of elevating Christian simplicity into pride. The statement that spirit, wit, imagination, poetic talent, art and science are all nothing before God is a cliché to him.

He says:

"There is more joy in heaven over a repentant sinner than over the birth of a poet."<sup>a</sup>

He paints such a picture of the *importance* which the poorest member of his congregation could have that the latter must inevitably fancy himself higher and wiser than Kant, Hegel, Strauss, etc., whom Krummacker constantly anathematizes in his sermons. Is it not possible that at the root of Krummacker's inmost being there is frustrated ambition, a longing for distinction? There are many minds which have striven for the highest, failed to achieve it by diligence, talent and hard work, and then hope to win the eternal crown by an unexampled *virtuosity of faith*. This and nothing else, one is inclined to believe, explains Krummacker's constant polemic against everything *famous in the world*.—It is truly painful to find in these sermons so few *softening elements*, so little pathos, feeling, or true grief. The tone of love cannot come easily to such a rigid zealot. And yet there are passages which reconcile us to this man's strange nature. How few sermons we have in which one can find such a beautiful passage as the following:

"Yes, friends, the world does not end where the storm howls on the sea's distant shore, or where the sorrowing moon walks on high and the silent stars look down in sadness on the earth. Beyond, there is another, wider, brighter region. Oh, 'tis better to be there than here. There roses are no longer carried to the grave; there love no longer fears separation; there no drop of gall remains in the cup of joy. That such a world exists is as true as that the Lord Jesus *visibly* (?) ascended into it."<sup>b</sup>

Written in early September 1840

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<sup>a</sup> F. W. Krummacker, *Paulus kein Mann nach dem Sinne unsrer Zeit*. Predigt.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> F. W. Krummacker, *Das letzte Gericht*. Gastpredigt.—Ed.

## ON THE DEATH OF IMMERMANN

In the camp's finest tent we'd sat all night  
And mingled Spanish wine with German song.  
The fields were turning grey in dawn's first light;  
Our eyes were aching—we'd stayed up so long.  
The sun's rays peeped into our tent and found  
Our sherry bottles drained, in disarray.  
The hour was late. Time we were homeward bound.  
Come, let us mount the horses and away!

We flew. After carousing all night long,  
What bliss to feel the freshness of the morrow.  
Still in our ears the sound of strings and song;  
Still far away the long day's care and worry.  
The shades of night had vanished. From the sky  
Light fell on river, trees, fields bathed in dew.  
We all looked up to trace with joyful eye  
The sun's bright progress through the cloudless blue.

We're home. Our steeds coursed well. Now I stand here  
Upon the threshold of work's tribulations.  
Here is the paper. Let me draw fresh cheer  
By drinking from the well-spring of the nations.  
Russia, Great Britain, Turkish catastrophes!  
And now for Germany—does all go well?  
Ah, here.... What? Dead? Can I believe my eyes?  
You, Immermann, must also bid farewell?

Defiant heart, so full of noble scorn,  
Must you depart, then, for eternity,  
Now that we see the rose despite the thorn  
And bow to you in all humility?  
Now that, like Schiller, proudly you beheld  
Your people hang on every word from you?  
Now that the love within your bosom held  
Had blossomed forth with shining rays anew?

Aloof in German poetry's sacred grove,  
You shunned your fellow bards' vociferous throng,  
And by the Rhine in solitude you wove  
The images of many a gentle song.  
The mob's harsh clamour never came to hurt you  
In the flower garden where you toiled away.  
So few the stories they could spread about you;  
Living, you were a legend in your day.

Because the multitude, that never can  
Conceive what power inspires the poet's lays,  
Why should they heed the silent, serious man  
Who wanders far from their well-trodden ways?  
But you, O Immermann, that now have died,  
Wanted to wrestle with yourself, alone,  
And all the bitter jarring strife inside  
That you grew up with, master on your own.

So, meditating through the long dark night  
That held in thrall our German poetry,  
In solitude you fought the inner fight  
And battled through to see the dawning day.  
When far above your dwelling's mossy stones  
July's wild thunder<sup>a</sup> rolled away at last,  
You sent into the world your *Epigones*,  
That requiem for a generation past.

And yet you saw the rising generation,  
Those in whose hearts the youthful fires blaze,  
Speak loudly to defend your reputation,  
Your right to wear the bard's full crown of bays.

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<sup>a</sup> The July 1830 revolution in France.— Ed.

In your abode you saw us drawing nigh,  
You saw us silent at your feet, as we  
Looked up into your rapt and thoughtful eye  
And listened to your rolling poetry.

Now that the people, who forgot your name,  
Have welcomed you with shouts of joy, bestowing  
On you your rightful laurels of acclaim,  
O Immermann, is this a time for going?  
Farewell! Here in this land of Germany  
Poets to match your skill are very few.  
I settled down to work, and swore to be  
As German, and as strong and firm as you.

Written in September 1840

First published in the *Morgenblatt für  
gebildete Leser* No. 243, October 10, 1840

Signed: *Friedrich Oswald*

Printed according to the news-  
paper

Published in English for the first  
time

## [REPORTS FROM BREMEN]

### RATIONALISM AND PIETISM

[*Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* No. 249, October 17, 1840]

*Bremen, September*

At last once again a topic which extends beyond tea-party gossip, which so excites the entire public of our Free State that everyone takes sides either for or against, and which gives food for thought even to the more serious-minded. The thunderstorm in the sky of our age has struck even in Bremen, the fight for a freer or narrower conception of Christianity has been kindled even here, in the capital of North-German fundamentalism; the voices which were recently raised in Hamburg, Kassel and Magdeburg have found an echo in Bremen.—Briefly, the course of events was as follows: Pastor *F. W. Krummacher*, the Pope of the Wuppertal Calvinists, the St. Michael of the doctrine of predestination, visited his parents here and gave two sermons for his father<sup>a</sup> in the Church of St. Ansgarius.<sup>b</sup> The first sermon dealt with his favourite spectacle, the Last Judgment, the second with an anathematising passage in the Epistle to the Galatians; both were written with the burning eloquence, the poetic, if not always well-chosen, splendour of imagery for which this richly talented pulpit speaker is famous; but both, particularly the last, flash with curses against those who think differently, as one might expect from such a harsh mystic. The pulpit became the presidential chair of a court of inquisition whence the eternal curse was hurled against all theological trends which the inquisitor did and did not know. Anyone who did not accept this crass mysticism as absolute Christianity was delivered up to the devil. And with a sophistry which

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<sup>a</sup> Friedrich Adolf Krummacher.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> See this volume, pp. 121-22.—*Ed.*

emerged as strangely naive, Krummacher always managed to shelter behind the apostle Paul. "It is not I who is cursing, nay! Children, reflect, it is the apostle Paul who condemns you!" — The worst of it was that the apostle wrote in Greek and scholars have not yet been able to agree on the precise meaning of certain of his expressions. Among these dubious words is the anathema used in this passage, to which Krummacher, without more ado, ascribed the most extreme meaning of a sentence of eternal damnation. Pastor Paniel, the chief representative of rationalism in this pulpit,<sup>a</sup> had the misfortune to interpret this word in its milder sense, and in general to oppose Krummacher's way of thinking; he therefore preached controversial sermons.<sup>a</sup> Whatever you may think of his views, his behaviour is irreproachable. Krummacher cannot deny that in composing his sermons he had in mind not only the rationalistic majority of the congregation, but Paniel in particular; he cannot deny that it is wrong for a *guest* preacher to try to prejudice a congregation against its appointed pastors; he must admit that a coarse wood needs a coarse wedge. What was the point of all the invective against Voltaire and Rousseau, whom even the worst rationalist in Bremen fears like the devil, or of all the curses against speculative theology, which, with two or three exceptions, his entire audience was as incapable of judging as he himself, what was the point of this except to disguise the very definite, even personal, tendenciousness of the sermons? — Paniel's controversial sermons were certainly preached in the spirit of Paulus' rationalism and, in spite of the lauded care in their arrangement and their rhetorical pathos, they suffer from all its weaknesses. It is all vague and verbose; where the poetic impulse is set in motion, it is like the working of a spinning-machine, and the treatment of the text like a homoeopathic brew; Krummacher has more originality in three sentences than his opponent in three sermons.— An hour from Bremen lives a pietistic country pastor<sup>b</sup> who is so superior to his peasants that he has begun to think himself a great theologian and linguist. He issued a tract against Paniel in which he brought into play the entire apparatus of a philological theologian of the last century. The scientific pretensions of the worthy country pastor were punctured most painfully in an anonymous paper. With as much spirit as learning the anonymous author,<sup>c</sup> believed

<sup>a</sup> K. F. W. Paniel, *Drei Sonntagspredigten, mit Bezug auf eine besondere Veranstaltung, am 12., 19. und 26. Juli 1840 gehalten.*— Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Johann Nikolaus Tiele.— Ed.

<sup>c</sup> Wilhelm Ernst Weber.— Ed.

to be a deserving, learned inhabitant of our town who has several times been mentioned in my previous report,<sup>a</sup> has demonstrated to the clever "God's word from the country" all the absurdities which he had extracted with great trouble from long antiquated handbooks. Krummacher issued a *Theologische Replik* to Paniel's controversial sermons, in which he made an unconcealed attack on his whole personality, and, moreover, in a manner which nullified the charge of slander brought against his adversary. Though the reply takes skilful advantage of the weaknesses of rationalism, particularly those of his adversary, Krummacher acts clumsily in trying to demolish Paniel's interpretation. The most capable work written from the pietistic standpoint in this controversy was the pamphlet by Pastor Schlichthorst, who lives nearby, in which rationalism, and that of Pastor Paniel in particular, was quietly and dispassionately traced back to its basis, Kantian philosophy, and the question was posed: Why are you not honest enough to admit that the foundation of your faith is not the Bible but its interpretation according to Kantian philosophy as expounded by Paulus?—A new paper by Paniel<sup>b</sup> is expected to come from the press some time soon. Whatever it may prove to contain, he has stirred the old leaven, he has brought the Bremen people, who believed in everything but themselves, to their senses, and pietism, which till now has considered the fact that its adversaries were split among themselves into so many parties to be a gift from God, will now have to learn for once that we all stand united when it is a question of fighting obscurantism.

#### SHIPPING PROJECT. THEATRE. MANOEUVRES

[*Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* No. 250, October 19, 1840]

Bremen, September

A plan is under consideration here which, if implemented, would be of the greatest consequence, and not only for Bremen. A respected young local merchant has recently returned from London where he informed himself exactly about the equipment of the steamer *Archimedes* which, as you know, has a newly invented method of propulsion by an Archimedean screw. He went on the ship's trial run round the whole of Great Britain and Ireland, in which it greatly exceeded the speed of steamboats

<sup>a</sup> See this volume, pp. 104-05.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> K. F. W. Paniel, *Unverholene Beurtheilung*.—Ed.



equipped in the usual way, and he is now planning to apply the new invention to a newly designed steamship which is to provide a fast and regular service between New York and Bremen. The empty ship, the so-called hull, will be built by our master shipbuilder at his own expense, while the cost of the machinery, etc., is to be raised by shares. Everybody senses the importance of such an enterprise; although some of our sailing vessels make the crossing from Baltimore to here in the inconceivably short time of twenty-five days, their speed always depends on the wind which can treble the duration of such a voyage, and a steamboat, which in case of a favourable wind is also equipped for sailing, would undoubtedly need only eleven to eighteen days from a port in the United States to Bremen. Once a beginning is made with a steam packet-boat service between Germany and the American continent, the new equipment is bound to be developed quickly and have the greatest consequences for the linking of the two countries. We will not have to wait long before we can reach New York from any part of Germany in a fortnight, see the sights of the United States in a fortnight, and be back home again in a fortnight. A couple of railways, a couple of steamships, and that's that; since Kant eliminated the categories of space and time from the sensory impressions of the thinking mind, mankind has been striving with might and main to emancipate itself from these limitations materially too.

An unprecedented animation prevailed in our theatre recently. Usually our stage is quite outside society; the subscribers pay their contributions and go there now and again when they have nothing better to do. Then Seydelmann came, and actors and public were filled with a fervour to which we are not accustomed in Bremen. One may complain as much as one likes about the decay of the spoken drama through the domination of opera, even Schiller and Goethe may find empty houses, while everybody rushes to hear the tootling of a Donizetti and Mercadante; but as long as the spoken drama can still achieve such triumphs through its most capable representative, our stage can still be cured of its languor. Besides some plays by Kotzebue and Raupach, we have seen Seydelmann as Shylock, Mephistopheles and Philipp (*Don Carlos*). It would be like pouring water into the sea if I were to enlarge upon his well-known interpretation of these roles.

The recent manoeuvres of the Oldenburg-Hanseatic brigade conducted in the adjoining part of the Oldenburg region give us a picture in miniature of the camp at Heilbronn. During the sham fight for the capture of a village our troops are said to have

behaved so courageously that the force of the cannon fire shattered all the window-panes. The people of Bremen are glad that they have a new amusement spot and go out in droves to watch the fun, while their sons and brothers move to the guard posts and spend the merriest nights of their lives there with wine and song.

Written in September 1840

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Signed: F. O.

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## ST. HELENA

### Fragment

You proud pile in the ocean's solitude,  
Grim rock-tomb of a heart as strong as stone  
That here on self-made history came to brood  
And in Promethean agony died alone—  
Black-cowled, you loom above the ocean's flood,  
Of all his many burnt-out candles, one  
That God, in need of more illumination,  
Kindled to light the work of his creation.

Well might they send the Hero to this place,  
Who at the hour of the century's birth  
Lit with his firebolts history's darkling face  
And with his thunder filled all ears on earth,  
Until within the walls of cosmic space  
The babe's first cry was lost as it burst forth;  
Then Time threw coldly down in cruel jest  
Another burnt-out stump to join the rest.

Written in November 1840

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time

## SIEGFRIED'S NATIVE TOWN

There lived in the Low Lands a rich king's heir  
by right,  
His father Siegmunt, his mother Siglint hight,  
In a castle brave that everywhere was famed  
Down by the Rhine, and *Santen* it was named.

*Der Nibelunge Not*, [I] 20

The Rhine should not be visited only above Cologne, and young Germans particularly should not imitate the travelling John Bull who sits bored in the saloon of the steamer from Rotterdam to Cologne and only comes up on deck here because it is the beginning of his panorama of the Rhine from Cologne to Mainz, or his *Guide for Travellers on the Rhine*.<sup>a</sup> Young Germans should choose a seldom visited place for their pilgrimage—I am speaking of *Xanten*, the native town of the Horny Siegfried.

A Roman city, like Cologne, it remained small and outwardly insignificant during the Middle Ages, while Cologne grew big and gave its name to an electoral archbishopric. But Xanten Cathedral looks out in splendid perfection far across the prose of the Dutch sand flats, and Cologne's more colossal cathedral remained a torso; but Xanten has Siegfried and Cologne only St. Anno, and what is the Song of Anno<sup>95</sup> compared to the Nibelungs!

I came there from the Rhine. I entered the town through a narrow, dilapidated gate; dirty, narrow alleys led me to the friendly market-place, and from there I approached a gate built into the wall which encircled the former monastery court with the church. Above the gate, right and left, below a pair of small turrets, were two bas-reliefs, unmistakably two Siegfrieds, easily distinguished from St. Victor, the patron-saint of the town, who is to be seen above every house door. The hero stands in a closely-fitting coat of mail, spear in hand, driving the spear into the dragon's jaws in the image on the right, and trampling down

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<sup>a</sup> The title is in English in the original.—*Ed.*

the "strong dwarf" Alberich on the left. It struck me that these bas-reliefs are not mentioned in Wilhelm Grimm's *Deutsche Heldensage*, where everything else relating to the subject is collected. Nor do I recall having read of them anywhere else, although they are among the most important pieces of evidence for the local connections of the legend in the Middle Ages.

I passed through the echoing Gothic vaulted gateway and stood before the church. Greek architecture is clear, gay consciousness; Moorish is mourning; Gothic is holy ecstasy; Greek architecture is bright, sunny day; Moorish is star-spangled dusk; Gothic is dawn. Here in front of this church I sensed as never before the power of the Gothic style. Not when it is seen among modern buildings, like Cologne Cathedral, still less when it is built round with houses clinging to it like swallows' nests, as with the churches in the North-German towns, does a Gothic cathedral make its most powerful impression; only between wooded hills, like the Altenberg church in the Berg country, or at least separated from everything alien, modern, between monastery walls and old buildings, like Xanten Cathedral. Only there does one feel deeply what a century can accomplish when it throws itself with all its might into a single, great aim. And if Cologne Cathedral, in all its gigantic dimensions, stood free and open to the gaze from all sides, like the church of Xanten, truly the nineteenth century would have to die of shame that for all its super-cleverness it cannot complete this building. For we no longer know the religious deed and so we marvel at a Mrs. Fry, who would have been a most commonplace phenomenon in the Middle Ages.

I entered the church; high mass was just being celebrated. The notes of the organ thundered down from the choir, a jubilant throng of heart-storming warriors, and raced through the echoing nave until they died away in the farthest aisles of the church. You, too, son of the nineteenth century, let your heart be conquered by them—these sounds have enthralled stronger and wilder men than you! They drove the old German gods from their groves, they led the heroes of a great age across the stormy sea, through the desert, and their unconquered children to Jerusalem, they are the shadows of hot-blooded centuries which thirsted for action! But when the trumpets announce the miracle of the transubstantiation, when the priest raises the glittering monstrance and the whole consciousness of the congregation is intoxicated with the wine of devotion, rush out, save yourself, save your reason from this ocean of feeling that surges through the church and pray outside to the God whose house is not made by human hands,

who is the breath of the world and who wants to be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

I went away shaken and asked to be shown the way to an inn, the only one in the little town. When I entered the inn parlour I could feel that I must be close to Holland. A quaintly mixed exhibition of paintings and engravings on the wall, landscapes cut into the window-panes, goldfish, peacock feathers and the ribbed leaves of tropical plants in front of the mirror clearly showed the host's pride in possessing things which others do not have. This passion for rarities which in decidedly bad taste surrounds itself with products of art and nature, be they beautiful or ugly, and which feels most at home in a room full to bursting with such absurdities, is the Dutchman's besetting sin. But what a shudder seized me when the good man took me into his so-called picture-gallery! A small room, all the walls densely covered with paintings of little value, although he claimed that Schadow had declared one of the portraits, which was actually much prettier than the rest, to be a Hans Holbein. A few altar pieces by Jan van Calcar (from a neighbouring small town) had lively colouring and would be of interest to an expert. But as for the rest of the room's decorations! Palm leaves, coral branches and the like protruded from every corner; there were stuffed lizards everywhere, a couple of figures made of coloured seashells, such as one finds frequently in Holland, stood on the stove; in a corner was a bust of the Cologne Wallraf, and beneath it hung, desiccated like a mummy, the dead body of a cat, with one forepaw treading right on the face of a painted Christ on the cross. If my reader should ever stray into this one hotel in Xanten, let him ask the obliging host about his beautiful ancient gem; he possesses an exquisite Diana cut in an opal, which is worth more than his entire collection of paintings.

In Xanten one should not miss seeing the collection of antiquities in the possession of Mr. Houben,<sup>a</sup> a solicitor. It includes almost everything that has been dug up or found at *Castra vetera*.<sup>96</sup> The collection is interesting, but it does not contain anything of particular artistic value, as is to be expected of a military station, which *Castra vetera* was. The few beautiful gems which were found here are dispersed all over the town; the one piece of sculpture of any considerable size is a sphinx, about three feet long, in the possession of the innkeeper already mentioned; it is made of

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<sup>a</sup> The *Telegraph für Deutschland* has "Huber", which is a misprint.—Ed.

ordinary sandstone, badly preserved, and was never particularly beautiful.

I went out of the town and up a sandy rise, the only natural elevation for miles around. This is the mountain on which, according to the legend, Siegfried's castle stood. At the entrance to a pine grove I sat down and looked at the town below. Surrounded on all sides by earthworks, it lay as it were in a cauldron, only the church rising majestically over the brim. On the right the Rhine embracing a green island with broad, gleaming arms, on the left the hills of Cleves in the blue distance.

What is it about the legend of Siegfried that affects us so powerfully? Not the plot of the story itself, not the foul treason which brings about the death of the youthful hero; it is the deep significance which is expressed through his person. Siegfried is the representative of German youth. All of us, who still carry in our breast a heart unfettered by the restraints of life, know what that means. We all feel in ourselves the same zest for action, the same defiance of convention which drove Siegfried from his father's castle; we loathe with all our soul continual reflection and the philistine fear of vigorous action; we want to get out into the free world; we want to overrun the barriers of prudence and fight for the crown of life, action. The philistines have supplied giants and dragons too, particularly in the sphere of church and state. But that age is no more; we are put in prisons called schools, where instead of striking out around us we are made with cruel irony to conjugate the verb "to strike" in Greek in all moods and tenses, and when we are released from that discipline we fall into the hands of the goddess of the century, the police. Police for thinking, police for speaking, police for walking, riding and driving, passports, residence permits, and customs documents—the devil strike these giants and dragons dead! They have left us only the semblance of action, the rapier instead of the sword; but what use is all the art of fencing with the rapier if we may not apply it with the sword? And when the barriers are finally broken down, when philistinism and indifference are trodden underfoot, when the urge to action is no longer checked—do you see the tower of Wesel there across the Rhine? The citadel of that town, which is called a stronghold of German freedom, has become the grave of German youth, and has to lie right opposite the cradle of the greatest German youth! Who sat there in prison? Students who did not want to have learnt to fence to no purpose, *vulgo* duellists and demagogues.<sup>97</sup> Now, after the amnesty of Frederick William IV, we may be permitted to say that this

amnesty was an act not only of mercy but of justice. Granted all the premises, and in particular the need for the state to take measures against the student fraternities, nevertheless, everyone who sees that the good of the state does not lie in blind obedience and strict subordination will surely agree with me that the treatment of the participants demanded that they should be rehabilitated in honour and dignity. Under the Restoration and after the July days<sup>a</sup> the demagogic fraternities were as understandable as they are now impossible. Who then suppressed every free movement, who placed the beating of the youthful heart under "provisional" guardianship? And how were the unfortunates treated? Can it be denied that this legal case is perfectly calculated to show in the clearest light all the disadvantages and errors of both public and secret judicature, to make manifest the contradiction that paid *servants of the state*, instead of independent jurors, try charges of offending against the state; can it be denied that all the sentencing was done summarily, "in bulk", as merchants say?

But I want to go down to the Rhine and listen to what the waves gleaming in the sunset tell Siegfried's mother earth about his grave in Worms and about the sunken hoard. Perhaps a friendly Morgan le Fay will make Siegfried's castle rise again for me or show my mind's eye what heroic deeds are reserved for his sons of the nineteenth century.

Written in November 1840

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<sup>a</sup> The July 1830 revolution in France.—Ed.



## ERNST MORITZ ARNDT <sup>98</sup>

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 2, January 1841]

Like the faithful Eckart of the legend, old Arndt stands on the Rhine and warns the youth of Germany, who for many years now have been gazing across to the French Venusberg and the seductive, passionate maidens, the ideas,<sup>99</sup> that beckon from its pinnacles. But the wild youths do not heed the old hero and storm across, and not all of them remain in enervated prostration like the new Tannhäuser Heine.

This is Arndt's position in relation to the German youth of today. Though all hold him in high esteem, his ideal of German life does not satisfy them; they want more freedom to act, fuller, more exuberant vitality, ardent, impetuous throbbing in the veins of world history which carry Germany's life-blood. Hence the sympathy for France, not, of course, the sympathy of submission about which the French romance, but that loftier and freer form whose nature has been so admirably set forth by Börne in his *Franzosenfresser*, in contrast to Germanising one-sidedness.

Arndt has sensed that the present is estranged from him, that it does not respect him for his thought but respects his thought for the sake of his strong, manly personality. Hence, as a man whose life had been given meaning both by his talent and conviction and by the course of developments over a number of years, he was faced with the duty of leaving his nation a memorial of his cultural development, his way of thinking and his times, which he has done in his much discussed *Erinnerungen aus dem äussern Leben*.

Disregarding its trend for the moment, Arndt's book is also aesthetically a most interesting publication. This concise, pithy language has not been heard in our literature for a long time and

deserves to make a lasting impression on many of the young generation. Better firm than flabby! There are, of course, authors for whom the essence of the modern style is that every ripple of the muscles, every taut sinew of speech should be prettily enveloped in soft flesh, even at the risk of appearing effeminate. No, give me the manly, bony structure of Arndt's style rather than the spongy manner of certain "modern" stylists! Particularly since Arndt has avoided the idiosyncrasies of his comrades of 1813 so far as possible and comes near to affectation only in the absolute use of the superlative (as in the southern Romance languages). Nor should one look in him for that repulsive mixing of languages which has again become the fashion; on the contrary, he shows how few alien shoots we need graft on our language without being at a loss. The carriage of our thoughts does indeed run better on most roads with German rather than French or Greek horses, a fact which ridicule of the extremes of the puristic trend does not alter.

Let us now examine the book more closely. Most of it is taken up with the idyll of his early life, which is drawn with a genuinely poetic hand. Anyone who has spent his first years as Arndt did, can be eternally thankful to God! Not in the dust of a big city, where the joys of the individual are crushed by the interests of the whole, not in children's homes or philanthropic prisons, where budding vigour is blunted; no, it was under the open sky in fields and woods that nature formed the man of steel at whom an effeminate generation gazes as at a northern warrior. The great plastic force with which Arndt depicts this period of his life almost compels one to believe that all idyllic *compositions* are superfluous as long as our authors *experience* such idylls as Arndt did. What will appear most strange to our century is the self-discipline of the young Arndt, which combines German chastity with Spartan vigour. But this vigour, so naive, so free from any Jahn-like bragging, as it hums to itself its *hoc tibi proderit olim*,<sup>a</sup> cannot be recommended enough to our stay-at-home youths. Young men who shun cold water like mad dogs, who put on three or four layers of clothing when the weather is the least bit frosty, who make it a point of honour to obtain exemption from military service on grounds of physical weakness, are truly a fine support for the Fatherland! As for chastity, it is regarded as a crime even to speak of it in an age where one's first inquiry in every town is the way to the "gate where the last of the houses stand".<sup>b</sup> I am

<sup>a</sup> This will come in handy one day.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> From Goethe's ballad *Der Gott und die Bajadere*.—Ed.

certainly no abstract moralist, I detest all ascetic nonsense, and shall never pass judgment on fallen love; but it grieves me that moral seriousness threatens to disappear and that sensuality strives to set itself up as the highest good. The emancipation of the flesh in practice will always have to blush beside an Arndt.

With the year 1800 Arndt enters the profession allotted to him. Napoleon's armies flood Europe, and as the French Emperor's power increases Arndt's hatred of him grows; the Greifswald professor protests in the name of Germany against the oppression and has to flee. At last the German nation rises up and Arndt returns. We could wish that this part of the book contained more detail; Arndt retires modestly into the background before the arming of the nation and its deeds. Instead of leaving us to guess that he was not inactive he should have described his part in the developments of the time in greater detail, and told us the history of these days from the subjective standpoint. Later events are treated still more briefly. What is remarkable here is on the one hand the increasingly pronounced tendency to orthodoxy in religious matters, on the other the mysterious, almost servile, kiss-the-rod manner in which Arndt speaks of his suspension. But those who find this strange will have been convinced by Arndt's statements issued recently in the public press, in which he regards his reinstatement as an act of *justice*, not of grace and favour, that he still possesses his old firmness and determination.

Arndt's book gains particular importance, however, from the simultaneous publication of a mass of memoirs on the war of liberation. The glorious period when the German nation, for the first time in centuries, rose once more in all its power and greatness and opposed foreign oppression is vividly brought close to us again. And we Germans cannot recall these battles often enough if we are to keep awake our somnolent national consciousness; of course not in the sense of a party which believes it has now done everything and regards itself complacently in the mirror of history, resting on the laurels of 1813, but rather in the opposite sense. For the greatest result of the struggle was not the shaking off of foreign rule, whose elaborate artificiality, resting as it did solely on the Atlas shoulders of Napoleon, was bound to come crashing down of its own accord sooner or later, nor was it the "freedom" which was won; it was the deed itself, or rather an aspect of it, which only very few people at the time clearly sensed. That we became conscious of the loss of our national sanctuaries, that we armed ourselves without waiting for the most gracious permission of the sovereigns, that we actually *compelled* those in

power to take their place at our head,\* in short, that for a moment we acted as the source of state power, as a sovereign nation, that was the greatest gain of those years, and therefore after the war the men who had felt this most clearly and had acted accordingly with the greatest resolution, were bound to appear dangerous to the governments.—But how soon the moving power went to sleep again! The bane of disunity absorbed for the parts the impulse so much needed for the whole, split the general German interest into a multitude of provincial interests and made it impossible to provide Germany with a foundation for state life such as Spain created for herself in the Constitution of 1812.<sup>100</sup> On the contrary, the gentle spring rain of general promises which surprised us from the “higher regions” was too much for our hearts bowed down by oppression, and we fools did not reflect that there are promises the breaking of which can never be excused from the point of view of the nation, but very easily from that of the individual. (?) Then came the Congresses<sup>101</sup> giving the Germans time to sleep off their intoxication with freedom and wake up to find themselves back in the old relationship of Your Most Gracious Majesty and Your Most Humble Servant. Those who had not yet lost their old aspirations, and could not reconcile themselves to having no active part in the life of the nation, were driven by all the forces of the time into the blind alley of Germanisation. Only a few distinguished spirits broke out of the labyrinth and found the path which leads to true freedom.

The Germanisers wanted to complete the facts of the war of liberation and to free a now materially independent Germany from foreign intellectual hegemony as well. But for that very reason Germanisation was negation, and the positive elements with which it plumed itself lay buried in an unclarity from which they never quite emerged; what did come up into the daylight of reason was for the most part paradoxical enough. Its whole world view was philosophically without foundation since it held that the entire world was created for the sake of the Germans, and the Germans themselves had long since arrived at the highest stage of evolution. The Germanising trend was negation, abstraction in the Hegelian sense. It created abstract Germans by stripping off everything that had not descended from national roots over sixty-four purely German generations. Even its seemingly positive features were negative, for Germany could only be led towards its ideals by negating a whole century and her development, and thus

\* Cf. K. Bade, *Napoleon im Jahre 1813*, Altona, 1840.—Note by F. Engels.

its intention was to push the nation back into the German Middle Ages or even into the primeval German purity of the *Teutoburger Wald*. Jahn embodied this trend in its extreme. This one-sidedness turned the Germans into the chosen people of Israel and ignored all the innumerable seeds of world history which had grown on soil that was not German. It is against the French especially, whose invasion had been repulsed and whose hegemony in external matters is based on the fact that they master, more easily than all nations at least, the *form* of European culture, namely, civilisation—it is against the French that the iconoclastic fury was directed most of all. The great, eternal achievements of the revolution were abhorred as “foreign frivolities” or even “foreign lies and falsehoods”; no one thought of the kinship between this stupendous act of the people and the national uprising of 1813; that which Napoleon had introduced, the emancipation of the Israelites, trial by jury, sound civil law in place of the pandects,<sup>102</sup> was condemned solely because of its initiator. Hatred of the French became a duty. Every kind of thinking which could rise to a higher viewpoint was condemned as un-German. Hence patriotism too was essentially negative and left the Fatherland without support in the struggle of the age, while it went to great pains to invent bombastic German expressions for foreign words which had long been assimilated into German. If this trend had been concretely German, if it had taken the German for what he had become in two thousand years of history, if it had not overlooked the truest element of our destiny, namely, to be the pointer on the scales of European history, to watch over the development of the neighbouring nations, it would have avoided all its mistakes.—On the other hand, one must not ignore the fact that Germanisation was a necessary stage in the formation of our national spirit and that together with the succeeding stage it formed the contrast on whose shoulders the modern world view rests.

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 3, January 1841]

This contrast to the Germanising trend was the cosmopolitan liberalism of the South-German estates which worked for the negation of national differences and the formation of a great, free, united humanity. It corresponded to religious rationalism and stemmed from the same source, the philanthropy of the previous century, whereas the Germanising trend consistently led to theological orthodoxy, at which almost all its adherents (Arndt, Steffens, Menzel) arrived in due course. The one-sidedness of

cosmopolitan liberalism has so often been exposed by its opponents, albeit in a one-sided fashion, that I can be brief where this trend is concerned. The July revolution at first seemed to favour it, but this event was exploited by all parties. The actual destruction of the Germanising trend or rather of its propagating power dates from the July revolution and was inherent in it. Yet so was the collapse of the cosmopolitan trend; for the overwhelming significance of the great week<sup>a</sup> was the restitution of the French nation in its position as a great power, whereby the other nations were compelled to close their ranks as well.

Even before this latest world-shaking event two men had been working quietly on the development of the German, or as it is preferably called the modern, spirit, two men who almost ignored each other in their lifetime and whose complementary relationship was not to be recognised until after their death, *Börne* and *Hegel*. Börne has often and most unjustly been branded as a cosmopolitan, but he was more German than his opponents. The *Hallische Jahrbücher* has recently linked a discussion of "political practice" with the name of Herr von Florencourt<sup>103</sup>; but he is certainly not its representative. He stands at the point where the extremes of the Germanising trend and cosmopolitanism meet, as happened in the *Burschenschaften*,<sup>104</sup> and was only superficially affected by the later developments of the national spirit. The man of political practice is Börne, and his place in history is that he fulfilled this calling perfectly. He tore the ostentatious finery off the Germanising trend and also unmercifully exposed the shame of cosmopolitanism, which merely had impotent, more pious wishes. He confronted the Germans with the words of the Cid: *Lengua sin manos, cuemo osas fablar?*<sup>b</sup> No one has described the glory of the deed like Börne. With him all is life, all is vigour. Only of his writings can it be said that they are *deeds* for freedom. Do not speak to me here of "reasoned definitions", of "finite categories"! The manner in which Börne understood the position of the European nations and their destiny is not speculative. Yet Börne was the first to show the relationship of Germany and France in its reality and thereby did a greater service to the idea than the Hegelians, who were meanwhile learning Hegel's *Enzyklopädie* by heart and thought that they had thereby done enough for the century. That same portrayal also proves how high Börne stands above the level of cosmopolitanism. Rational one-sidedness was as

<sup>a</sup> The events of the July revolution in France (July 27-August 2, 1830).—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Tongue without hands, how dare you speak? (*Poema del Cid*).—*Ed.*

necessary for Börne as excessive schematism for Hegel; but instead of understanding this we do not get beyond the crude and often false axioms of the *Briefe aus Paris*.

By the side of Börne and opposed to him, Hegel, the man of thought, presented his already completed system to the nation. Authority did not take the trouble to work its way through the abstruse forms of Hegel's system and his brazen style; but then, how could it have known that this philosophy would venture from the quiet haven of theory onto the stormy sea of actuality, that it was already brandishing its sword in order to strike directly against existing practice? For Hegel himself was such a solid, orthodox man, whose polemic was directed at precisely those trends which the state power rejected, at rationalism and cosmopolitan liberalism! But the gentlemen at the helm did not appreciate that these trends were only combated in order to make room for the higher, that the new teaching must first root itself in recognition of the nation before it could freely develop its living consequences. When Börne attacked Hegel he was perfectly right from his standpoint, but when authority protected Hegel, when it elevated his teaching almost to a Prussian philosophy of the state, it laid itself open to attack, a fact which it now evidently regrets. Or did Altenstein, whose more advanced standpoint was a legacy of a more liberal age, receive such a free hand here that everything was laid to his account? Be that as it may, when after Hegel's death the fresh air of life breathed upon his doctrine, the "Prussian philosophy of the state" sprouted shoots of which no party had ever dreamt. Strauss will remain epoch-making in the theological field, Gans and Ruge in the political. Only now do the faint nebulae of speculation resolve themselves into the shining stars of the ideas which are to light the movement of the century. One may accuse Ruge's aesthetic criticism of being prosaic and confined within the schematism of the doctrine; yet credit must go to him for showing the political side of the Hegelian system to be in accord with the spirit of the time and for restoring it in the nation's esteem. Gans had done this only indirectly, by carrying the philosophy of history forward into the present; Ruge openly expressed the liberalism of Hegelianism, and Köppen supported him; neither was afraid of incurring enmity, both pursuing their course, even at the risk of a split in the school, and all due respect to their courage for it! The enthusiastic, unshakable confidence in the idea, inherent in the New Hegelianism, is the sole fortress in which the liberals can find safe retreat whenever reaction gains a temporary advantage over them with aid from above.

These are the most recent developments of German political consciousness, and the task of our age is to complete the fusion of Hegel and Börne. There is already a good deal of Börne in Young Hegelianism, and Börne would have little hesitation in signing many an article in the *Hallische Jahrbücher*. However, the combining of thought and action is in part not yet conscious enough, in part it has not yet penetrated the nation. Börne is still looked upon by many as the exact opposite of Hegel, but just as Hegel's practical importance for the present (not his philosophical significance for eternity) is not to be judged by the pure theory of his system, neither is Börne to be flatly rejected because of his one-sidedness and his extravagances, which have never been denied.

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 4, January 1841]

I trust that I have characterised the attitude of the Germanising trend to the present day sufficiently and may now proceed to a detailed review of the trend's individual aspects as expounded by Arndt in his book. The wide gulf which separates Arndt from the present generation is expressed most clearly in the fact that he is indifferent to those matters of state for which we sacrifice our life-blood. Arndt declares himself a decided monarchist; good. Yet he never once discusses whether the monarchy is to be constitutional or absolute. The point of difference is this: Arndt and his whole company believe that the well-being of the state consists in sovereign and people being attached to each other by sincere love and co-operating with each other in the striving for the common good. We, however, are convinced that the relationship between the governing and the governed must first be regulated by law before it can become and remain amicable. First law, then equity! Where is there a sovereign so bad that he does not love his people and is not loved by them—I speak here of Germany—simply because he is their sovereign? But where is there a sovereign who can claim to have brought his people any real advance since 1815? Is it not all our own work; is not what we own ours in spite of control and supervision? It is all very fine to talk of the love between a sovereign and his people, and since the great poet<sup>a</sup> of "*Heil Dir im Siegerkranz*" sang that "a free man's love makes the steep heights secure where sovereigns stand", ever since then

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<sup>a</sup> An ironical reference to Balthasar Gerhard Schumacher.—*Ed.*



infinite nonsense has been talked about it. The kind of government threatening us from a certain quarter might be called an up-to-date reaction. Patrimonial courts to promote the formation of a high aristocracy; guilds to reawaken a "respectable" burgher estate; encouragement of all so-called historical seeds, which in reality are old, cut-off stalks.

But it is not only in this respect that the Germanising trend has let itself be cheated of freedom of thought by a determined reaction; its ideas on the constitution are the whispered promptings of the gentlemen of the *Berliner politisches Wochenblatt*. It was painful to see how even the solid, quiet Arndt allowed himself to be dazzled by the sophisticated glitter of the "organic state". Phrases about historical development, making use of the given factors, organism, and so on, must once have possessed a charm which entirely eludes us now because we realise that they are mostly fine words which do not seriously mean what they actually signify. Challenge these ghosts point-blank! What do you understand by the organic state? A state whose institutions have grown with and out of the nation in the course of the centuries, and which have not been constructed from theory. Very well; now apply this to Germany! This organism is supposed to consist of the citizens being divided into nobility, burghers and peasants, and everything else that goes with it. All this is supposed to lie hidden *in nuce* in the word organism. Is that not deplorable, shameful sophistry? Self-development of the nation, does that not look exactly like freedom? You grasp at it with both hands and what you get is the full burden of the Middle Ages and the *ancien régime*. Fortunately this sleight-of-hand cannot be laid to Arndt's account. Not the supporters of division into estates, but we, its opponents, want an organic state life. The point at the moment is not "construction from theory"; it is what they want to blind us with: the self-development of the nation. We alone are serious and sincere about it. But these gentlemen do not know that every organism becomes inorganic as soon as it dies; they set the corpses of the past in motion with their galvanic wires and try to fool us that this is not a mechanism but life. They want to promote the self-development of the nation and fasten the ball and chain of absolutism to its ankle so that it will go ahead more quickly. They do not want to know that what they call theory, ideology, or God knows what, has long passed into the blood and sap of the nation and in part has already come to life; that not we, therefore, but *they* have lost their way in the utopias of theory. For that which was indeed still theory half a century ago has developed as an

independent element in the state organism since the revolution. Moreover, and this is the main thing, does the development of mankind not rank above that of the nation?

And what about the estates? The dividing line between burghers and peasants simply does not exist; not even the historical school<sup>105</sup> takes it seriously; it is put there only *pro forma*, to make the separation of the nobility more plausible to us. Everything turns on the nobility. When the nobility goes, so does the estates system. And with the nobility's position as an estate things look even worse than with its composition.<sup>a</sup> An entailed hereditary estate is absolute nonsense according to modern conceptions. Not in the Middle Ages, of course. In those days in the free cities of the Empire (as in Bremen, for example, even today) there were hereditary guilds with hereditary privileges, pure bakers' blood and pure pewterers' blood. Indeed, what is the pride of the nobility compared with the consciousness: My ancestors have been beer-brewers for twenty generations! We still have butchers', or in the more poetical Bremen name, bone-choppers' blood in the nobility, since the military profession, laid down by Herr Fouqué as proper to it, is continual butchery and bone-chopping. For the nobility to regard itself as an estate, when no calling is exclusively reserved for it under the law of any state, neither the military nor that of the large landowner, is ridiculous arrogance. Anything written on the nobility could have as a motto this line by the troubadour William of Poitiers: "I'll make a song about sheer nothing." And since the nobility feels its own inner nothingness, no nobleman can hide the pain of it, from the very intelligent Baron of Sternberg to the very unintelligent C. L. F. W. G. von Alvensleben. The tolerance which would leave the nobility the pleasure of regarding itself as something special so long as it does not demand any privileges is most misplaced. For as long as the nobility represents something special, it will desire and must have privileges. We stand by our demand: No estates, but a great, united nation of citizens with equal rights!

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 5, January 1841]

Another thing which Arndt demands of his state is entails, in general an agrarian legislation laying down fixed conditions for landed property. Apart from its general importance, this point also deserves attention because here too the up-to-date reaction

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<sup>a</sup> A pun on the German words *Stand* and *Bestand*.—Ed.

already mentioned threatens to put things back on the footing before 1789. How many have been raised to the nobility recently on condition that they institute an entail guaranteeing the prosperity of the family!—Arndt is definitely against the unlimited freedom and divisibility of landed property; he sees as its inevitable consequence the division of the land into plots none of which could support its owner. But he fails to see that complete freeing of the land provides the means of restoring in general the balance which in individual cases it may, of course, upset. While the complicated legislation in most German states and Arndt's equally complicated proposals will never eliminate, but only aggravate anomalies in agrarian relations, they also hinder a voluntary return to the proper order in the event of any dislocation, necessitate extraordinary interference by the state and hinder the progress of this legislation by a hundred petty but unavoidable private considerations. By contrast, freedom of the land allows no extremes to arise, neither the development of big landowners into an aristocracy, nor the splitting up of fields into patches so small as to become useless. If one scale of the balance goes down too far, the content of the other soon becomes concentrated in compensation. And even if landed property were to fly from hand to hand I would rather have the surging ocean with its grand freedom than the narrow inland lake with its quiet surface, whose miniature waves are broken every three steps by a spit of land, the root of a tree, or a stone. It is not merely that the permission to entail means the consent of the state to the formation of an aristocracy; no, this fettering of landed property, like all entails, works directly towards a revolution. When the best part of the land is welded to individual families and made inaccessible to all other citizens, is not that a direct provocation of the people? Does not the right of primogeniture rest on a view of property which has long ceased to correspond to our ideas? As if one generation had the right to dispose absolutely of the property of all future generations, which at the moment it enjoys and administers, as if the freedom of property were not destroyed by so disposing of it that all descendants are robbed of this freedom! As if human beings could thus be tied to the soil for all eternity! Incidentally, landed property well deserves the attention which Arndt devotes to it and the importance of the subject would certainly merit thorough discussion from the highest standpoint of the present time. Previous theories all suffer from the hereditary disease of German men of learning who think they must assert their independence by each having a separate system of his own.

If the retrograde aspects of Germanisation deserve closer examination partly for the sake of the revered man, who defends them as his own convictions, partly because of the favour which they have found of late in Prussia, another of its tendencies must be all the more decisively rejected because it is again threatening to prevail among us: hatred of the French. I will not join issue with Arndt and the other men of 1813, but the servile twaddle which without any principle all newspapers now serve up against the French is utterly repulsive to me. It requires a high degree of obsequiousness to be convinced by the July convention<sup>106</sup> that the Eastern question is a matter of life or death for Germany and that Mohammed Ali endangers our nationhood. By supporting the Egyptian, France has from that standpoint indeed committed against the German nation the same crime of which she became guilty at the beginning of the century. It is sad that for half a year already one has not been able to open a newspaper without meeting this newly awakened French-eating fury. And what is it for? To give the Russians enough additional land and the English enough trading power so that they can get us Germans in a vice and crush us to smithereens! The stable principle of England and the system of Russia, these are the sworn enemies of European progress, not France and her movement. But because two German sovereigns have found it proper to join the convention, the affair has suddenly become a German concern, France is the old godless, "Gallic" sworn enemy, and the perfectly natural arming of a truly insulted France is a crime against the German nation. The ridiculous clamour of a few French journalists for the Rhine frontier is thought worthy of lengthy rejoinders, which are unfortunately never read by Frenchmen, and Becker's song "They shall not have it"<sup>a</sup> is *par force* turned into a folk-song. I do not grudge Becker his song's success and I will not examine its poetic content, I am even glad to hear such expressions of German sentiment from the left bank of the Rhine, but I share the view of the articles already published in this journal which have just come to hand that it is ridiculous to want to elevate this modest poem into a national anthem. "They shall not have it." So again negative? Can you be satisfied with a negative folk-song? Can German nationhood find support solely in polemic against foreign countries? The text of the *Marseillaise* is not worth much in spite of all its enthusiasm, but how much more noble is its reaching out

<sup>a</sup> "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben!"—the first line of N. Becker's song *Der deutsche Rhein*.—Ed.

beyond nationality to mankind. And now, after Burgundy and Lorraine have been torn from us, after we have let Flanders become French and Holland and Belgium independent, after France has already advanced in Alsace as far as the Rhine and only a relatively small part of the once German left bank of the Rhine is still ours, we are not ashamed to talk big and to write: at least you shall not have the last piece. Oh, the Germans! And if the French had the Rhine, we would cry with the most ridiculous pride: they shall not have it, the free German Weser, and so on to the Elbe and Oder, until Germany was divided up between France and Russia, and it was only left for us to sing: they shall not have it, the free stream of German theory, so long as it calmly flows into the ocean of infinity, so long as a single unpractical ideal fish flaps a fin on its bottom! Instead of which we should do penance in sackcloth and ashes for the sins through which we have lost all those beautiful lands, for the disunity and the betrayal of the idea, for the provincial patriotism which deserts the whole for the sake of local advantage, and for the lack of national consciousness. True, it is a fixed idea with the French that the Rhine is their property, but to this arrogant demand the only reply worthy of the German nation is Arndt's: "Give back Alsace and Lorraine!"

For I am of the opinion, perhaps in contrast to many whose standpoint I share in other respects, that the reconquest of the German-speaking left bank of the Rhine is a matter of national honour, and that the Germanisation of a disloyal Holland and of Belgium is a political necessity for us. Shall we let the German nationality be completely suppressed in these countries, while the Slavs are rising ever more powerfully in the east? Shall we give up the Germanness of our most beautiful provinces to buy the friendship of France; possession going back barely a century which could not even assimilate what was conquered—shall we accept this and the treaties of 1815<sup>a</sup> as a judgment of the world spirit against which there is no appeal?

On the other hand, however, we are not worthy of the Alsatians so long as we cannot give them what they now have: a free public life in a great state. Without doubt, there will be another war between us and France, and then we shall see who is worthy of the left bank of the Rhine. Until then we can well leave the question to the development of our nationhood and of the world spirit, until then let us work for a clear, mutual understanding among the European nations and strive for the inner unity which is our

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<sup>a</sup> The decisions of the Vienna Congress.—*Ed.*

prime need and the basis of our future freedom. So long as our Fatherland remains split we shall be politically null, and public life, developed constitutionalism, freedom of the press, and all else that we demand will be mere pious wishes always only half-fulfilled; so let us strive for this and not for the extirpation of the French!

Nevertheless, Germanising negation has still not fully completed its task: there is still plenty to be sent home over the Alps, the Rhine, and the Vistula. The Russians can have the pentarchy,<sup>107</sup> the Italians their papism with all its hangers-on, their Bellini, Donizetti and even Rossini if they want to make him out greater than Mozart and Beethoven, and the French their arrogant opinion of us, their vaudevilles and operas, their Scribe and Adam. We want to chase all these crazy foreign habits and fashions, all the superfluous foreign words back whence they came; we want to cease to be the dupes of foreigners and want to stand together as a single, indivisible, strong, and with God's will *free* German nation.

Written in October-December 1840

Printed according to the journal

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Published in English for the first time

Signed: *F. Oswald*

## NIGHT RIDE

One night, my carriage bore me all alone  
Across that well-known German territory  
Where many a heart, by power beaten down,  
Rages in impotent and blazing fury.

In fury that the freedom bought so dear  
With struggle and with ceaseless vigilance  
Had been cast out, for venal tongues to jeer  
And cavil at with cruel insolence.

A mist lay on the meadows, deep and calm.  
At times, a gust of wind would smite amain  
The poplar-trees and they, in quick alarm  
Aroused from sleep, soon slumbered on again.

Clear was the air. Sharp hung the sickle moon,  
A sword of Damocles above the town  
Towards which I sped. The wrath of kings flies soon  
From far away to strike its victims down.

Around the carriage wheels run leaping packs  
Of dogs that bark at me. And do they howl  
Just like the Capital's paid writer-hacks,  
Having caught wind of my free-thinking soul?

What do I care? Sunk in my cushions low,  
I live in dreams of many brave tomorrows.  
Make no mistake—just before dawn, we know,  
The nightmare plumbs the deepest of its horrors.

Yes, morning comes at last in silence stealing.  
A single star shines forth to light its way.  
The pious wake to bells of freedom pealing—  
No tocsin now, but peace this joyful day!

The spirit's tree has coiled its root-limbs round  
The past, to crush all things outworn and old,  
And now its branches strew the world around  
With shining blossoms of eternal gold!

And so I slept, and woke that morning after,  
And saw the earth all happy, cleansed and bright,  
And *Stüve's* city<sup>a</sup> filled with joy and laughter,  
City of Freedom, bathed in morning light.

Written at the end of 1840

First published in the *Deutscher Courier*  
No. 1, January 3, 1841

Printed according to the journal

Published in English for the first  
time

Signed: *Friedrich Oswald*

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<sup>a</sup> Osnabrück, whose burgomaster was Johann Karl Bertram Stüve.—*Ed.*



## THE EMPEROR'S PROCESSION 108

Paris is empty. All the populace  
Swarms out to throng the Seine on either side.  
Bright shines the sun of France, though veiled  
  in mourning.  
A tear bedews the smiling face of pride.

Today the ebullient French are grave and calm.  
They dream of victory's laurel wreath no more.  
Ringed with eternal laurels comes the scourge  
Of Europe, God of France, the Emperor.

Like grey old battle ruins, the veteran soldiers  
Ride on before and after. The funeral train  
With cannon thundering and banners flying  
Moves on towards Paris. Rich, exuberant, vain,

Plunged into grief, devotion-drunk once more,  
Paris falls prostrate at her idol's feet;  
And if the price be still more suffering—  
They shall not flinch. Thoughts of revenge are sweet.

Music of death and music of the wars  
Crashes all round. The gentlest heart is thrilled.  
Thus rode he in the blaze of victory  
From Austerlitz and from Marengo's field.

And pale, and mute, and proud, and great, as when  
He rode in triumph through the swirling throng,

Transformed as never by the light of glory,  
 Acclaimed by all, the Emperor rides along.

Where are they now, the Guards? Where is Dombrowski,  
 General of the Slavs and no man's slave?  
 Murat, the prince of horsemen? Poniatowski?  
 And where is Ney, the Bravest of the Brave?

Thinned is the forest of the mighty heroes.  
 Waterloo's fury mowed the Guardsmen down.  
 The remnants march in silence, heads held high.  
 Behind iron bars weeps Montholon, alone.

The strength and flower of Empire follow after.  
 United here the young and old of France.  
 And even the elite of the Republic  
 Weep at the shrine where weeps the whole of France.

And who are these with brows of victory  
 That yet betray the anguish of their souls,  
 Their features ravaged by the grief of mourning,  
 Though they step proudly? Hush, it is the Poles.

To greet the Emperor—arches, columns, stones,  
 Memorials, images of eternity,  
 Ideas in bronze as daring as his own,  
 To sanctify his fallen majesty.

Collapsed his house, tumbled the royal crown,  
 Gone is the world empire that he dreamed might be.  
 Like Alexander, without heirs he sleeps  
 The eternal sleep beneath the laurel-tree.

He rests in peace, Silent the *Te Deum*.  
 In pious gloom the shadowed columns rear.  
 This very church is now his mausoleum.  
 A deity lies dead and buried here.

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Signed: *Friedrich O.*

## [REPORTS FROM BREMEN]

### ECCLESIASTICAL CONTROVERSY<sup>a</sup>

[*Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* No. 13, January 15, 1841]

With the old year the records of our ecclesiastical controversy may be more or less closed. At least, any future polemical treatises can now no longer count on the public interest which the earlier ones enjoyed; it will not happen again that several editions are sold out in a week. And yet this kind of controversy depends mainly on such participation by the people; a purely scientific interest cannot be claimed by a question which is only valid in terms of trends long since disposed of by science.—Pastor Paniel justified the delayed appearance of his treatise against Krummacher's *Theologische Replik* by its size.<sup>b</sup> He attacks his adversary with ten sheets of print. In the preface he explains that he wishes to reply to possible future attacks with a history of pietism and to prove in it that this movement has its source in paganism. That would indeed have to be a source like Arethusa, which ran under the earth for a long time before it came to the surface on Christian soil.<sup>109</sup> For the rest he practises the right of retaliation on his attacker, for not only does he repeat the charges usually made against pietism, but conscientiously flings back at him almost every hostile word. In this fashion the whole controversy is finally reduced to quibbling; half-true claims fly back and forth like playballs, and in the last resort it becomes merely a matter of defining terms which, of course, ought to have been done before the controversy began. But face to face with orthodoxy rationalism will always find itself in this predicament. It owes this to its vacillating position, wanting to rank now as a new development of

<sup>a</sup> See also this volume, pp. 127-28.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> K. F. W. Paniel, *Unverholene Beurtheilung*.—Ed.

the Christian spirit, now as its original form, and in both cases it appropriates the biblical catchwords of orthodoxy, only with a different meaning. It is not honest either with itself or with the Bible; the concepts of revelation, redemption and inspiration have a highly uncertain and twisted meaning on its lips.—The dry reasoning of rationalism has reached a rare height in Paniel. With a forbidding logic, more like that of Wolf than of Kant, he takes the greatest pride in making the whole structure of his work glaringly apparent. His arguments are not the living flesh in which the logical skeleton is clothed, but rags soaked in a mush of sentimentality which he hangs out to dry on the jutting corners of the church building. Then Paniel also has a great liking for those watery digressions in which one recognises the rationalist everywhere, despite the most orthodox catchwords; yet he does not know how to blend them with the dryness of his reasoning and often finds himself compelled to interrupt the most beautiful stream of phrases by a firstly, secondly, and thirdly. But nothing is more repugnant than this tasteless flabbiness when there is method in it. The most interesting part of the whole book are the excerpts from Krummacher's writings, where his crass manner of thinking shines out in all its sharpness.—The decisiveness with which rationalism acted here moved the preachers of the opposing party to draw up a joint declaration which was put in pamphlet form and signed by twenty-two preachers.<sup>a</sup> It contains the principles of orthodoxy coherently presented and with a half-concealed reference to the facts of the unresolved controversy. An intended declaration by the seven rationalist preachers failed to appear. It would be a very great mistake, however, to judge the proportionate strength of the parties among the public by the relative numbers of the preachers.

[*Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* No. 14, January 16, 1841]

The great majority of the pietistic preachers in the area is made up of pastors who owe their positions partly to the temporary preponderance of their party, partly to a mild nepotism. Among the public, on the contrary, the rationalists at least balance the pietists in numbers, and all they lacked was an energetic representative to make them conscious of their position. In this respect Paniel is of incalculable value to his supporters; he has courage, determination and in many respects also sufficient learning, and

<sup>a</sup> *Bekennntniss bremischer Pastoren in Sachen der Wahrheit.*—Ed.

lacks only the talent of rhetoric and writing to achieve something of significance. Latterly several little pamphlets have appeared, mostly anonymous, all of which remained without any influence on the public, however. A few days ago, a sheet of *Unpietistische Reime* came out which does not do its author any particular credit and is mentioned only for its curiosity value. The chief spokesman of the Bremen pietists, the talented preacher F. L. Mallet, has promised a treatise entitled *Dr. Paniel und die Bibel*; but since it will hardly be able to count on the attention of the opposing party, one may assume the controversy to be over and summarise the complete facts from a general point of view.—It must be admitted that this time pietism has conducted itself with more skill than its opponent. It also had certain advantages over rationalism, a prestige of two thousand years' standing and a scientific, if one-sided, training through the latest orthodox and semi-orthodox theologians, while rationalism, in its finest development, was caught between two fires and attacked simultaneously by Tholuck and Hegel. Rationalism has never been clear about its attitude to the Bible; the unhappy half-way stance which at first appeared definitely to imply belief in revelation but in further argumentation so restricted the divinity of the Bible that almost nothing remained of it, this vacillation puts rationalism at a disadvantage whenever it is a question of giving its tenets a biblical foundation. Why praise reason without proclaiming its autonomy? For where the Bible is acknowledged by both sides as the common basis, pietism is always right. However, this time talent, too, was on the side of pietism. A Krummacher may show bad taste in many a single passage, but he will never go round and round for whole pages in such empty phrases as does Paniel. The best that was written from the rationalist side was *Die Verfluchungen*, of which W. E. Weber acknowledged himself to be the author. G. Schwab once said of Strauss that he stood out from the great throng of opponents of the positive<sup>110</sup> by a receptive awareness of the beautiful in every form. By the same token I should distinguish Weber from the ordinary run of rationalist. He has broadened his horizon by a rare knowledge of the Greek and German classics, and even if one cannot always agree with his assertions, particularly when they relate to dogma, his free mind and noble, vigorous diction must always find recognition. A recently published opposition pamphlet lacks all these qualities. A treatise just received here, *Paulus in Bremen*,<sup>a</sup> is written not without wit and contains

<sup>a</sup> The author of the anonymous pamphlet was Eduard Beurmann.—Ed.

piquant digs at political and social conditions in Bremen, but it is as inconclusive as those already mentioned.—This controversy was of great importance for Bremen especially. The parties opposed each other without thought, and things did not go any further than petty heckling. Pietism pursued its own purposes, while rationalism did not care about it and for that very reason had many mistaken notions about it. In the *Ministerium*, that is, the official assembly of all the Reformed and United preachers of the town, rationalism had hitherto been represented by only two members, and very timid ones at that; as soon as Paniel arrived, he acted more resolutely and presently we began to hear of dissension in the *Ministerium*. Now, since Krummacher fanned the controversy, each party knows where it stands. Pietism had long known that its principle of authority could not be reconciled with reason, the basis of rationalism, and correctly saw in that trend, even when it was only germinating, a falling away from old-orthodox Christianity. Now even the rationalist has realised that his belief is not distinguished from pietism by a different interpretation of the Bible, but stands in direct opposition to it. Only now that the parties are getting to know each other, is a unification on a higher plane possible, and in that regard the future can be awaited with tranquillity.

#### RELATION TO LITERATURE. MUSIC

[*Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* No. 15, January 18, 1841]

It seems that the Hanseatic towns are now to be drawn forcibly into the stream of literature. Since Beurmann's *Skizzen*, there have been frequent discussions of this undeniably interesting topic. Beurmann himself, in *Deutschland und die Deutschen*, has given considerable space to the three free maritime cities. The *Freihafen* carried Soltwedel's *Hanseatische Briefe*. Hamburg has had some relation to German literature for a long time; Lübeck occupies a slightly too peripheral position and its age of material prosperity is also long past; yet A. Soltwedel is to found a journal there too. Bremen eyes literature suspiciously since it has not got a very clear conscience with respect to it and is not usually treated very gently by it. And yet with its position and political conditions Bremen is undeniably better suited to be a centre for the culture of North-West Germany than any other city. If only two or three capable men of letters could be attracted here, it would be possible to found a journal which would have a most important influence

on the cultural development of North Germany. The bookdealers of Bremen are enterprising enough, and I have heard it said already by several of them that they would be glad to provide the necessary funds and willing to bear the probable losses of the first few years of publication.

The best thing about Bremen is its music. There are few towns in Germany with so much and such good music as here. A relatively very large number of choral societies have been formed and the frequent concerts are always well attended. Musical taste, moreover, has remained almost quite pure; the German classics, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, of the more modern composers Mendelssohn-Bartholdy and the best song composers, are decidedly preponderant. The new French and new Italian schools have an audience almost only among the young office employees. One might only wish that Sebastian Bach, Gluck and Haydn were less pushed into the background. Nor are more recent compositions rejected; on the contrary, there are perhaps few places where the works of young German composers are performed as readily as here. There have also always been names here which enjoyed a high reputation in the musical world. The talented song composer Stegmayer conducted the orchestra of our theatre for several years; his place has now been taken by Kossmaly, who will have made many friends partly with his compositions, partly with the articles which he publishes mostly in Schumann's *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. Riem, who conducts the choir and most of the concerts, is also a recognised composer. Riem is a lovable old man with a youthful, infectious enthusiasm in his heart; nobody knows as well as he does how to inspire both singers and instrumentalists to lively performance.

#### LOW GERMAN

[*Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* No. 16, January 19, 1841]

What first strikes the stranger here is the use of the Low German language, even in the most respected families. As soon as the people of Bremen become cordial and familiar they speak Low German; indeed they are so attached to this dialect that they carry it over the ocean. On the *Lonja*<sup>a</sup> in Havana as much Bremen Low German is spoken as Spanish. I know people who have learnt the Bremen dialect perfectly in New York and Veracruz from the

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<sup>a</sup> Stock exchange.—*Ed.*

Bremen people living there in large numbers. It is, of course, not yet three hundred years since High German was declared the official language; the basic laws of the city, the *Tafel* and the *Neue Eintracht*,<sup>111</sup> are written in the Low German language, and the first sounds which an infant here learns to imitate are Low German. It is rare for a child to begin to speak High German before the age of four or five. The peasants in this region never learn it and thus very often compel the courts to conduct proceedings in Low German and record in High German. Incidentally, Low Saxon is still spoken here in a very pure form and has remained completely free from mixing with High German forms, which disfigures the Hessian and Rhenish dialects. The North-Hanoverian dialect has certain archaisms which are not found in the Bremen dialect but suffers all the more from various local colourings; the Westphalian has lost greatly through a most ugly broadening of the diphthongs, while west of the Weser the transition to Frisian begins. One may safely regard the dialect of Bremen as the purest further development of the old Low Saxon written language; even now the popular language is so conscious of itself that it constantly changes High German words in accordance with the phonetic laws of Low German and assimilates them, a capacity which only a few Low Saxon popular dialects still enjoy. Almost the only thing which distinguishes the language of *Reineke Vos*<sup>112</sup> from the present dialect is its fuller, now contracted, forms, while the roots of the words, with few exceptions, still survive. The linguists were therefore quite right to regard the *Bremisches Wörterbuch* as giving the lexical median of present-day Low Saxon popular idioms, and a grammar of the Bremen dialect taking into consideration the dialects between the Weser and the Elbe would be a most meritorious work. Several scholars here have displayed interest in Low German, and it is greatly to be desired that one of them should undertake this task.

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## IMMERMANN'S MEMORABILIEN

Erster Band. Hamburg, Hoffmann  
und Campe, 1840

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 53, April 1841]

The news of Immermann's death was a hard blow for us Rhinelanders, not only because of the poetical but also because of the personal significance of this man, although the latter, even more than the former, was only just beginning to develop. He stood in a special relationship to the younger literary forces which have lately emerged on the Rhine and in Westphalia; for in respect of literature Westphalia and the Lower Rhine belong together, however sharply they have been politically divided up to now, and in fact the *Rheinisches Jahrbuch* provides a common rallying point for writers from both provinces. The more the Rhine had hitherto kept literature at a distance, the more Rhenish poets now tried to figure as representatives of their home province and hence acted if not according to one plan, at least towards *one* aim. Such an endeavour rarely remains without a strong personality at its centre to which the younger ones subordinate themselves without surrendering any of their independence, and Immermann seemed to want to become that centre for the Rhenish poets. In spite of many prejudices against the Rhenish people he had gradually become naturalised among them; he had publicly made his peace with the literary present to which all the younger ones belonged; a new, fresh spirit had come over him, and his work was finding increasing recognition. Hence, the circle of young poets who rallied around him and gravitated towards him from the surrounding area kept growing; how often did not Freiligrath, for example, shut his memorandum and ledgers, when he was still writing invoices and current accounts in Barmen, to spend one or two days in the company of Immermann and the Düsseldorf

painters! Thus Immermann came to occupy an important place in the dreams which were cherished here and there of a Rhenish-Westphalian school of poetry; before Freiligrath's fame matured he was the mediating transition from the provincial to the general German literature. This had long been no secret to anyone with an eye for such relationships and ties; a year ago Reinhold Köstlin, among others, drew attention in *Europa* to the fact that Immermann was maturing towards a standing similar to that of Goethe in his later years.<sup>113</sup> Death has destroyed all these hopes and dreams for the future.

Immermann's *Memorabilien* appeared a few weeks after his death. Was he, a man in his prime, already mature enough to write his own memoirs? His fate says yes, his book says no. However, we must not regard the *Memorabilien* as an old man's final settlement with life, by which he declares his career closed; Immermann was rather settling accounts with an earlier, the exclusively romantic period of his work, and hence a different spirit prevails in this book than in the works of that period. Moreover, the events described here had receded so far through the great changes of the last decade that even to him, their contemporary, history seemed to have finished with them. And yet I think I am justified in maintaining that in ten years' time Immermann would have grasped the present and its attitude to the war of liberation, on which his work hinges, more profoundly, more freely. But for the moment we must take the *Memorabilien* as they are.

If the earlier romantic, in the *Epigonen*, had already striven for the higher standpoint of Goethe's plasticity and repose, and *Münchhausen* already rested firmly on the basis of the modern poetic manner, his posthumous work shows even more clearly how well Immermann appreciated the latest literary developments. The style and with it his vision of things are quite modern; only the more thoroughly thought-out content, the stricter arrangement, the sharply stamped individuality of character and the albeit rather veiled, anti-modern views of the author distinguish this book from the mass of descriptions, characters, memoirs, reviews, situations, conditions, etc., with which our literature, gasping for healthy, poetic fresh air, is suffocated today. Immermann, moreover, has sufficient tact only rarely to arraign before the forum of reflection subjects which are entitled to a different tribunal than that of bare reason.

The present first volume finds its material in the "youth of twenty-five years ago" and the influences which dominated it. A

"bill of lading" prefaces it in which the character of the whole is most faithfully outlined. On the one hand, a modern style, modern catchwords, and even modern principles; on the other, the peculiarities of the author, the significance of which has long been dead for a wider circle. Immermann writes for modern Germans, as he says fairly bluntly, for those who stand equally far from the extremes of Germanism and cosmopolitanism; he has an entirely modern conception of the nation and establishes premises which would lead logically to autocracy as the people's destiny; he pronounces himself emphatically against that "lack of self-confidence, the rage to serve and throw oneself away"<sup>a</sup> from which the Germans suffer. And yet, at the same time Immermann has a most inadequately grounded preference for Prussianism and the cool indifference with which he speaks of constitutional aspirations in Germany reveals only too clearly that he has not yet understood the unity of the modern spiritual life at all. One sees that the concept of the modern does not appeal to him at all since he resists many of its aspects, but nevertheless he cannot dismiss the concept.

The memoirs proper begin with the "Boyhood Reminiscences". Immermann keeps his promise to describe only those moments at which "history made its passage through him".<sup>b</sup> World events grow with the boy's consciousness and the colossal edifice is raised of which he was to witness the fall; at first storming in the distance, the waves of history break through the dam of North Germany in the battle of Jena, sweep over complacent Prussia, making the saying of its great king "*après moi le déluge*" particularly true of his own state,<sup>114</sup> and at once flood first over Magdeburg, Immermann's home town. This part is the best in the book; Immermann is stronger at narrative than reflective writing, and he has succeeded excellently in perceiving how world events are mirrored in the individual heart. This is also the point at which he links himself frankly to progress, even if only for the time being. For him, as for all the volunteers of 1813, the Prussia of before 1806 is the *ancien régime* of this state, but also, what is now less often admitted, the Prussia of after 1806 is a Prussia entirely reborn, a new order of things. The rebirth of Prussia is a peculiar affair, however. The first rebirth, through the great Frederick, has been so praised on the occasion of last year's jubilee that it is hard to understand how an interregnum of twenty years could already

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<sup>a</sup> K. Immermann, *Memorabilien*, I. Teil, S. 27.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> *Ibid.*, S. 30-31.— *Ed.*

make another necessary.<sup>115</sup> It is also claimed that in spite of the double baptism of fire, the old Adam has of late shown new, strong signs of life. In the present section, however, Immermann spares us the praises of the *status quo*, hence the point at which Immermann's road diverges from that of the modern day will only become clearer in the course of these lines.

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 54, April 1841]

"Until it enters public life, youth is educated by the family, by study, by literature. For the generation which we are here considering, despotism was added as another, a fourth medium of education. The family cherishes and nurses it, study isolates it, literature leads it again into wider fields; despotism gave us the beginnings of character."<sup>a</sup>

This is the pattern according to which the reflective part of the book is arranged, and which has the great and undeniable merit of showing the development of consciousness in its successive stages.—The section on the family is quite excellent as long as it describes the *old* family, and it is only regrettable that Immermann has not made more effort to combine aspects of light and shade into a whole. The remarks he makes here are all most apt. By contrast his concept of the *newer* family shows again that he has not yet rid himself of the old prejudice and resentment against the phenomena of the last decade. True, the "old-fashioned comfort", the contentment with the family hearth, increasingly give way to ill humour, to dissatisfaction with the joys of family life; but against that background the philistinism of the patriarchal way of life, the halo around the nightcap, are more and more lost, and the causes of the ill humour, almost all of which Immermann emphasises quite correctly and only too glaringly, are no more than the symptoms of a still struggling, uncompleted, epoch. The epoch preceding foreign rule was completed and as such bore the stamp of repose, but also of indolence, and carried within it the seeds of decay. Our author could have said quite briefly: the reason why the newer family cannot fight off a certain sense of discomfort is that new demands are being made on it which it does not yet know how to reconcile with its own rights. As Immermann admits, society has changed, public life has been added as an entirely new element; literature, politics, science, all this now penetrates into the family more deeply, and it has difficulty in accommodating all these alien guests. That is the point! The family still lives too much in the old style to be able to come to a proper understand-

<sup>a</sup> K. Immermann, *Memorabilien*, 1. Teil, S. 95.—Ed.

ing with the intruders and be on good terms with them, and here indeed a regeneration of the family is occurring; the disagreeable process just has to be gone through, and to my mind the old family badly needs it. Incidentally, Immermann studied the modern family in precisely that part of Germany, on the Rhine, which is most mobile and receptive to modern influences, and here the discomfort of the transition process came to light most clearly. In the provincial towns of interior Germany the old family continues to live, move and have its being in the godly shadow of the dressing-gown; society still stands where it stood in A. D. 1799, and public life, literature, science, are dismissed with calm and deliberation, without anybody allowing his comfortable routine to be disturbed.—The author adds “pedagogical anecdotes” to prove what he has put forward about the old family and then concludes the narrative part of the book with “Uncle”, a character typical of the old days. The education which the adolescent generation receives from the family is completed; the young throw themselves into the arms of study and literature. Here the less successful sections of the book begin. Study touched Immermann at a time when philosophy, the soul of all science, and knowledge of the ancient world, the basis of everything the young were offered, were caught up in a whirlwind revolution, and Immermann did not have the advantage of being able to follow it up to its goal as a student. When it drew to its close, he had long outgrown school. Nor does he say much more for the time being than that teaching in those days was narrow, and makes up for this by dealing with the most influential thinkers of the time in separate articles. Speaking of Fichte he obliges with a philosophy which would strike gentlemen familiar with the subject as fairly peculiar. Here he lets himself be lured into a witty argument about a matter which it needs more than a witty and poetic eye to penetrate. How our strict Hegelians will shudder when they read the history of philosophy as presented here in three pages! And it must be admitted that it would not be easy to discuss philosophy in a more dilettante fashion than is the case here. The very first sentence, which says that philosophy always oscillates between two points, seeking certainty either in the thing or in the ego, was clearly written in deference to the fact that Kant’s “thing-in-itself” was followed by Fichte’s “I”, and can, with difficulty, be applied to Schelling, but in no sense to Hegel.—Socrates is called the incarnation of thinking and for that very reason the ability to have a system is denied him; pure doctrine is said to be combined in him with a direct penetration of empiricism, and since it tran-

scended the concept, this union, it is declared, could manifest itself only as a personality, not as a doctrine. Are these not sentences which must throw into the greatest confusion a generation that has grown up under Hegelian influence? Does not all philosophy end where conformity of thinking and empiricism "transcends the concept"? What logic can stand its ground where lack of system is asserted to be a necessary attribute of the "incarnation of thinking"?

But why pursue Immermann into a sphere which he himself only wanted to fly through? Suffice it to say that he can no more cope with the philosophical concepts of earlier centuries than he can unite Fichte's philosophy with his personality. By contrast he again describes excellently the character of Fichte, the orator of the German nation, and the gymnastics enthusiast Jahn. These character sketches shed more light on the effective forces and ideas by which the youth of the time was influenced than might any lengthy discourses. Even where literature forms the theme we enjoy far more reading the description of the relationship in which the "youth of twenty-five years ago" stood to the great poets than the inadequately substantiated demonstration that, unlike all its sisters, German literature has a modern, non-romantic origin. It will always appear forced to make Corneille sprout from a romantic medieval root and to attribute more in Shakespeare to the Middle Ages than the raw material which he found to hand. Is this perhaps the not altogether clear conscience of the erstwhile romantic seeking to reject the charge of continuing crypto-romanticism?

The section on despotism, namely, that of Napoleon, will not please either. Heine's worship of Napoleon is alien to the consciousness of the people, yet nobody will be happy that Immermann speaks as an insulted Prussian, while claiming the impartiality of the historian. He must have sensed that the national German, and particularly the Prussian, standpoint needed to be transcended here; hence he is as cautious as possible in style, adapts his viewpoint as closely as possible to the modern and ventures out only in minor and incidental matters. Gradually he does become bolder, however, admitting that he cannot quite see why Napoleon should be counted as a great man, establishing a complete system of despotism and showing that in this craft Napoleon was a pretty bad tyro and bungler. But this is hardly the right way to understand great men.

Hence, apart from a few ideas which run ahead of his convictions, Immermann stands in the main far from the modern

consciousness. Nevertheless, he cannot be classed with any of the parties into which Germany's spiritual *status quo* is customarily divided. He explicitly rejects the trend to which he seems to stand closest, Germanism. The well-known dualism in Immermann's convictions was expressed, on the one hand, as Prussianism, on the other, as romanticism. The former gradually lapsed, however, especially in Immermann the official, into the most sober, mechanistic prose, the latter into unlimited effusiveness. So long as he remained at this point Immermann could not achieve real recognition and was compelled more and more to realise that not only were these trends polar opposites but that they left the heart of the nation increasingly indifferent.

At last he dared a poetic advance and wrote the *Epigonen*. No sooner had this work left the publisher's shop than it showed its author that only his previous tendency had prevented a more general recognition of his talent by the nation and the younger men of letters. The *Epigonen* were appreciated almost everywhere and occasioned diatribes on the character of their author such as Immermann had not been previously accustomed to. The Young Literature,<sup>a</sup> if we may apply this name to the fragments of what had never been a whole, was the first to recognise the significance of Immermann, and was responsible for his becoming properly known to the nation. He had been inwardly resentful at the constantly sharpening division between Prussianism and romantic poetry, and also at the relatively slight popularity enjoyed by his writings, and he had unwittingly impressed more and more on his works the stamp of a stark isolation. Now that he had taken a step forward and won recognition, a different, freer, more cheerful spirit came over him. The old youthful enthusiasm thawed again and in *Münchhausen* made a start towards reconciliation with the practical, reasonable side of his character. The romantic sympathies which still remained at the back of his mind he appeased with *Ghismonda* and *Tristan*; but what a difference from his earlier romantic poetry, and especially what plasticity compared with *Merlin*!

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 55, April 1841]

Basically, romanticism was only a matter of form for Immermann. The sobriety of Prussianism saved him from the dreaming of the romantic school, but this was also the cause of a certain

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<sup>a</sup> The literature of the Young Germany movement.—Ed.

resistance in him to the developments of the time. We know that in religious matters Immermann was very liberal; politically, however, he was a far too zealous supporter of the government. True, his attitude to the Young Literature brought him closer to the political aspirations of the century and taught him to view them from another aspect; but, as the *Memorabilien* show, Prussianism was still very firmly entrenched in him. Yet precisely in this book we find quite a few statements which contrast so strongly with Immermann's basic views and rest so much on a modern basis that the significant influence of modern ideas on him is quite unmistakable. The *Memorabilien* clearly show their author's endeavour to keep pace with his time, and who knows whether the current of history might not eventually have undermined the conservative Prussian dam behind which Immermann kept himself entrenched.

And now one more remark! Immermann says that the character of the epoch which he describes in the *Memorabilien* was primarily youthful; youthful motives were given play and youthful moods were voiced. Is that not also true of our epoch? The old generation has died out in literature, and youth has seized hold of the word. Our future depends more than ever on the growing generation, for this generation will have to decide contradictions of ever-heightening intensity. The old may complain about the young, and it is true that they are most disobedient; but just let them go their own way: they will find their bearings, and those who get lost have only themselves to blame. For we have a touchstone for the young in the shape of the new philosophy; they have to work their way through it and yet not lose the enthusiasm of youth. He who is afraid of the dense wood in which stands the palace of the Idea, he who does not hack through it with the sword and wake the king's sleeping daughter with a kiss, is not worthy of her and her kingdom; he may go and become a country pastor, merchant, assessor, or whatever he likes, take a wife and beget children in all piety and respectability, but the century will not recognise him as its son. You need not therefore become Old Hegelians and throw around "in and for itself", "totality", and "thisness", but you must not fight shy of the labour of thinking, for only that enthusiasm is genuine which like the eagle is afraid neither of the dull clouds of speculation nor of the thin, rarefied air in the higher regions of abstraction when it is a question of flying towards the sun of truth. And in this sense the youth of today has indeed gone through Hegel's school, and in the heart of the young many a seed has come up splendidly from the system's dry husk. This is also the ground for the boldest confidence in the



present; that its fate depends not on the cautious fear of action and the ingrained philistinism of the old but on the noble, unrestrained ardour of youth. Therefore let us fight for freedom as long as we are young and full of glowing vigour; who knows if we shall still be able to when old age creeps upon us!

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Signed: *Friedrich Oswald*

## WANDERINGS IN LOMBARDY <sup>116</sup>

### I

#### OVER THE ALPS!

[*Athenäum* No. 48, December 4, 1841]

Thank God, we have left Basle behind! Such a barren town, full of frock-coats and cocked hats, philistines and patricians and Methodists, where nothing is fresh and vigorous but the trees around the brick-red cathedral and the colours of Holbein's *Passion*, which can be seen among other paintings in the library here; such a hole-and-corner town, with all the ugliness of the Middle Ages and none of their beauty, cannot appeal to a young heart whose imagination is fully engaged with the Swiss Alps and Italy. Is the transition from Germany to Switzerland, from the mellow, vine-covered Margravate of Baden to Basle, perhaps so discouraging only in order that the impression made by the Alps later should be the more profound? The country through which we are travelling now is not the most beautiful either. On the right are the last spurs of the Jura, green and fresh, it is true, but without character; on the left the narrow Rhine, which also seems to have a horror of Basle, so slowly does it crawl downdale, and beyond the Rhine another little piece of Germany. Gradually we move away from the green river, the road goes uphill, and we ascend the outermost spur of the Jura, which pushes forward between the Aar and the Rhine. Then suddenly the scenery changes. A sunny, cheerful valley lies before us, no, three or four valleys. The Aar, Reuss and Limmat, visible for long stretches, wind through the hills and join their waters; villages and townlets lie along their banks, and in the distance one mountain chain after another rises like the tiers of a giant amphitheatre behind the row of hills in front; here and there snow glistens through the mists which hover round the most distant summits, and Pilatus rises above the mass of peaks as if it were sitting in judgment like the

Judaean governor of old who gave it his name—these are the Alps!

We go downhill quickly and only now that the Alps are near become aware that we are in Switzerland. Swiss dress and Swiss architecture make their appearance with Swiss scenery. The language sounds more beautiful, more refined than the Basle dialect, to which the portliness of patrician city life has lent a materialistic, uncouth broadness; the countenances become freer, more open, more vivacious, the cocked hat gives way to the round hat, the long, trailing coat-tails to the short velvet jacket.—The little town of Brugg soon lies behind us, and following the road we cross the swift, green rivers; as our eyes pass rapidly over all the charming and quickly changing views, we leave the Aar and Reuss with the Hapsburg, the ruins of which look down from a wooded summit, and enter the Limmat valley to follow it as far as Zurich.

I had to spend a day in Zurich, and on the way to the promised land of German youth a day is quite a considerable delay. What could I expect of Zurich? Would the stay be rewarding? I admit, since the September affair and the victory of the Pfäffikon guardians of Zion,<sup>117</sup> I could not picture Zurich as anything but a second Basle and thought with dismay of the day I had already given up as lost. In my innocence I no longer thought of the lake at all, particularly since the showers which, after continuous sunshine, had at last overtaken me between Basle and Zurich promised me a wet day. But when on awakening I saw a blue morning sky over the sunny mountains I quickly sprang up and hurried out. Sauntering off at random I came to a sort of terrace surrounded by gardens and surmounted by old trees. A notice-board informed me that the gardens were public and so I climbed briskly up. Then I saw the lake lying before me, glistening in the morning sun, steaming with early mist, enclosed by densely wooded mountains, and for the first moment I was quite overcome by a certain naive astonishment at the existence of such a strikingly beautiful landscape. A kindly citizen of Zurich whom I accosted told me that up there on the Ütliberg the view was so beautiful that the people of Zurich called their mountain the little Rigi,<sup>a</sup> and not entirely without justification. I took a look at the top; it was the highest in the Albis chain, which runs along the south-western side of the lake, and, in general, higher than the other mountains you could see. I asked the way and set off forthwith. After one and a half hours' march I was at the top.

<sup>a</sup> Peak in the Swiss Alps famed for its beauty.—*Ed.*

Here the lake lay before me in its full length with all its scintillating play of green and blue, with the town and the innumerable houses on its hilly shores, and there, on the other side of the Albis, a valley full of green meadows into which light oak and dark fir woods descended, a green sea with hills for waves in which the houses lay like ships, and to the south, on the horizon, the glistening chain of glaciers, from the Jungfrau to the Septimer and Julier; and from the blue sky above the May sun poured the glory of its rays over the world in its Sunday finery, so that lake and field and mountain vied in their radiance and there was no end to the splendour.

Tired from looking I went into the wooden house which stands on the summit and ordered a drink. I received it, together with the visitors' book. We all know what is to be found in books of this kind: every philistine regards them as institutions for securing immortality, in which he can transmit his obscure name and one of his exceedingly trivial thoughts to posterity. The duller he is, the longer the commentaries with which he accompanies his name. Merchants want to prove that besides coffee, train-oil or cotton, beautiful nature, which has created all this and even gold itself, still holds a tiny corner in their hearts; ladies give expression to their gushing sentiments, students to their high spirits and impertinence, and sage schoolmasters write out nature a bombastic certificate of maturity. "Magnificent Ütli, Rigi's dangerous rival!" a doctor of the illiberal arts began to apostrophise in Ciceronian style. In annoyance, I turned the page and left all the Germans, French, and English unread. Then I found a sonnet by Petrarch in Italian which in translation sounds roughly like this:

I soared in spirit to the abode up there  
Of her I seek below but never find.  
Gentle the looks that once avoided mine—  
So stood she in the third celestial sphere.

Taking my hand, she softly said, "No tear  
Can flow where we may never be disjoined.  
'Tis I that long disturbed your peace of mind,  
Returning all too soon to my home here.

"Oh, that man's mind my joy might understand!  
I seek but you, and the form that you loved  
And that I left down there so long ago."

Why did she say no more, let go my hand?  
A little more of that sweet sound, I know,  
And then from Heaven had I never moved.<sup>118</sup>

The person who had copied this out was called Joachim Triboni from Genoa and by this entry at once became my friend. For the more hollow and nonsensical the other comments, the more sharply this sonnet stood out against such a background, and the more it moved me. Where nature displays all its magnificence, where the idea that is slumbering within it seems, if not to awaken, then to be dreaming a golden dream, the man who can feel and say nothing except "Nature, how beautiful you are!" has no right to think himself superior to the ordinary, shallow, confused mass. In a more profound mind, however, individual sorrows and sufferings rise, only to be merged in the splendour of nature and to dissolve in gentle reconciliation. This reconciliation could hardly be expressed more beautifully than in this sonnet. But there was yet another circumstance which made me a friend of that Genoese. So another before me had brought his lover's grief to this summit; so I did not stand there alone with a heart that only a month ago had been filled with infinite bliss and now was torn and desolate. And what pain has more right to speak out in face of the beauty of nature than the noblest and most profound of all personal sorrows, the sorrow of love?

I gazed over the green valleys once more and then went down the mountain to take a closer look at the town. It lies round the narrow end of the lake like an amphitheatre and from the lake too presents a charming aspect with its surrounding villages and country-houses. The streets also stand out because of their handsome new buildings. I learned from an evening conversation with an old traveller that this state of affairs had not existed for very long. He could not marvel enough how much more beautiful the old Zurich had become over the last six years and how brilliantly the previous government had enhanced the outward dignity of the Republic by erecting public buildings. Today, when a certain party cannot throw enough mud at that government's corpse, the fact deserves mention that during its lifetime it not only had the unprecedented courage to appoint a *Strauss*, but also performed other governmental duties with honour.

The next morning I left for the south. First the road ran along the whole length of the lake to Rapperswil and Schmärikon, a marvellous road through gardens, country-houses and picturesquely grouped, vine-clad villages; on the other side of the lake the long, dark-green Albis ridge with its luxuriant foot-hills, and to the south, where the mountains divide, the dazzling peaks of the Glarner Alps. In the middle of the lake an island appears, Ufnau, the grave of Ulrich von Hutten. To fight like him for the free idea

and thus to rest from strife and toil—what more could one ask for? Lulled by the subdued pounding of the green waves breaking against the hero's grave with a sound like the distant clash of arms and battle-cries, guarded by giants armoured in ice and eternally youthful, the Alps! And then a Georg Herwegh, as representative of the German youth, making a pilgrimage to this grave and laying upon it his songs, the most beautiful expression of the ideas which inspire the young generation—that outweighs statues and monuments.

A fair was being held in Uznach, where the road led after leaving the lake, and the inside of the mail-coach, which I had hitherto occupied by myself, filled up with people returning from the fair, who gradually began to feel the effects of the previous riotous night and fell asleep, leaving me to my reflections. A most beautiful valley received us now; soft-sweeping hills clothed in green meadows and crowned with woods enveloped us; for the first time I saw here at close range the peculiarly shaded green of the Swiss forests which are a mixture of deciduous and coniferous trees, and I cannot describe the profound impression it made on me. This mixture, which brings out light and dark shades equally, lends great charm even to monotonous country, and although the grouping of mountain and valley here was not unusual it was surprising to find an area where almost all the beauty lay in the colouring; this made the colouring all the more beautiful. There was enough sublime and austere nature awaiting me on the way to the heights of the Alpine chain; but this softness and grace I found again only on the Italian side.

In the meantime I was soon again at the foot of higher mountains whose peaks, though below the snow-line, were still white now, in May. Through valleys now narrow, now wider, we went along the canal which links the Lake of Zurich with the Lake of Wallenstädt. Soon the latter lay before me. Here the countryside is already of a very different character from that around the Lake of Zurich; the basin lies almost unapproachable between steep rocks which rise directly out of the water and leave only a narrow opening at either end of the lake. A poor steamboat took on the coach travellers, and soon Weesen, the little town where we had embarked, disappeared as the mountains closed in. All traces of human activity were left behind us, the steamboat paddled lonely into the beautiful wilderness, deeper and deeper into this silent realm of nature; the green heads of the waves, the snowy mountain tops and the waterfalls which gushed down from them here and there, glistened in the bright sunshine. Occasionally a green, wooded gorge or a patch of meadowland smiled among the

white-grey granite of the rocks, and in the distance the thin veil of mist which rose from the lake blurred into soft, violet shades against the mountain background. It was the kind of country which all but challenges the human spirit to that personification of the spirit of nature which we find in folk legend where the fissured rocks with their snowy crowns take on the lines of old men's faces with deep furrows and silver locks and the green-flowing hair of bewitching mermaids rises from the clear waves. Gradually the pressing walls opened a little, spurs thickly covered with bushes protruded into the lake, and a white streak shimmered through the blue mist—the houses of Wallenstädt which lies at the end of the lake. We disembarked and proceeded cheerfully on to Chur, above our heads the rocky chain whose highest peaks are called *Die sieben Kurfürsten*. In their petrified ermine coats, their crowns of snow gilded by the evening sun, the severe gentlemen sat there as solemnly as if they were assembled in the Römer in Frankfurt to elect the Emperor, undisturbed by the shouting and jostling of the people at their feet throughout the Holy Roman Empire, the constitution of which had, with the passage of time, become as petrified as its seven representatives here.<sup>119</sup> Such names in the mouth of the people, by the way, are proof of how thoroughly German the Swiss are, however little they themselves may like to admit it. I shall perhaps return to this theme later in more detail and therefore leave it for the present.

Now we went deeper and deeper into the rocks; places where the hand of man had imparted a milder aspect to nature in the raw became ever more infrequent; the castle of Sargans clung to a perpendicular cliff like a swallow's nest, until at Ragatz the trees finally found enough earth on the stony ground to be able to clothe it in dense forest. Here, too, a castle lies on the slope, but it is in ruins, just as in general the passes from one river valley to the next here rather frequently show such traces of club-law. At Ragatz the valley widens again, the mountains retreat in awe before the mighty genius of the young river which has vigorously struck a passage for itself through the granite giants at Gotthard and Splügen and now swells towards its great destiny with the pride and courage of youth; it is the *Rhine* which we now greet again. In a broad bed it rolls on solemnly over gravel and sand, but from the widely scattered rocks one can see how wildly it lashes out when it has had enough of indolent comfort and braces itself in a destructive mood. From here onward its valley forms the road which leads up to Chur and from there to the Splügen pass.

In Chur there already begins the language mixture which reigns throughout the whole of the highest part of the Alps. German, Romanic and Italian in the Lombardic dialect were all to be heard at the coach-station. Romanic, the language of the mountain dwellers of Graubünden, has been much discussed by philologists, yet it is still veiled in a mysterious darkness. Some have tried to group it with the main Romance languages in respect of independence; others have sought French elements in it without considering how these could have penetrated there. If this idiom is to be honoured with some attention, the thing that most naturally suggests itself is to compare it with the neighbouring dialects. But so far this has not been done. The little I was able to gather during my transit from people who know the language indicates that in word formation it is very closely related to the neighbouring Lombardic idiom and differs from the latter only dialectally. Everything that has been taken for French influence is to be found again south of the Alps.

The next morning we went from Chur further up the Rhine along a broad valley surrounded by wild rocks. After a few hours a precipitous mountain face loomed out of the thin morning mist, crowned with the ruins of a castle, and placed itself straight across the road. The valley seemed to be blocked ahead of us and we could only advance through a narrow gorge. A slim white tower rose up before us; it belongs to Thusis, or, as the Lombards say, Tosana, which means Maidentown. It is beautifully situated in a narrow hollow enclosed by sheer towering rocks; the one most difficult of access bears the ruins of the castle of Hohenrhätien. There is no greater seclusion than that to which nature has condemned this village, and yet even here men have been stronger than nature; as if to spite it they have laid the highway through the middle of Thusis and every day carry Englishmen, merchants, and tourists over it.—After Thusis the Alpine chain which we had to cross by evening began to rise steeply. I abandoned the coach and walked along the road, fortified by a glass of Veltliner, which is to be had here at its best. There is no other road like it in the whole world. Hewn into overhanging rock it winds upwards through the gorges which the Rhine has quarried for itself. Giant perpendicular granite walls stand rigid on either side of the path, which in many places even the midday sun does not reach, and far down below the wild mountain torrent rages and thunders through fissured rock, uprooting firs, rolling boulders like a furious titan on whose chest a god has flung two mountains. The last defiant mountains, unwilling to bow to the all-conquering



domination of man, seem to have sought refuge here, gathering in rank and file to defend their freedom; terrifying and stern, they gaze upon the traveller, and in imagination one hears their voice: "Come here, man, if you dare; scale our summits and sow your corn in the furrows of our brows; but up there the sense of your smallness will grip you and make you dizzy, the ground will give way beneath you, and you will be dashed to pieces as you plunge from jagged rock to jagged rock. You may drive your roads between us; every year our ally, the Rhine, will descend swollen in wrath and tear your work to pieces!"

Nowhere is this resistance of the power of nature to the human spirit so colossal, one might almost say so conscious of itself, as here. The lonely horror of the road and the former danger of this Alpine crossing have given it the name of *Via mala*. Today it is different, of course. Here, too, spirit has conquered nature and like a linking ribbon the road goes on from rock to rock, safe, comfortable, almost indestructible, and negotiable at all seasons of the year. Yet an awful feeling of fear creeps over one at the sight of the menacing rocks; they seem to be brooding on vengeance and liberation.

[*Athenäum* No. 49, December 11, 1841]

Gradually the gorge widens, however, the rushing cataracts become rarer, the bed of the Rhine, which often had to push its way through defiles measured only in inches, expands, the steep walls become more sloping and recede farther back, a green valley opens and Andeer, a little village known to the people of Graubünden and the Veltlin valley as a spa, lies in the centre of this first terrace of the Splügen. The vegetation here is much more sparse, which is all the more striking as neither leaves nor grass were to be seen from Thusis until here and only fir-trees were able to cling to the steep cliffs. But even so it was comforting to the eye to see a valley green with meadows, a bushy slope, after all the gloomy, grey-brown granite walls. Directly after Andeer we ascended a steep slope up which the road snaked in a thousand convolutions. I left these to the coach and scrambled up the scree, through bushes and densely tangled creepers, to the point where the road turned towards the other side of the mountain. There the green valley lay deep below me, threaded by the Rhine, whose thunder again came echoing across to me. One more glance down in greeting and then onward. The road led me between sloping rocks, high as the sky, into a hollow, again into the most forsaken

loneliness in the world. I leant against the parapet and looked down into the Rhine, which formed a pool under dark-leaved trees. The still, green surface over which the boughs bent hiding secret little corners everywhere with their foliage, the mossy walls of rock, the sunbeams which penetrated here and there—all held a peculiar magic. The murmur of the quietened river sounded almost intelligible, like the talking of those beautiful swan maidens who come flying over the mountains from afar to strip off their swan's plumage in a secluded secret spot and bathe in the snow-cold wave under the green branches. In between the thunder of the cataracts rang out like the angry voice of the river spirit berating them for their lack of circumspection, for they know they must follow the man who robs them of their swan's plumage and a whole stage-coach full of maiden-oglers is already arriving, and in any case it is not becoming for females to bathe near the open highway, even if they are romantic swan maidens. But the beautiful nymphs laugh at the anxious old man for they know, of course, that no one sees them except he to whom the dreaming life of nature has been revealed, and that he will do them no harm.

Every moment it was becoming cooler between the mountains; about noon, after some climbing, I found the first snow, and suddenly, heated as I was from rapid climbing and running in the burning sun, I felt a marked chill in the air. This was the temperature of the second terrace in this pass on which the village of Splügen is situated, the last place where German is spoken, between high mountains against whose green walls the dark-brown chalets stand out. The midday meal was taken in a house which was arranged completely in Italian style and had only stone floors and thick stone walls even in the upper storeys; then the journey was continued up an almost vertical rock face. In a wooded gorge among the last trees which I saw on this side of the Alps, lay an avalanche, a broad river of snow which had rolled down from the steeper walls. It was not long before desolate gorges began where the mountain torrents thunder under a firm, vaulted cover of snow and the naked rocks are barely covered with patches of moss. The snow lay thicker and spread further. Right at the top a path had been cut out for the road on either side of which the snow was three or even four times as high as a man. I dug steps into the snow wall with my heels and clambered up. A broad, snow-white valley lay before me in the middle of which rose a grey roof, the Austrian customs-house, the first building on the Italian side of the Alps. The inspection of our luggage at this house,

during which I successfully concealed my Varinas<sup>a</sup> from the eyes of the frontier guards, gave me leisure to look around a little. On all sides bare, grey layers of rock, their summits covered with snow, a valley in which not a blade of grass was to be seen for snow, much less a bush or a tree, in short, a dreadful, forsaken desert above which Italian and German winds meet and continually drive grey clouds towards each other, a solitude more terrible than the Sahara and more prosaic than the Lüneburger Heide, a region where it snows for nine months and rains for three months year in, year out—that was my first sight of Italy. But then we descended rapidly, the snow disappeared, and where the white winter cover had barely melted yesterday, yellow and blue crocuses were already coming up today, the grass began to grow green, bushes appeared again, then trees with white waterfalls tumbling down between them, and the foaming Liro flowed far below in a valley full of violet shadows, gleaming snowy white through dark chestnut avenues; the air grew warmer and warmer although the sun was already sinking behind the mountains, and in Campo Dolcino we were already among real Italians, if not in real Italy. The inhabitants of the little village crowded around our coach and chattered in their rough nasal Lombardic dialect about the horses, the vehicle and the travellers; all true Italian faces, their vigorous expression heightened by thick black hair and beard. We went on quickly, down the Liro, between meadows and woods, through innumerable huge granite blocks hurled down from the Alpine peaks who knows when, whose sharp black jags and edges looked strange against the light-green background of the meadows. A row of beautiful villages, leaning against the rocks, with their slender, snow-white church towers, in particular S. Maria di Galivaggio, pass before our eyes; at last the valley opens up and in a bend rises the tower of Chiavenna or in German Kläwen, one of the chief towns in the Veltlin valley. Chiavenna is a completely Italian town with tall houses and narrow streets where one hears passionate Lombardic outbursts everywhere: *fiocul d'ona putana*, *porco della Madonna*, etc. While an Italian supper and Veltliner wine claimed our attention here, the sun was sinking behind the Alps of Rhäticon; an Austrian coach with an Italian *condottiere* and an escorting *carabiniere* picked us up and we set off for Lake Como. The moon stood full and clear in the dark-blue sky where here and there a star began to shine. The sunset flamed high, gilding

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<sup>a</sup> *Varinas*—a brand of tobacco named after the Venezuelan town of the same name.—Ed.

the mountain peaks, and a magnificent southern night drew on. So I continued through the green vineyard country, the vines climbing over arbours and into the tops of mulberry trees; the warm air of Italy breathed upon me ever more mildly, the magic of a land never known but long dreamed of sent a sweet thrill through me, and beholding in spirit the glories my eye was to see, I fell blissfully asleep.

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Signed: *Friedrich Oswald*

## SCHELLING ON HEGEL <sup>120</sup>

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 207, December 1841]

Ask anybody in Berlin today on what field the battle for dominion over German public opinion in politics and religion, that is, over Germany itself, is being fought, and if he has any idea of the power of the mind over the world he will reply that this battlefield is the University, in particular Lecture-hall No. 6, where Schelling is giving his lectures on the philosophy of revelation. For at the moment all the separate oppositions which contend with Hegel's philosophy for this dominion are obscured, blurred and pushed into the background by the one opposition of Schelling; all the attackers who stand outside philosophy, Stahl, Hengstenberg, Neander, are making way for a fighter who is expected to give battle to the unconquered on his own ground. And the battle is indeed peculiar enough. Two old friends of younger days, room mates at the Tübingen theological seminary, are after forty years meeting each other again face to face as opponents; one of them ten years dead but more alive than ever in his pupils; the other, as the latter say, intellectually dead for three decades, but now suddenly claiming for himself the full power and authority of life. Anybody who is sufficiently "impartial" to profess himself equally alien to both, that is, to be no Hegelian, for surely nobody can as yet declare himself on the side of Schelling after the few words he has said—anybody, then, who possesses this vaunted advantage of "impartiality" will see in the declaration of Hegel's death pronounced by Schelling's appearance in Berlin the vengeance of the gods for the declaration of Schelling's death which Hegel pronounced in his time.

An imposing, colourful audience has assembled to witness the battle. At the front the notables of the University, the leading lights of science, men everyone of whom has created a trend of his own; for them the seats nearest to the rostrum have been reserved, and behind them, jumbled together as chance brought them to the hall, representatives of all walks of life, nations, and religious beliefs. In the midst of high-spirited youths there sits here and there a grey-bearded staff officer and next to him perhaps, quite unembarrassed, a volunteer who in any other society would not know what to do for reverence towards such a high-ranking superior. Old doctors and ecclesiastics the jubilee of whose matriculation can soon be celebrated feel the long-forgotten student haunting their minds again and are back in college. Judaism and Islam want to see what Christian revelation is all about; German, French, English, Hungarian, Polish, Russian, modern Greek and Turkish, one can hear all spoken together—then the signal for silence sounds and Schelling mounts the rostrum.

A man of middle stature, with white hair and light-blue, bright eyes, whose expression is gay rather than imposing and, combined with a certain fullness of figure, indicates more the jovial family-man than the thinker of genius, a harsh but strong voice, Swabian-Bavarian dialect with a recurring “*eppes*” for *etwas*,<sup>a</sup> that is Schelling’s outward appearance.

I pass over the contents of his first lectures so as to come immediately to his utterances on Hegel, with the reservation that I shall add later whatever is necessary to explain them. I reproduce them as I took them down myself during the lecture.

“The philosophy of identity, as I have set it out, was only one aspect of the whole philosophy, namely, the negative aspect. This ‘negative’ had either to be satisfied by the presentation of the ‘positive’, or, absorbing the positive content of previous philosophies, to posit itself as the ‘positive’ and hence to set itself up as absolute philosophy. Over the fate of man also presides a reason which makes him persist in one-sidedness until he has exhausted all its possibilities. Thus it was Hegel who established the negative philosophy as the absolute philosophy.—I mention Herr Hegel’s name for the first time. Just as I have expressed myself freely on Kant and Fichte, who were my teachers, so will I also on Hegel, although it gives me no pleasure to do so. But I will do it for the sake of the frankness which I have promised you, gentlemen. It must not appear as if I had anything to be afraid of, as if there were points on which I could not speak freely. I recall the time when Hegel was my listener, my comrade in life, and I must say that while in general the understanding of the philosophy of identity was shallow and superficial, he it was who saved its fundamental thought for the time to come and acknowledged it constantly to the last, as his *Vorlesungen über die Geschichte der Philosophie* above all

<sup>a</sup> Something.—Ed.

proved to me. Having found the great material already mastered, he concerned himself chiefly with the method, while the rest of us preferred to concentrate on the material. I myself, not satisfied with the negative results achieved, would readily have accepted any satisfactory conclusion, even from a stranger's hand.

"Incidentally, the question here is whether Hegel's position in the history of philosophy, the position which is to be accorded to him among the great thinkers, is precisely that he attempted to raise the philosophy of identity to the absolute, the final philosophy, a thing which could be done, of course, only with significant changes; and this I intend to prove from his own writings, which are open to all the world. If one were to say that this is precisely what Hegel is to be reproached with, I would reply that Hegel did that which lay closest to him. The philosophy of identity had to wrestle with itself, to transcend itself, so long as the science of the 'positive', which covers existence as well, was not yet there. Hence in this endeavour Hegel had to raise the philosophy of identity above its limitation, the power of being, the pure ability to be, and to make existence subject to it.

"Hegel, who with Schelling rose to the recognition of the absolute, diverged from him in that he wished the absolute to be conceived, not as presupposed in intellectual perception, but rather as discovered by scientific method.' These words form the text on which I shall now speak to you.—At the basis of the above passage lies the view that the philosophy of identity has as its result the absolute not only in substance but in existence; since the starting point of the philosophy of identity is the indifference of subject and object, their existence is also assumed because validated by intellectual perception. In this way Hegel assumes quite artlessly that I wished to prove the *existence*, the *being*, of that indifference by intellectual perception, and reproaches me for the inadequate proof. That I did not wish to do so is shown by the protest I have so often voiced that the philosophy of identity is not a system of existence, and, as concerns intellectual perception, the term in question does not occur at all in the presentation of the philosophy of identity which is the sole and only one of the earlier period that I recognise as scientific. This presentation is to be found where no one looks for it, namely, in the *Zeitschrift für spekulative Physik*, Vol. II, Part 2. Elsewhere it does indeed occur and is part of Fichte's legacy. Fichte, with whom I did not wish to break outright, arrives through it at his immediate consciousness, the 'I'; from this, I went further and thus arrived at the indifference. Since in intellectual perception the 'I' is no longer regarded as being subjective, it enters the sphere of thought and thus its existence is no longer immediately certain. Accordingly, intellectual perception would not even prove the existence of the 'I', and though Fichte uses it for this purpose, I cannot base myself on it to prove from it the existence of the absolute. Hence Hegel could not reproach me for the inadequacy of a proof which I never wished to provide, but only for not having stated explicitly enough that I was not at all concerned with existence. For if Hegel demands proof of the being of the infinite power he goes beyond reason; should the infinite power exist, philosophy would not be free of being, and we must here ask whether something prior to existence can be thought. Hegel denies it, for he begins his logic with being and proceeds directly to an existential system. But we affirm it, by beginning with the pure power of being as existing only in thinking. Hegel, who so often speaks of immanence, nevertheless is only immanent in that which is *not* immanent in thinking, for being is this non-immanent. To retreat into pure thinking means in particular to retreat from all being outside thought. Hegel's contention that the existence of the absolute is proved by logic has the further disadvantage that in this way one has the infinite twice, at the end of the logic and again at the end of the whole process. In general one cannot conceive why the logic is put first in the *Enzyklopädie*, instead of pervading and animating the entire cycle."

[*Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 208, December 1841]

Thus far Schelling. In large part and so far as I could I have quoted his very words and can boldly claim that he could not refuse to put his signature to these excerpts. To complete this presentation I add from the preceding lectures that he considers things from two aspects, separating the *quid* from the *quod*, the essence and the concept from existence. The first he apportions to the pure science of reason or negative philosophy, the second to a science to be newly founded and containing empirical elements, positive philosophy. Of the latter we have not yet heard anything; the former appeared forty years ago in an inadequate form abandoned by Schelling himself, and is now being developed by him in its true, adequate expression. Its basis is reason, the pure power of cognition, which has as its immediate content the pure power of being, the infinite ability to be. The necessary third element to be added here is the power *over* being, which can no longer alienate itself, and this is the absolute, the spirit, that which is released from the necessity of transition into being and persists in eternal freedom in relation to being. The absolute can also be called the "orphan" unity of these powers, as that outside of which there is nothing. When these powers come into contradiction with each other this mutual exclusiveness is finiteness.

These few sentences suffice, I think, for the understanding of the preceding passages and as an outline of neo-Schellingianism as far as this can be given here and up to now. It only remains for me to draw from this the conclusions probably intentionally concealed by Schelling, and to enter the lists for the great dead man.

If Schelling's death sentence on Hegel's system is divested of its bureaucratic language, it comes down to this: Hegel actually had no system whatever of his own, but eked out a miserable existence with the leavings of my thoughts; while I occupied myself with the *partie brillante*, the positive philosophy, he revelled in the *partie honteuse*, the negative, and since I had no time for it he took upon himself its completion and elaboration, infinitely happy that I had entrusted this to him. Will you reproach him for this? "He did that which lay closest to him." He has nevertheless a "position among the great thinkers", for "he was the only one who recognised the fundamental thought of the philosophy of identity, while all the others had a shallow and superficial understanding of it". All the same, prospects seemed bad for him, for he wanted to make half of philosophy into the whole.



A well-known saying is quoted, allegedly from Hegel's mouth, but which, after the above utterances, doubtless stems from Schelling: "Only one of my pupils understood me, and even he unfortunately understood me wrongly."

But to be serious, can such libels be engraved upon Hegel's tombstone and we, who owe him more than he owed Schelling, not dare to issue a challenge to protect the honour of the dead, however terrible the opponent? And they are libels, let Schelling say what he will, and the form be ever so scientific in appearance. Oh, "in a purely scientific manner" I could show up Herr von Schelling, or anybody else, if that were required, in such a thoroughly bad light that he would certainly recognise the advantages of the "scientific manner", but what help would that be to me? It would in any case be frivolous of me, the youth, to teach an old man, and particularly Schelling, who, however decisively he may have deserted freedom, nevertheless always remains the discoverer of the absolute and in his part as Hegel's forerunner is mentioned by all of us only with the deepest reverence. But Schelling as Hegel's successor can only lay claim to a certain piety and will demand calm and coolness least of all from me, for I am standing up for a dead man, and it is fit for a fighter to have a certain amount of passion: he who draws the sword in cold blood rarely has much enthusiasm for the cause for which he is fighting.

I must say that Schelling's speech here and especially these invectives against Hegel leave little doubt that the portrait painted in the preface to Riedel's well-known latest pamphlet<sup>a</sup> is a likeness, something one was hitherto reluctant to believe. Schelling presents the entire development of philosophy in this century, Hegel, Gans, Feuerbach, Strauss, Ruge and the *Deutsche Jahrbücher* as dependent on himself to begin with, and then not only negates it, but, with a flourish merely intended to bring *him* more into the limelight, presents it as a luxury in which the spirit indulges with itself, a curio collection of misunderstandings, a gallery of useless aberrations. If this does not exceed all that Schelling is reproached with in that pamphlet, then I have no idea what is customary in mutual intercourse. It might, of course, be difficult for Schelling to find a middle way which compromised neither him nor Hegel, and the egoism which caused him to sacrifice his friend so as to preserve himself, might be pardonable; but it is a little too much when Schelling asks the century to take back forty years of effort and work, forty years of thinking, of sacrifice of the dearest

<sup>a</sup> Carl Riedel's *Schellings religionsgeschichtliche Ansicht*, which was published anonymously.—Ed.

interests and the most sacred traditions, as a waste of time, an erroneous trend, only so that he shall not have lived these forty years too long; it sounds like more than irony when he allocates to Hegel a position among the great thinkers precisely by deleting him in reality from their number and by treating him as his creature, his servant; and finally it appears somewhat like intellectual meanness, like petty—what does one call that well-known, pale-yellow passion?—when Schelling claims each and every thing he acknowledges in Hegel as his own property, nay, as flesh of his own flesh. It would indeed be strange if Schelling's old truth had only been able to maintain itself in Hegel's bad form, and in that case the reproach of obscurity of expression, which the day before yesterday Schelling levelled against the man he was attacking, would of necessity recoil upon himself, as in the common judgment it already does, in spite of the promised clarity. Anyone who indulges in such periods as Schelling constantly does, who uses expressions like *quidditativ* and *quodditativ*, orphic unity, etc., and even with them is so often at a loss that every moment Latin and Greek phrases and words have to help out, clearly forfeits the right to criticise Hegel's style.

Incidentally, Schelling is most of all to be pitied because of the unfortunate misunderstanding concerning existence. The good, naive Hegel with his belief in the existence of philosophical results, in the right of reason to enter into existence, to dominate being! But it would be really strange if he, who after all studied Schelling thoroughly and for a long time maintained personal intercourse with him, if all the others who tried to penetrate the philosophy of identity, had noticed nothing of the real joke, namely, that all this was just bits of nonsense which existed only in Schelling's head and laid no claims whatever to any influence on the external world. Somewhere that must have been in black and white and somebody would certainly have found it. But one is in fact tempted to doubt whether this was Schelling's view from the beginning or whether it is a later addition.

And the new version of the philosophy of identity? Kant freed rational thinking from space and time, Schelling takes existence away as well. What then are we left with? This is not the place to prove against him that existence belongs indeed to thought, that being is immanent in the mind and that the foundation of all modern philosophy, the *cogito, ergo sum*,<sup>a</sup> cannot thus be stormed and overrun; but I may be permitted to ask whether a power

<sup>a</sup> René Descartes, *Principia philosophiae*, Vol. I, Ch. 7 and 10.—Ed.

which itself has no being can produce a being, whether a power which can no longer alienate itself is still power, and whether the trichotomy of the powers does not correspond in a remarkable manner with the trinity of idea, nature and mind which emerges from Hegel's *Enzyklopädie*?

And what will result from all this for the philosophy of revelation? It belongs, of course, to the positive philosophy, to the empirical side. Schelling will have no other course open to him than to assume the fact of a revelation, which he will perhaps substantiate in one way or another, only not by reason, for he has locked the door on himself in that respect. Hegel made things a little harder for himself—or can it be that Schelling has other sources of information up his sleeve? This philosophy can thus quite correctly be called empirical, and its theology positive, while its jurisprudence will probably be historical. That would indeed be not unlike a defeat, for we already knew all that before Schelling came to Berlin.

It will be *our* business to follow the course of his thinking and to shield the great man's grave from abuse. We are not afraid to fight. Nothing more desirable could have happened to us than for a time to be *ecclesia pressa*.<sup>a</sup> There the minds part. What is genuine is proved in the fire, what is false we shall not miss in our ranks. The opponents must grant us that youth has never before flocked to our colours in such numbers, that the thought which dominates us has never before unfolded itself so richly, that courage, conviction, talent have never been so much on our side as now. Hence we shall rise confidently against the new enemy; in the end, one will be found among us who will prove that the sword of enthusiasm is just as good as the sword of genius.

Let *Schelling* see whether he can muster a school. Many only join him now because like him they are opposed to Hegel and accept with gratitude anybody who attacks him, be it Leo or Schubarth. But for these, I think, Schelling is far too good. Whether he will find any other adherents remains to be seen. I do not yet believe so, although some of his hearers are making progress and have already got as far as *indifference*.

Written in the second half of November  
1841

First published in the *Telegraph für  
Deutschland* Nos. 207 and 208, December  
1841

Signed: *Friedrich Oswald*

Printed according to the journal

Published in English for the first  
time

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<sup>a</sup> The church oppressed.— *Ed.*

## SCHELLING AND REVELATION

Critique of the Latest Attempt of Reaction  
Against the Free Philosophy<sup>121</sup>

Written in late 1841 and early 1842  
First published as an anonymous  
pamphlet in Leipzig in 1842

Printed according to the pamphlet  
Published in English for the first  
time

For a decade there hung on the mountains of South Germany a thundercloud which gathered in ever darker menace against North-German philosophy. Schelling appeared again in Munich; it was understood that his new system was approaching completion and would oppose the domination of the Hegelian school. He himself spoke out resolutely against that school, and its other opponents, when all arguments had to give way before its conquering might, still had the resort of pointing to Schelling as the man who would ultimately demolish it.

Hence Hegel's disciples must have welcomed Schelling's arrival in Berlin six months ago and his promise to submit to the public verdict his by then completed system. One could hope no longer to have to hear the irksome, empty chatter about him, the great unknown, and to see at last what there was in it. Besides, with the fighting spirit which has always distinguished it and the self-confidence it possessed, the Hegelian school could only welcome the opportunity to try its strength with a famous opponent; Schelling had, indeed, long ago been challenged by Gans, Michelet and the *Athenäum*, and his younger pupils by the *Deutsche Jahrbücher*.

So the thundercloud came up and discharged itself in thunder and lightning which from Schelling's rostrum began to excite all Berlin. Now the thunder has died away, the lightning has ceased; has it found its target, is the structure of the Hegelian system, that proud palace of thought, going up in flames, are the Hegelians hastening to save what can still be saved? So far nobody has witnessed anything of the kind.

And yet everything had been expected of Schelling. Had not the "Positives" been down on their knees groaning about the great drought in the land of the Lord and imploring that the rain cloud hanging on the far horizon might draw nearer? Was it not just as of old in Israel, when Elijah was entreated to drive out the then priests of Baal?<sup>a</sup> And when at last he came, the great exorcist, how all the loud, shameless denunciation, all the wild raging and shouting, suddenly ceased so that not a word of the new revelation should be lost! How the valiant heroes of the *Evangelische* and the *Allgemeine Berliner Kirchenzeitung*,<sup>b</sup> of the *Literarischer Anzeiger* and Fichte's magazine<sup>c</sup> drew back modestly to make room for the St. George who was to slay the dreadful dragon of Hegelianism, which breathed the fire of godlessness and the smoke of obscurity! Was there not a silence in the land as if the Holy Ghost was about to descend, as if God Himself wished to speak out of the clouds?

And when the philosophical Messiah mounted his wooden, very poorly upholstered throne in the *Auditorium maximum*, when he promised deeds of faith and miracles of revelation, what jubilant cries greeted him from the camp of the Positives! How all tongues were full of him in whom the "Christians" had placed their hopes! Was it not said that the bold hero would venture alone like Roland into enemy territory, plant his banner in the heart of enemy country, blast the innermost citadel of wickedness, the unconquered fastness of the Idea, so that the enemies, left without base or centre, could no longer find counsel or any place of safety in their own country? Was it not proclaimed that the fall of Hegelianism, the death of all atheists and non-Christians, was to be expected by Easter 1842?

Everything has turned out differently. The Hegelian philosophy lives on, on the rostrum, in literature, in the young; it knows that all the blows dealt it up to now could do it no harm and calmly proceeds on its own course of inner development. Its influence on the nation, as proved if only by the increased rage and activity of its opponents, is rapidly growing, and Schelling has left almost all his hearers dissatisfied.

These are facts which not even the few adherents of the new Schellingian wisdom will be able to dispute with valid arguments. When the prejudices formed against Schelling were found to be

<sup>a</sup> 1 Kings 18.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> *Berliner Allgemeine Kirchenzeitung*.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> *Zeitschrift für Philosophie und spekulative Theologie*, edited by Fichte Jr.—Ed.

**Schelling**  
und die  
**Offenbarung.**

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**Kritik**  
des neuesten Reaktionsversuchs  
gegen die  
**freie Philosophie.**

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**Leipzig,**  
**Robert Binder.**  
**1842.**

Title-page of Engels' pamphlet *Schelling and Revelation*



all too fully confirmed, there was at first embarrassment as to how reverence for the old master of science should be reconciled with that frank, resolute rejection of his claims that was owed to Hegel. He soon helped us out of this dilemma, however, when he expressed himself on Hegel in a manner which released us from all consideration for the alleged successor and conqueror. It will therefore not be taken amiss if in my judgment I follow a democratic principle and without regard to persons confine myself to the matter and its history.

When in 1831 the dying Hegel left the legacy of his system to his disciples, their number was still relatively small. The system only existed in that no doubt strict and rigid, but also solid form which has since been much criticised but was nothing less than a necessity. Hegel himself, proudly confident in the strength of the Idea, had done little to popularise his doctrine. The writings he had published were all couched in a rigorously scientific, almost thorny style, and, like the *Jahrbücher für wissenschaftliche Kritik*, in which his pupils wrote after the same fashion, could count on only a small, and moreover preoccupied, public of scholars. The language did not need to be ashamed of the scars received in the struggle with thought; what was first required was to reject decidedly everything imaginary, fantastic, and emotional, and to grasp the pure thought in its self-creation. Once this secure base of operations had been achieved, it was possible to await in calm a subsequent reaction of the excluded elements and even descend into unphilosophic consciousness, since the rear was covered. The influence of Hegel's lectures always remained limited to a small circle, and although its importance there was great, it could bear fruit only in later years.

But it was only after Hegel had died that his philosophy really began to live. The publication of his collected works, particularly the lectures,<sup>122</sup> had an immeasurable effect. New doors were opened to the wonderful hidden treasure which lay in the secret depths of the earth and of whose splendour only a few had yet caught the gleam. Small had been the number of those who had had the courage to venture on their own into the labyrinth of its approaches; now there was a straight, smooth road by which the fabulous jewel could be reached. At the same time, coming from the lips of Hegel's pupils, the teaching assumed a clearer, more human form, the opposition on the part of philosophy itself became weaker and less significant, and by and by only the most hidebound theologians and jurists were heard to complain about the impertinence with which a layman was intruding into their

special field of learning. Youth seized upon the new offering the more eagerly as in the school itself an advance had meanwhile taken place which urged on to the most meaningful discussions on vital questions both of science and of practice.

The limits within which Hegel himself had confined the powerful, youthfully impetuous flood of conclusions from his teaching were conditioned partly by his time, partly by his personality. In its fundamentals Hegel's system had been completed before 1810, his world outlook by 1820. His political views, his teaching on the state, which had been developed in reference to England, bear unmistakably the stamp of the Restoration, nor did the world-historical necessity of the July revolution ever become clear to him. Hence he himself came under his own pronouncement that every philosophy is but the thought content of its own time. His personal opinions, on the other hand, were no doubt clarified by his system, but not without influencing its conclusions. Thus his philosophy of religion and of law would undoubtedly have turned out very differently if he had abstracted himself more from the positive elements which were present in him as a product of his time, and had proceeded instead from pure thought. All inconsistencies and contradictions in Hegel can be reduced to that. Everything which in the philosophy of religion appears too orthodox, and in the philosophy of law too pseudo-historical, is to be understood from this point of view. The principles are throughout independent and free-minded, the conclusions—no one denies it—sometimes cautious, even illiberal. Now some of his pupils appeared on the scene who kept to the principles and rejected the conclusions where they could not be justified. The Left wing took form; Ruge created an organ for it in the *Hallische Jahrbücher*, and overnight the abolition of the sovereignty of the positive was proclaimed. But one did not yet dare to express openly all the conclusions. Even after Strauss<sup>123</sup> one still believed oneself to be within the Christian fold, indeed, in relation to the Jews, one even prided oneself on one's Christianity; on such questions as the personality of God or the immortality of the individual one was not sufficiently clear to be able to pronounce an unreserved judgment; indeed, when one saw the inevitable conclusions approaching, one was even in doubt whether the new teaching should not remain the esoteric property of the school and be kept secret from the nation. Then Leo came out with his *Die Hegelingen* and thereby did his opponents the greatest service; and indeed, everything that was intended to bring about the ruin of this school worked to its advantage and proved to it most clearly

that it was walking hand in hand with the world spirit. Leo gave the Hegelings clarity about themselves, he reawakened in them the proud courage which follows truth to its most extreme conclusions and declares it openly and intelligibly, be the consequences what they may. It is amusing now to read what was then published in defence against Leo, to see how the poor Hegelings struggled and protested and hedged themselves with reservations against Leo's conclusions. Today not one of them thinks of denying his charges, so high has their audacity risen these past three years. Feuerbach's *Wesen des Christenthums*, Strauss' *Dogmatik*<sup>a</sup> and the *Deutsche Jahrbücher* show the fruits of Leo's denunciation; nay, *Die Posaune*<sup>b</sup> demonstrates the relevant conclusions even in Hegel. This book is so important for Hegel's position if only because it shows how often the bold, independent thinker in Hegel prevailed over the professor who was subject to a thousand influences. It is a vindication of the personality of the man of whom it was expected that he should transcend his time not only where he had genius but even where he had not. Here is the proof that he did this too.

So the "*hegelingsche Rotte*"<sup>c</sup> no longer conceals that it neither can nor will any longer regard Christianity as its limit. All the basic principles of Christianity, and even of what has hitherto been called religion itself, have fallen before the inexorable criticism of reason, the absolute idea claims to be the founder of a new era. The great upheaval of which the French philosophers of the last century were merely the forerunners has achieved in the realm of thought its completion, its self-creation. The philosophy of Protestantism since Descartes has come to an end; a new era has begun, and it is the most sacred duty of all who have followed the self-development of the spirit to transmit the immense result to the consciousness of the nation and to raise it to Germany's living principle.

During this internal development of the Hegelian philosophy, its external position did not remain unchanged either. Altenstein, the Minister through whose mediation the new doctrine had found a cradle in Prussia, died; with the subsequent changes, not only did the doctrine cease to be favoured in any way, endeavours were also made gradually to exclude it from the state. This was the consequence of the greater emphasis on principles both by the

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<sup>a</sup> The main section of D. F. Strauss' *Die christliche Glaubenslehre in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung und im Kampfe mit der modernen Wissenschaft*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> [B. Bauer,] *Die Posaune des jüngsten Gerichts über Hegel den Atheisten und Antichristen. Ein Ultimatum*.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> Hegelian gang.—Ed.

state and by philosophy; as the latter was not afraid to express what was necessary, so the former, quite naturally, insisted more definitely on its own conclusions. Prussia is a Christian-monarchic state and its position in world history entitles it to have its principles recognised as valid in fact. One may share them or not, it is enough that they are there, and Prussia is strong enough to defend them if need be. Moreover, the Hegelian philosophy has no cause for complaint on that score. Its former position threw a false light upon it and apparently attracted to it a number of adherents who could not be relied on in times of struggle. Its false friends, the egoists, the superficial, the half-hearted, the unfree, have now fortunately withdrawn and it now knows how it stands and on whom it can count. Besides, it can only welcome a sharpening of the contradictions, since its final victory is assured. So it was quite natural that men of the opposite trend were summoned as a counterweight to the hitherto dominant tendencies. The struggle against these was taken up again, and when the historical-positive faction had again found some courage, Schelling was called to Berlin to turn the scales in the struggle and to ban the Hegelian teaching from its own field of philosophy.

His appearance in Berlin was bound to arouse general excitement. He had played so prominent a role in the history of modern philosophy; in spite of all the stimulation he had given, he had never produced a finished system and had put off his settlement with science time and again, until he had now promised to give this great account of his entire life's work. And he really did undertake to achieve the reconciliation of faith and science, of philosophy and revelation, and everything else he had mentioned in his first lecture.<sup>a</sup> A further important source of heightened interest in him was the relation in which he stood to the man he had come to conquer. Already friends and roommates at the University, the two men later lived together in Jena in such intimacy that to this day it cannot be decided what influence they had on each other. One thing alone is certain, that it was Hegel who made Schelling realise how far he had already gone beyond Fichte without knowing it.\* After their separation, however, their

\* If Schelling really is as "straightforward and frank" as he claims, if he is sincere in his assertions about Hegel and has good reasons for them, he should prove it by publishing his correspondence with Hegel, which is said to be in his possession, or at least the publication of which depends only on him. But that is the tender spot. If he demands belief in his sincerity, let him come forward with this proof which would end all arguments on the issue.— *Note by Engels.*

<sup>a</sup> *Schelling's erste Vorlesung in Berlin*, 15. November 1841.— *Ed.*

paths of development, which until then had been parallel, soon began to part. Hegel, whose profound, restless dialectic only now began freely to develop after Schelling's influence had receded, made in 1806 with the *Phänomenologie des Geistes* a giant step beyond the standpoint of natural philosophy and declared his independence of it; Schelling despaired more and more of the possibility of achieving the great results he desired by the method hitherto followed and already at that time attempted to master the absolute directly by empirical assumption of a higher revelation. While Hegel's thought-creating power proved itself increasingly energetic, lively and active, Schelling, as is already evidenced by his making such an assumption, sank into an inert lassitude which soon became outwardly manifest in the slackening of his literary activity. He may well talk complacently now about his long, secret philosophical labours, about the hidden treasures in his desk, about his thirty years' war with thought, nobody will believe him. He who concentrates the entire effort of his mind on a single point, who still lays claim to the youthful vigour which overcame a *Fichte*, and wants to be a hero of science, a genius of the first order—and only such a one would be able to overthrow Hegel, as everybody must admit—would he need thirty years and more to produce a few insignificant results? If Schelling had not taken philosophising so lightly, would not all the stages in the development of his thought lie before the world in separate writings? After all, he never showed much self-control in this regard, and used to send at once anything new he found into the world without much criticism. If he still felt himself to be the king of science, how could he live without the recognition of his people, how could the miserable existence of a dethroned prince, a Charles X, how could the long since worn and faded purple of the philosophy of identity satisfy him? Should he not have dared everything to reinstate himself in his lost rights, to reconquer the throne of which a "later comer"<sup>a</sup> had deprived him? Instead, he left the road of pure thought, buried himself in mythological and theosophical fantasies and kept his system at the disposal, as it would appear, of the King of Prussia,<sup>b</sup> for at his call the never completed was at once ready. So he came here, with the reconciliation of faith and knowledge in his bag, got himself talked about and at last mounted the rostrum. And what was the New he brought, the Unheard-of with which he wanted to work wonders?

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to F. Schiller, *Die Piccolomini*, Act I, Scene 1.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Frederick William IV.—Ed.

The philosophy of revelation, on which he had lectured in Munich "since 1831 in exactly the same way", and the philosophy of mythology, which "dates from even earlier". Quite old things which had been proclaimed in Munich for ten years without success, which could captivate only a Ringseis or a Stahl. That is what Schelling calls his "system"! There lie the forces which are to save the world, the anathema against godlessness—in the seed which refused to germinate in Munich! As these lectures have been ready for ten years, why did Schelling not have them printed? With all his self-assurance and confidence in success there must be something behind this, some secret doubt must be keeping him from this step.

In appearing before the Berlin audience, he did indeed come a little closer to the public than up to now in Munich. What could there easily remain an esoteric secret teaching because nobody bothered about it, is here mercilessly forced into the light of day. Nobody is admitted to heaven before he has gone through the purgatory of criticism. Anything remarkable that is said in the University here today appears tomorrow in all German newspapers. Hence all the reasons which kept Schelling from having his lectures printed should have held him back also from moving to Berlin. Even more so, for the printed word admits no misunderstanding, while the carelessly spoken word, hastily taken down and perhaps only half heard, is indeed exposed to false interpretations. But, of course, there was now nothing else for it; he had to go to Berlin or by his action admit his inability to defeat Hegelianism. It was now also too late to go into print, for he had to bring to Berlin something new, not yet printed, and his manner here showed that he did not have anything else "in his desk".

So he confidently mounted the rostrum, and immediately promising his hearers the most tremendous things, he began his lectures before almost four hundred people, of all social positions and nations.<sup>a</sup> Of these I shall now report, on the basis of my own notes, which I have compared with the most accurate of other available records, whatever is necessary to justify my judgment.

Up to now, all philosophy has made it its task to understand the world as reasonable. What is reasonable is, of course, also necessary, and what is necessary must be, or at least become, real. This is the bridge to the great practical results of modern philosophy. If Schelling now does not acknowledge these results, it

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<sup>a</sup> See this volume, pp. 181-82.—Ed.

would have been consistent to deny also the reasonableness of the world. He dared not, however, say this outright, but preferred to deny the reasonableness of philosophy. So he makes a most devious way for himself between reason and unreason, calls the reasonable the understandable *a priori*, the unreasonable the understandable *a posteriori*, and assigns the former to the "pure science of reason or negative philosophy", the latter to a "positive philosophy" yet to be founded.

Here is the first great gulf between Schelling and all other philosophers, here is the first attempt to smuggle belief in dogma [*Autoritätsglauben*], sentimental mysticism, gnostic fantasy into the free science of thinking. The unity of philosophy, the wholeness of any world outlook, is torn apart into a most unsatisfactory dualism, the contradiction which makes up the world-historic significance of Christianity is raised to the principle of philosophy as well. Right from the start, therefore, we must protest against this division. Moreover, we shall see how invalid it is when we follow the train of thought with which Schelling seeks to justify his inability to grasp the universe as reasonable and whole. He proceeds from the scholastic dictum that in things the *quid* is to be distinguished from the *quod*, the *what* from the *that*. Reason teaches *what* things are, experience proves *that* they are. If one were to deny this distinction by maintaining the identity of thinking and being, this would be a misuse of the postulate. The result of the logical thought process is merely the thought of the world, not the real world. Reason is simply impotent to prove the existence of anything, and in this respect must accept the testimony of experience as sufficient. Philosophy, however, deals also with things which transcend all experience, with God, for example; hence the question is whether reason is capable of providing proof of their existence. To be able to answer this question, Schelling enters into a lengthy discussion which is here quite superfluous since the above premises do not admit any other answer than a decisive *No*. This is also the result of Schelling's discussion. Hence according to Schelling it necessarily follows that in pure thought reason has not to deal with really existing things, but with things as possible, with their essence, not with their being; so that its subject is God's essence, but not His existence. For the real God, therefore, a different sphere must be looked for than that of pure reason, the presupposition of existence must be granted to things which only later, *a posteriori*, have to show themselves as possible or reasonable and as accessible to experience in their consequences, that is, as real.

Here the contrast to Hegel is already set forth in all its sharpness. In that naive belief in the Idea to which Schelling is so superior, Hegel maintains that anything which is reasonable is also real; Schelling says, however, that what is reasonable is possible, and thus safeguards himself, for in view of the known extensive range of possibility, this proposition is irrefutable. But at the same time he thereby already proves what will be manifest later, namely, his unclarity concerning all purely logical categories. I could, indeed, at once point out the gap in the above battle order of conclusions through which the wicked enemy of dependence stole into the ranks of free thoughts, but I shall save this for a later occasion so as not to repeat myself, and shall at once go on to the content of the pure science of reason as Schelling construed it for his hearers to the great amusement of all Hegelians. It is the following:

Reason is the infinite power of cognition. Power is the same as ability (Kant's ability to know). As such it appears without any content, but nevertheless it has one, and indeed, without its own doing, without action on its part, for otherwise it would, of course, cease to be power, since power and action are opposites. This content, which is thus necessarily immediate, innate, can only be the infinite power of being, corresponding to the infinite power of cognition, since to every cognition there corresponds something which has being. This power of being, this infinite ability to be, is the substance from which we must derive our concepts. To be occupied with it is pure, self-immanent thinking. This pure ability to be is not just a readiness to exist but the concept of being itself, that which by its nature is eternally passing over into concept, or that which is about to pass over into being, that which cannot be prevented from being and is therefore passing over from thinking into being. This is the mobile nature of thinking, according to which it cannot stop at mere thinking but must constantly pass over into being. This is, however, no passing over into real being but only a logical passing over. So instead of the pure power there appears something that logically is being. But since the infinite power stands in the relation of the prius to that which itself originates in thinking by passing over into being, and since only everything that really is being corresponds to the infinite power, reason possesses as its integral content the power to assume an *a priori* attitude to being and thus, without having recourse to experience, to arrive at the content of everything that really is being. That which occurs in reality reason has recognised as logically necessary possibility. It does not know whether the world



exists; it only knows that if it does, it must be of such and such a nature.

Hence, the fact that reason is power compels us to regard its content also as potential. Hence God cannot be the immediate content of reason, for He is something real, not merely potential, possible. In the power of being we first discover the possibility to pass over into being. This being takes away from the power the domination over itself. Before, the power dominated being; it could pass over into it or not. Now it has fallen to being, is under its sway. This is being without mind, without concept, for mind is power over being. This conceptless being is no longer to be found in nature, it has already all been taken possession of by form; but it is easy to see that this condition was preceded by a blind, boundless being, which lies at its basis as matter. But power is this freedom, this infinity, which can pass over into being or not, so that the two contradictory opposites in it, being and not-being, are not mutually exclusive. This second ability—also not to pass over into being—is the equal of the first, as long as the first remains power. Only when that which is immediately able to be actually passes over into being is the other excluded from it. The indifference of the two in the power then ceases, for now the first possibility posits the second outside itself. The ability to realise itself is given to this second only by the exclusion of the first. As in the infinite power the ability to pass over and the ability not to pass over do not exclude each other, so also they do not exclude that which hovers freely between being and not-being. Thus we have three powers. In the first a direct relation to being, in the second an indirect relation, which is able to be only by the exclusion of the first. So we now have 1) that which inclines to being; 2) that which inclines to not-being; 3) that which hovers freely between being and not-being. Before the act of passing over, the third is not distinct from the direct power and so will only become being when it is excluded by the first two; it can only come to be when the first two have passed over into being. With this all possibilities are completed and the inner organism of reason is exhausted in this totality of powers. The first possibility is only that before which there can only be the infinite power itself. There is something which, when it has left the realm of possibility, is only one, but until it has decided to do so, it is *instar omnium*, the directly imminent, also that which resists, which offers resistance to the other that is destined to succeed it. By yielding its position it transfers its might to another, raising it to power. To this other that is raised to power it will subordinate itself as

relative not-being. At first there appears that which can be in the transitive sense, which is therefore also the most accidental, the least substantiated, which can find its basis only in the subsequent, not in the preceding. Only in subordinating itself to this subsequent, in becoming, by comparison, a relative not-being, does it obtain substantiation, only thus does it become something, since alone it would only be lost. This first is the *prima materia* of all being, itself arriving at determined being by placing above itself something higher. The second thing with the ability to be is only posited and raised into its power by the above exclusion of the first from its placidity; that which in itself is not yet able to be, now becomes something able to be through the negation. From its original indirect ability to be, it is posited as placid, calm willing and so it will necessarily work towards negating that by which it was itself negated, and thus towards returning into its own placid being. This can only come to pass by the first being brought back from its absolute alienation into its ability to be. Thus we obtain a superior ability to be, a being which has been brought back to its ability to be, which as something higher is a being with power over itself. Since with the direct ability to be the infinite power is not exhausted, the second within it must be the direct ability only not to be. But that which has the direct ability to be is already superior to the ability; hence, the second power must be the direct non-ability not to be, the perfectly pure being, for only the being is not the being able to be. The pure being can certainly be power, however contradictory this may seem, for it is not real being, it has not, like the latter, passed a *potentia ad actum*, but is *actus purus*. It is, of course, not immediate power, but from that it does not follow that it cannot be power at all. It must be negated in order to be realised; thus it is not power everywhere and throughout, but can become power through negation. As long as that which is immediately capable of being remained mere power, it was itself pure being; as soon as it raises itself above power, it presses the pure being out of its own being so as itself to become being. Pure being, negated as *actus purus*, thus becomes power. So it has no freedom of will but must work in order again to negate its negation. In this way it could indeed pass over *ab actu ad potentiam* and thus be realised outside itself. The first, the boundless being, was the non-willed, the *hyle*, with which the demiurge has to wrestle. It is posited so as at once to be negated by the second power. A bounded being must take the place of the boundless being, it must be led by stages back into the ability to be, and then is an ability which is self-possessing and, at the

highest stage, conscious of itself. So between the first and the second possibility there lie a mass of derived possibilities and medium powers. These are already the concrete world. If the power that was posited outside itself is fully brought back into ability, into self-possessing power, the second power, too, will leave the scene, because it is only there to negate the first and in the act of negating the first dissolves itself as power. The more it overcomes the opposing being, the more it destroys itself. *At this stage it is not possible to stop.* If the being is to be completed, in place of the being which was entirely overcome by the second power a third must be posited to which the second power completely transfers its might. This can be neither pure ability to be nor pure being, but only that which in being is ability to be and in ability to be is being, the contradiction of power and being posited as identity, that which hovers freely between the two, *the spirit*, an inexhaustible source of being, which is quite free and in being does not cease to remain power. This cannot work directly but can only be made actual through the second power. Since now the second is that which mediates between the first and the third, the third is posited by that first which was overcome by the second. This third, which remains unconquered in being, is, posited as spirit, that which is able to be and which consummates, so that with its entry into being the consummate being is there. In the self-possessing ability, in the spirit, lies the consummation of nature. This last can also devote itself to a new, consciously produced movement and so form for itself a new, intellectual world standing above nature. This possibility, too, must be exhausted by science, which thereby becomes philosophy of nature and philosophy of spirit.

Through this process everything that is not immanent in thinking, that has passed over into being, is eliminated and there remains the power which no longer needs to pass over into being, which no longer has being outside itself, whose ability to be is its being; the entity which is no longer subordinate to being, but is its being in its truth, what is called the supreme being. Thus the supreme law of thinking is fulfilled, power and action are together in one being, thinking is now by itself and hence is *free thinking*, no longer subject to an unceasing, necessary movement. Here that which was willed in the beginning has been reached, the self-possessing concept (for concept and power are identical) which, because it is unique of its kind, has a special name and, because it is that which was willed from the beginning, is called the Idea. For he who in thinking will not look to the result, whose philosophy is

not conscious of its purpose, *is like a painter who simply goes on painting, and the outcome can take care of itself.*

So far Schelling has communicated to us the content of his negative philosophy, and these outlines are perfectly sufficient to recognise the fantastic, illogical character of his mode of thinking. He is no longer capable of moving in pure thinking even for a short time; every moment the most fabulous, most bizarre phantoms cross his path, so that the great horses drawing his carriage of thought rear and shy and he himself abandons his goal to chase after these phantoms. That the three powers, when reduced to their naked thought content, are nothing but the three elements of the Hegelian course of development through negation, only torn apart, fixed in their separateness and dressed up by "philosophy which is conscious of its purpose" in accordance with that purpose, can be seen at first glance. It is a sad spectacle to watch Schelling drag thought down from its lofty, pure ether into the region of sensory perception, strike from its head the true golden crown and make it stagger about, drunk with the fog and mist of the unaccustomed, romantic atmosphere, in a crown of gilded paper, to be the laughing-stock of the street urchins. These so-called powers are no longer thoughts at all, they are nebulous, fantastic shapes in which the outlines of the three divine hypostases already shine clearly through the veil of cloud which mysteriously envelops them. Indeed, they already have a certain self-consciousness: one "inclines" to being, the other to not-being, the third "hovers freely" between the two. They "yield place to each other", they have different "positions", they "crowd" each other, they "resist", they fight each other, they "seek to negate themselves", they "work" and "endeavour", etc. This strange sensualisation of thought again arises from a misunderstanding of the Hegelian logic. That powerful dialectic, that inner motive force which constantly drives the individual thought categories, as if it were the bad conscience of their imperfection and one-sidedness, to ever new development and rebirth until they arise from the grave of negation for the last time as absolute idea in imperishable, immaculate splendour, Schelling has been able to grasp in no other way than as the self-consciousness of the individual categories, while in fact it is the self-consciousness of the general, of thinking, of the Idea. He wants to raise the language of emotion to an absolutely scientific language without first having shown us pure thought in a language that alone is suitable to it. On the other hand, he is equally incapable of grasping the concept of being in its complete abstraction, as he shows if only by

constantly using as synonymous the concepts of being and of that which is. Being is thinkable for him only as matter, as *hyle*, as wild chaos. In addition we now already have several such matters, a "boundless being", a "bounded being", a "pure being", a "logical being", a "real being", a "placid being", and later we shall get, besides, an "unpremeditable being" and a "contrary being". It is amusing to see how these different beings collide and crowd each other out, how power has only the choice of losing itself in this chaotic mass or remaining an empty phantom. Do not tell me that this is only because of the figurative language; on the contrary, this gnostic-oriental dream thinking, which conceives every thought category either as personality or as matter, is the basis of the whole process. Take away the mode of looking at things and everything collapses. Even the basic categories, power and action, derive from a time of confusion, and Hegel was quite right when he threw these hazy categories out of logic. Schelling makes confusion worse confused and uses this opposition by turns, as it suits him, for the following Hegelian categories: being in itself and being for itself, ideality and reality, force and manifestation, possibility and actuality, and in all this power is, moreover, a separate, sensory-supersensory essence. The chief meaning which Schelling attributes to it is, however, that of possibility, and so we have a philosophy based on possibility. In this respect, Schelling rightly calls his science of reason the "none-exclusive" science, for in the end everything is possible. What matters, however, is that thought should prove its worth by its inner force to become real. The Germans will decline a philosophy which drags them along a bumpy road through the infinitely boring Sahara of possibility without giving them anything real to eat and drink and without leading them to any other goal than where the world, according to it, is boarded up to reason.

But let us give ourselves the trouble to follow the road through Nothing. Schelling says: Essence is for concept, being for cognition. Reason is the infinite power of cognition, its content the infinite power of being, as set out above. But now he suddenly starts actually to take cognisance of the infinite power of being through the power of cognition. Can he do it? No, cognition is *actus*, to *actus* corresponds *actus*, "to cognition corresponds a being", hence to the above actual cognition corresponds the actual, real being. Hence, against its will, reason would have to cognise real being, and in spite of all endeavour to keep to the high seas of possibility we would at once be thrown on the hated beach of actuality.

But, it is objected, the power of being is only cognised after its transition, which is certainly a logical one. Schelling himself indeed says that logical being and power of being, concept and power, are identical. When therefore the power of *cognition* actually passes over into *actus*, the power of *being* cannot be satisfied with a pretended, fictitious transition. If the power of being does not actually make the transition, it remains power, cannot be cognised by reason, and therefore is not the "necessary content of reason" but, on the contrary, the absolutely irrational.

Or will Schelling call the activity which reason applies to its content not cognition, but, perhaps, conception? Then reason would have to be the infinite power of conception, since in its own science it would never attain to cognition.

On the one hand, Schelling excludes existence from reason; on the other, he restores it to reason with cognition. Cognition is for him the unity of concept and existence, of logic and the empirical. Hence, contradictions at every turn. How is that?

Is reason then the infinite *power* of cognition? Is the eye the power of seeing? The eye, even the closed eye, continues to see, it still sees darkness even if it believes it is not seeing anything. Only the diseased eye, the curably blind, is power of seeing without being *actus*; only the undeveloped or momentarily confused reason is mere *power* of cognition. But then does it not appear so plausible to understand reason as power? It is that, too, and not mere possibility, but absolute force, necessity of cognition. That, however, must manifest itself, must cognise. The separation of power and *actus*, of force and manifestation, belongs only to the finite; in the infinite, power is itself its *actus*, the force its own manifestation. For the infinite does not tolerate any contradiction within itself. If now reason is infinite power, then by virtue of this infinity it is also infinite *actus*. Otherwise the power itself would be conceived as finite. That is already the case in naive consciousness. Reason which does not get beyond the power of cognition is called unreason. Only that reason is accepted as reason which really proves itself by cognition, the eye only as a true eye if it sees. Here the contradiction between power and *actus* is at once seen as soluble and in the last resort void, and this solution is a triumph of Hegelian dialectic over Schelling's narrowness, which never got beyond this contradiction; for even where power and *actus* are supposed to coincide in the Idea, this is merely asserted, and the fusion of the two concepts is not shown.

But when Schelling says: Reason is conceiving, and since concept is power, it is power to cognise, which only becomes real cognition

when it finds something real to cognise; on the other hand, in the pure science of reason, where it is concerned with the power of being, reason does not go beyond the power of cognition and merely conceives—then nobody, even apart from the above discussion on power and *actus*, will deny that the purpose of the power of cognition is actually to pass on to cognition, and that it is nothing so long as it does not do this. So it turns out that the content of the pure science of reason is hollow, empty, useless, and that reason when it fulfills its purpose and actually cognises becomes unreason. If Schelling admits that the essence of reason is unreason, I have, of course, nothing more to say.

So from the very start Schelling has got himself so tied up with his powers, transitions and correspondences that the only way out of the confusion of logical and real being, in which he does not want to be entangled, is the recognition of a line of thought other than his own. But let us proceed.

Reason is now to conceive in this fashion the content of all actual being and take up an *a priori* attitude towards it; it is not supposed to prove that something exists, but that if something exists it must be of such and such a nature, in contrast to Hegel's assertion that with thought real existence is also given. These statements are again downright confused. It has not occurred either to Hegel or anyone else to want to prove the existence of anything without empirical premises; he merely proves the necessity of that which exists. Schelling here understands reason just as abstractly as earlier he understood power and *actus* and is in consequence driven to assign to it an existence prior to that of the world and separated from all other existence. The conclusion of modern philosophy, which was at least among the premises of Schelling's earlier philosophy, and of which Feuerbach first made us conscious in all its sharpness, is that reason cannot possibly exist except as mind, and that mind can only exist in and with nature, and does not lead, so to say, a life apart, in separateness from it, God knows where. Schelling himself admits this when he describes as the aim of individual immortality not the liberation of mind from nature, but the proper balance of the two; also when he says further of Christ that he was not *dissolved into the universe* but was raised as a man on the right hand of God. (So the remaining two divine persons must have been dissolved in the universe after all?) But if reason exists, then its own existence is proof of the existence of nature. So the necessity exists that the power of being must pass over at once into the *actus* of being. Or, to use a very humdrum phrase, intelligible even without Feuerbach and Hegel:

So long as one abstracts from all existence one cannot talk about it at all. But if one starts from something existing it is, of course, possible to go on from that to other things, which, all conclusions being correctly drawn, must also exist. If the existence of the premises is admitted, the existence of the conclusion stands to reason. Now the basis of all philosophy is the existence of reason; this existence is proved by its activity (*cogito, ergo sum*); if therefore one proceeds from reason as existing, the existence of all its consequences follows of itself. No philosopher has yet denied that the existence of reason is a premise; and if Schelling does not want to admit this premise let him keep out of philosophy altogether. Thus Hegel could indeed prove the existence of nature, i.e., that it is a necessary consequence of the existence of reason. But Schelling, who wants to make his way into an abstract and empty immanence of thinking, forgets that all his operations are obviously based on the existence of reason and makes the ridiculous demand that real reason should have unreal, merely logical results, that a real apple-tree should produce only logical, potential apples. Such an apple-tree is usually called barren; Schelling would say: the infinite power of an apple-tree.

If then Hegel's categories are called not only the models according to which, but also the generating forces through which the things of this world have been created, this means nothing else than that they deduce the thought-content of the world and its necessary consequence from the existence of reason. Schelling, on the other hand, takes reason really for something which could also exist outside the world organism and so places its true realm in the hollow, empty abstraction, in the "aeon before the creation of the world", which, fortunately, however, has never existed and in which reason still less ever found itself or even felt happy. But here we see how extremes meet: Schelling cannot grasp the concrete thought and drives it on to the most dizzying abstraction, which at once appears to him again as a sensory image, so that precisely this muddle of abstraction and conception is characteristic of Schelling's scholastic-mystic way of thinking.

We get new proofs of this when we turn to the exposition of the content of "negative philosophy". The power of being serves as the basis. The caricature of Hegelian dialectic is most obvious. The power can make a transition, but it can also refrain from doing so, as it wishes. So in the retort of reason the two chemical components, being and not-being, are separated from the neutral power. If it were at all possible to bring back the business of power to sound reason, here would be the place where a



dialectical element shows itself and Schelling seems to divine that the essence of power is the necessity of transition and that power is only abstracted from the *actus* of reality. But no, he becomes more and more entangled in the one-sided abstraction. He lets the power make a trial transition and discovers the great thought that after the transition it has forfeited the chance *not* to make it. At the same time he discovers in the power a third thing, the possibility not to do either and to hover freely between the two. These three possibilities or powers, it is declared, include all reasonable content, all possible being.

The possibility to be becomes actual being. With that the second possibility, the ability also not to be, is negated. Will it seek to reconstitute itself? How can it do so when it is not overcome by a mere negation in the Hegelian sense, but is totally destroyed, reduced to nothing, to such radical not-being as can only occur in a philosophy of possibility? Crushed, swallowed, devoured, how should this possibility still have the strength to reconstitute itself? For not only the second possibility, but even the primeval power, the subject to which that second possibility is a mere predicate, is negated, and so not the latter, but the former, the primeval power, must seek to reconstitute itself. But that cannot at all be its intention—to stick to Schelling's way of looking at things—for it is bound to know beforehand that by becoming *actus*, it would negate itself as power. Such a reconstitution can occur only when *persons*, not categories, negate themselves. Only boundless misunderstanding, a monstrous passion for would-be improvement could so thoughtlessly distort the principle of Hegel's dialectic which is here clearly the basis. How undialectical the whole process is can also be shown thus: If the two sides in the power have equal strength, then, without an impulse from outside, it does not decide to make the transition at all and remains as before. Then, of course, the whole process would not take place, and Schelling would not know where to derive the prototypes of the world, of the spirit and the Christian Trinity. So one fails to see the necessity for the whole thing, it remains obscure why the power takes leave of its lovely potential peace, subjects itself to being, etc., and the whole process rests from the start on arbitrariness. If this happens in the "necessary" thinking, what will not occur in the "free"! But that is just the point: this transition must remain arbitrary, for otherwise Schelling would be admitting the necessity of the world and this does not fit into his positivism. But here again is proof that power is only power as *actus*, but without *actus* is only a hollow, empty absurdity with which even Schelling cannot

be contented. For with empty power he is left without content, this only appears when the power becomes *actus*, and so against his will he has to acknowledge the untruth of the opposition of power and *actus*.

Let us return once more to the second power, of which Schelling makes the most wonderful fuss. We have seen above how it was negated, reduced to nothing. Now Schelling says further: Since the first is that which can be, it is its opposite, everything except that which can be, hence the wholly pure being, *actus purus*! This, however, must already have lain in the primeval power, but how does it get there? How does that which is "averse to being, inclined to not-being", etc., suddenly become wholly pure being; how does "pure being" differ from "boundless being"; why is there no other possibility for that which cannot be, but to be that which is? To that we get no reply. Instead we are assured that this, the second power, leads the first, which has become boundless, back into the condition of ability and thereby reconstitutes and at the same time—destroys itself! Who can understand that? Furthermore, this reduction process is fixed in its stages by the stages of nature. That nature should be the outcome is incomprehensible. Why, for example, is the boundless being the *hyle*? Because Schelling thought of the *hyle* from the start and worked towards it; otherwise this being could have anything else as its sensory or spiritual content. That the stages of nature are to be conceived as powers is also incomprehensible. In that way the deadeast, the inorganic, would have to be that which has the highest degree of being, the organic rather than that which is able to be; but one can only regard this as a mystical image in which all thought-content has been lost.

Now instead of conceiving the third power, the spirit—for again we can see Schelling working towards it from afar—as the highest quantitative stage of the first, which has been overcome by the second, and in which at the same time a qualitative change takes place, Schelling again does not know where to derive it from. "Science is looking round for a third." "One cannot stop here." "In place of the being overcome by the second power, a third must be posited." These are the magic flourishes with which he conjures up the *spirit*. Now we learn how this spirit, which has made its entrance through *generatio primitiva*, is constituted. If we think of nature, it is, of course, evident that, given these premises, the spirit is to be understood as self-possessing ability to be (not mere ability), which, of course, is already bad enough; but if we abstract from this future nature, which will perhaps never even

come, if we keep to the pure powers, it is impossible to grasp, try as one may, that the first power, which has been brought back into ability to be by the second, can be anything but the primeval power. Schelling seems to have felt in Hegel the depth of the mediation which has passed through the negation and the opposition, but it is beyond him to achieve anything like it. With him there are two things, indifferent to each other, one of which pushes the other aside, whereupon the second reconquers its place and drives the first back to its original position. Nothing else than the initial state can possibly result. Moreover, if the first is strong enough to push the second aside, where does the second suddenly find the strength to go over, after an unsuccessful defensive, to the offensive and drive the first away? I will say nothing about the unfortunate definition of the spirit; it refutes itself and the entire process of which it is the result.

So we would now have happily worked through this so-called process of development and could pass on to other things, if Schelling, after finally the spirit had concluded all, had not held out for us the prospect of another, intellectual world, the coping-stone of which he calls the Idea. How Schelling, *after* the concrete nature and the living spirit, can now bring out the abstract idea (in this position it can indeed only be abstract), is quite incomprehensible, and Schelling should have justified this, since he rejects the contrary position of the Hegelian Idea. He arrives at this through his mania for having the absolute decidedly at the end of philosophy, and through his failure to comprehend how Hegel actually achieved this. The absolute is, however, the self-knowing spirit, and that, it is to be supposed, is what Schelling's Idea is too; but according to Schelling this spirit is to be a postulate at the end of the negative philosophy. But that again is a contradiction. History cannot come into this philosophy since it has nothing to do with actuality; on the other hand, it is the philosophy of spirit, the crown of which is the philosophy of world history; moreover, the negative science is supposed to "exhaust this last possibility of a consciously occurring process" (which can only be history). Where does that leave us? This much is certain, that if Schelling had a philosophy of history, the self-knowing spirit would appear to him not as a postulate, but as a result. The self-knowing spirit is, however, a long way from being the concept of the personal God, as Schelling claims for the Idea.

When Schelling had got thus far, he claimed that it had been his endeavour forty years earlier to give a coherent presentation of the science just outlined. The philosophy of identity, he said, had

been intended only as this negative philosophy. Its slow, gradual elevation above Fichte had at least in part been intentional:

"He had wished to avoid all abrupt transitions, to keep the continuity of philosophical development, and even flattered himself with the hope perhaps some time later to bring Fichte himself over to his side."

As if we did not know Hegel's previously quoted saying or how little Schelling knew himself. The subject, which in the philosophy of identity comprised within itself all positive content, is now declared to be power. Already in this philosophy it is supposed that all the stages of nature are being relative to the next higher stages, which are themselves ability to be and, in turn, being relative to their higher stages, so that what is there called subject and object here becomes ability to be and being until the final outcome is no longer that which relatively has being, but that which absolutely has "super-being", the identity, no longer the mere indifference, of thinking and being, of power and *actus*, subject and object. Everything in this philosophy, however, according to Schelling, had been stated "presupposing the pure science of reason", and the worst misunderstanding was that the whole was taken for a not merely logical but also a real process, that this philosophy was thought to infer from a principle that was true in itself, the truth of all that followed. Only when this philosophy had reached its conclusion, did being, which was no longer able to alienate itself, remain stationary in its full splendour and see nature and spirit beneath it as its throne to which it had been raised; yet, for all its sublimity this was no more than a construction of thought and only to be transformed into a real process by a complete reversal.

For the moment we will leave it open whether this presentation of the philosophy of identity has not been adapted to Schelling's present views, whether forty years ago he cared as little for the reality of his thoughts as now, and whether it would not have been better to remove the "greatest misunderstanding" with two words, which could easily have been done, instead of maintaining a superior silence; we shall go on directly to the judgment of the man who "pushed" Schelling "out of his place", without the latter hitherto having been able to "negate that which has negated him".

Schelling says that while almost everybody understood the philosophy of identity wrongly and superficially, Hegel rescued its fundamental thought and acknowledged it to the last, as testified by his *Vorlesungen über die Geschichte der Philosophie*. Hegel erred in that he took the philosophy of identity for the absolute philosophy and did not acknowledge that there are things which go beyond it.

Its limit was the ability to be; he went beyond that and drew being into its compass. His basic error was that he wished to turn it into an existential system. He believed the philosophy of identity had the absolute for its subject not merely in essence, but in existence. By bringing existence into it, he leaves the sphere of development of pure reason. So he is consistent when he begins his science with pure being and thereby denies the prius of existence. Thus it came about that he was only immanent in the non-immanent, for being is that which is non-immanent in thinking. Then he claims to have demonstrated the absolute in logic. So he had the absolute twice, at the end of logic, where it is derived in exactly the same way as at the end of the philosophy of identity, and at the end of the whole process. This shows, therefore, that logic is not to be premised as the first part of the development but should rather pervade the whole process. Hegel defines logic as a subjective science in which thinking is in and with itself alone, prior to and outside all actuality. And yet thinking is supposed to have the *actual*, real idea as its terminal point. While with its first step the philosophy of identity is within nature, Hegel throws nature out of logic and thereby declares it illogical. The abstract concepts of Hegel's logic do not belong to the beginning of philosophy; they can enter it only when consciousness has absorbed the whole of nature, for they are mere abstractions from nature. So there can be no question of objective logic in Hegel, for just where nature, the object, begins, logic ceases. So in logic the Idea is in the process of becoming, but only in the thought of the philosopher; its objective life only begins when it has arrived at consciousness. But as actually existing, it is already at the end of logic—hence it is impossible to continue with it. For the Idea as absolute subject-object, as ideal-real, is complete in itself and incapable of further progress; how then can it still pass over into the other, into nature? Here it becomes clear that in the pure science of reason there can be no question of an actually existing nature. What concerns actual existence must be reserved for positive philosophy.

The error of this presentation rests mainly on the naive belief that Hegel did not advance beyond Schelling's standpoint and that, moreover, he misunderstood it. We have seen that, try as he will, Schelling cannot get away from existence, and therefore there is hardly any need to justify Hegel for not making this claim of abstract ideality. Even if Schelling could abide by the pure power, his own existence should convince him that the power has made the transition, hence that all consequences of mere logical being now belong in the real, and hence the "absolute" exists. After

that, why does he still need positive philosophy? If the logical absolute follows from the logical world, the existing absolute follows from the existing world. But that Schelling cannot be content with this and now in addition assumes a positive philosophy of faith shows how strongly the empirical, extra-mundane existence of the absolute contradicts all reason, and how strongly Schelling himself feels this. Because Schelling now seeks to pull down to his own low level the Hegelian Idea, which stands infinitely high above the absolute of the philosophy of identity since it is what the other merely pretends to be, he cannot grasp the relation of the Idea to nature and spirit. Schelling again conceives the Idea as an extra-mundane being, as a personal God, a thing which never occurred to Hegel. For Hegel the reality of the Idea is nothing but—nature and spirit. That is also why Hegel does not have the absolute twice. At the end of logic the Idea is there as ideal-real, but for that very reason it is, of course, also nature. If it is only expressed as Idea it is merely ideal, merely logically existing. The ideal-real absolute, complete in itself, is nothing but the unity of nature and spirit in the Idea. Schelling, however, still conceives the absolute as absolute subject, for, although it is filled with the content of objectivity, it still remains subject without becoming object, i. e., the absolute is for him real only in the shape of the personal God. He should leave him out altogether and keep to the pure definition of the concept in which it is not a question of personality. So the absolute is not real outside nature and mind. If it were, they would, of course, both be superfluous. Hence, if in logic it was a question of the ideal definitions of the Idea as real in nature and mind, it is now a question of this reality itself, of the demonstration of these definitions in existence, which is the final test and at the same time the highest stage of philosophy. So an advance out of logic is indeed not only possible but necessary, and in the self-conscious, infinite mind this very advance returns to the Idea. So we can see the nullity of Schelling's assertions that Hegel declares nature illogical (which Schelling, by the way, at once declares the whole world to be), that his logic, the necessary, self-active development of thought, is "subjective science, and that objective logic cannot exist at all since it is philosophy of nature and this philosophy has been thrown out of logic". As if the objectivity of science consisted in its regarding an *external* object as such! If Schelling calls logic subjective, there is no reason not<sup>a</sup> to declare the philosophy of

<sup>a</sup> There is an obvious misprint here in the German text, where *nicht* (not) is missing.—Ed.

nature also subjective, for the same subject which thinks here also thinks there, and it does not matter, of course, what content is under consideration. Hegel's objective logic, however, does not develop the thoughts, it *lets* them develop *themselves*, and the thinking subject is, as mere spectator, quite accidental.

Passing on to the philosophy of spirit, Schelling now proceeds from those utterances in which Hegel's philosophy is at war with his personal inclinations and prejudices. The religious-philosophical side of the Hegelian system gives him occasion to point out contradictions between premises and conclusions which have long since been discovered and acknowledged by the Young Hegelian school. Thus he says quite correctly: This philosophy wants to be Christian, to which, however, nothing whatever compels it; if it maintained its original attitude as science of reason, it would have its truth in itself.—He then concludes his remarks by acknowledging Hegel's statement that art, religion and philosophy are the ultimate forms of achieving the absolute. Only since art and religion transcend the pure science of reason, this philosophy—and this he takes for the dialectical point of the statement—would also have to do so and be a second philosophy, different from the former one. But where does Hegel say this? At the end of the *Phänomenologie*, where he has the whole of logic before him as a second philosophy. Phenomenology, however—here stands out the very opposite of Schelling's interpretation—was not the pure science of reason, but only the path to it, the raising of the empirical, of sensory consciousness to the level of the pure science of reason. Not logical, but phenomenological consciousness finds these three before it as ultimate “possibilities to assure itself of the existence of the absolute super-being”. Logical, free consciousness sees quite different things, with which, however, we need not concern ourselves for the moment; it *has* the absolute already in itself.

So the difficult step will have been taken and the apostasy from pure reason openly pronounced. Since the scholastics, Schelling is the first to have dared this step; for Jacobi and his like do not count, since they represented their time only in certain aspects, never in its wholeness. For the first time for five hundred years a hero of science stands up and declares science the servant of faith. He has done it—the consequences be on his head. We can only be glad that the man who was a representative of his time like no one else, in whom his century came to self-consciousness, that this man is declared also by Schelling the finest flower of the science of

reason. Let him who believes in the omnipotence of reason take to heart this testimony of an enemy.

Schelling describes positive philosophy as follows: It is quite independent of negative philosophy and cannot start with the end of this philosophy as something existing, but must itself first demonstrate existence. The end of the negative philosophy is in the positive philosophy not a principle but a task; the beginning of the positive philosophy is absolute through itself. The unity of the two has never existed, nor could it be achieved either by suppressing one or by mixing the two. It can be proved that the two have always been in conflict with each other. (Here follows the attempt at such a demonstration from Socrates to Kant, in whom empiricism and apriorism are claimed to be again sharply separated. We must pass over this, since it remains without any result.) Now positive philosophy is, however, not pure empiricism, least of all of the kind which is based on inner, mystic-theosophical experience; it has its principle in that which occurs neither in mere thinking nor in experience, but in the absolutely transcendental, which goes beyond all experience and all thinking and precedes both. Hence the beginning must not be a relative prius, as in pure thinking, where the power has the transition before it, but the absolute prius, so that we proceed not from concept to being but from being to concept. This transition is not necessary, like the first, but is the consequence of a free act which overcomes being and is proved *a posteriori* empirically. For if it can be immaterial to negative philosophy, which rests on logical consistency, whether there is a world and whether this world agrees with its construction, positive philosophy progresses through *free* thinking and so must find its confirmation in experience, with which it has to keep pace. If negative philosophy is pure apriorism, positive philosophy is *a priori* empiricism. Since in it a free thinking, i.e., a thinking with volition, is presupposed, its proofs are also only for the willing, and the "wise"; one must not only understand it but have the *will* to feel its power. If revelation is also among the objects of experience, then it belongs as much to positive philosophy as to nature and mankind, and has therefore no other authority for this philosophy than for anything else; as for astronomy, for example, the movements of the planets are indeed authorities with which the calculations have to agree. If it is claimed that without preceding revelation philosophy would not have arrived at this result, this is correct, of course, in a way, but now philosophy can also do it by itself. Just as there are people who, when they have once discerned small fixed stars with the



telescope, can afterwards see them also with the naked eye and hence are no longer dependent on the telescope. Philosophy must take in Christianity, which is as much reality as are nature and mind, yet not only revelation, but the inner necessity of the merely logical philosophy forces it to transcend itself. Negative philosophy brings everything only to the point of cognisability and then hands it over to the other sciences; only the one ultimate thing it cannot bring to this point and that is the thing most worthy of cognition; this it must take up again in a new philosophy which has the task to demonstrate precisely this ultimate thing as existing. Thus negative philosophy becomes philosophy only in relation to positive philosophy. If negative philosophy were alone, it would have no real result, and reason would be void; in positive philosophy it triumphs; reason, which in negative philosophy was bowed down, again stands erect.

I hardly need say anything in elucidation of these Schellingian propositions; they explain themselves. But if we compare them with the promises Schelling made in the beginning, what a difference is revealed! Philosophy was to be revolutionised, a teaching was to develop which would put an end to the negative philosophy of recent years, the reconciliation of faith and knowledge was approaching, and in the end what is the outcome? A teaching which has no foundation either in itself or in anything else that has been proved. Here, it is based on a thinking freed from all logical necessity, that is, an arbitrary, empty thinking; there, on something of which precisely the reality is in question, and of which the claims are disputed, namely, revelation. What a naive demand that in order to cure oneself of doubt one must cast away doubt! "Well, if you don't believe, there is no help for you!" What did Schelling come to Berlin for? Instead of his positive treasure he should have brought with him a refutation of Strauss' *Leben Jesu*, of Feuerbach's *Wesen des Christenthums*, etc.; then he might have done something; as it is, the Hegelians prefer to remain stuck in the notorious "blind alley" rather than "place themselves at his mercy"; and the positive theologians will also prefer to continue to work from revelation rather than steep themselves deeper in it. Then, too, his admission, repeated day after day since the New Year, that he wishes to give neither proof of Christianity nor any speculative dogma but merely a contribution to the explanation of Christianity, falls into place. The need of negative philosophy to transcend itself, as we have seen, has not much to it either. If the assumption of the transition *a potentia ad actum* leads necessarily to the logical God dependent only on this

assumption, the empirically demonstrated real transition leads to the real God, and positive science is superfluous.

Schelling takes the transition to positive philosophy from the ontological proof of the existence of God. God cannot exist by chance, hence "*if He exists*", He exists of necessity. This clause inserted in the gap of the argument is quite correct. So God can only be that which is in and *before* itself (not *for* itself; Schelling is so furious with Hegel that he even thinks he must criticise his expressions as misuse of language and improve on them), i.e., He exists before Himself, before His divinity. So He is blind being, prior to all thinking. But since it is doubtful whether He exists, we must proceed from that blind being, and see whether we cannot arrive at the concept of God from there. Hence, if in negative philosophy the principle is the thinking which precedes all being, in positive philosophy it is the being which precedes all thinking. This blind being is the necessary being; God, however, is not this being but that which of necessity "*is necessary*"; the necessary being alone is the ability to be of the supreme being. Blind being is that which requires no substantiation, since it precedes all thinking. Thus positive philosophy begins with something altogether beyond concepts so as to make it a *posteriori*, as God, conceivable and the immanent content of reason. Here only is the latter free and has escaped from the realm of necessary thinking.

This "blind being" is *hyle*, the eternal matter of earlier philosophy. That it develops itself into God is at least new. Up to now it has always been the dualistic principle opposed to God. But let us consider further the content of positive philosophy.

This blind being, which can also be called "unpremeditable being", is the *purus actus* of existence and the identity of essence and being (which in the case of God is described as aseity). But this, it seems, cannot serve as the basis of a process, since it lacks all motive force, which lies only in power. But why should the *actus purus* be denied all possibility of subsequently also becoming power; it does not follow that the being which is cannot *post actum* also be that which has ability to be. Unpremeditable being can afterwards be given the possibility—nothing stands in the way—of letting a second being emerge from itself. Blind being thereby becomes power, for it receives something which it can will and so becomes master of its own blind being. If it releases this second being, the first blind being is only *potentia actus purus* and is thus self-possessing being (but all this is only hypothesis which has to be proved by success); only by differentiation from the second does it become conscious of itself as necessary by its nature; blind

being appears as accidental because it is not foreseen, and so has to prove itself necessary by overcoming its opposite. This is the ultimate ground of the being which stands in opposition to it, and hence the ultimate ground of the world. The law that everything must become clear and nothing remain hidden is the supreme law of all being; not, of course, a law that stands above God, but one which first sets Him free, and is therefore already itself a divine law. This great world law, this world dialectic, is simply unwilling that there should be anything undecided. It alone can solve the great riddles. Nay, God is so just that He acknowledges that opposed principle to the very end and until all contradiction is exhausted. All involuntary, unpremeditated being is unfree; the true God is the living God who can become something other than the unpremeditated. Otherwise it must either be assumed with Spinoza that everything emanates from the divine nature necessarily, without it doing anything towards it (bad pantheism), or that the concept of creation is one that cannot be grasped by reason (shallow theism which cannot overcome pantheism). Thus unpremeditated being becomes the power of the opposite, and since potentiality is for it something intolerable, it will necessarily want to work towards its restoration into *actus purus*. So the second being must again be negated by the first and be led back into power. So it becomes master not only of the first power, but also of the second, the power to transform its unpremeditatedness into a being and thereby to remove it from itself and thus give up its entire existence. In this also lies its essence, which hitherto was concealed by being; the pure being, which through resistance has received a power into itself, is now independent as essence. Thus the master of the first possibility has also been given the possibility to reveal itself as itself, as free from necessary being, to posit itself as *spirit*; for spirit is that which is free to work or not to work, which in being is master of itself and remains in being even when it does not manifest itself. But this is not that which is directly *able to be*, nor that which *must be*, but that which, *being able to be, must be*. These three moments appear to the unpremeditated being as that which properly *should be*, so that there is nothing outside these three moments and everything which is of the future is excluded.

The train of thought in positive philosophy is, as we see, very "free". Schelling does not conceal that he proposes only hypotheses which have yet to be proved by success, i.e., by agreement with revelation. It is a consequence of this free, willing thinking that he lets the "unpremeditated being" behave exactly as if it were already that which has yet to be developed from it, namely,

God. The unpremeditable being can, of course, not yet see, will, release, or lead back. It is nothing but a naked abstraction of matter which is most remote precisely from anything personal, self-conscious. It is not possible by any kind of development to introduce self-consciousness into this rigid category unless it is understood as matter and develops through nature to spirit, like the "boundless being" in negative philosophy from which it is distinguished only by the empty attribute of unpremeditability. This unpremeditability can only lead to materialism and at most to pantheism, but never to monotheism. Cuvier's saying here also proves correct:

"Schelling puts metaphors in the place of arguments, and instead of developing concepts he changes images and allegories according to his needs."<sup>124</sup>

Moreover, the method of argument in which every advance is rejected with "there is no reason why this should not happen, there is no logical necessity that this should not be possible", etc., has never been encountered in philosophy, at least up to now. In this way the Chinese and Otaheitan<sup>a</sup> religions can also be deduced out of the "unpremeditable being", and that, too, is justified since they are just as much facts as Christianity. But as for the newly-discovered world law that everything must become clear, it cannot be denied that here at least very little becomes clear and very much remains hidden. Here we only see clarity of thought sink into the dark abyss of fantasy. But if that law means that everything must justify itself to reason for its existence, then this again is one of Hegel's basic thoughts and, moreover, it is not applied by Schelling himself. Considerable time may still be spent in a vain endeavour to bring the conclusion of the above presentation with its "can", "must", and "should" to a point where everything becomes clear. Above all, we must ask: In what relation do the three positive powers stand to the three negative ones? Only one thing becomes clear, that they are indeed possibilities which should be, but not possibilities which, being able to be, must be.

This "most thoroughgoing" dialectic, Schelling maintains, alone makes it possible to advance from Spinoza's necessarily-existing *actu* to the necessarily-being *natura sua*. For this is all he could have wanted to do, since he did not want to prove the existence of the divine, but only the divinity of that which exists (Young Hegelian philosophy does precisely the same), namely, the divinity of that which exists *actu*, eternally, of itself. But who then will prove to us that anything exists from eternity? That which is *actu*,

<sup>a</sup> Otaheite—former name of the island of Tahiti.—Ed.

of itself, can only lead to the eternity of matter, if one argues logically. And illogical conclusions have no validity, even if revelation agrees with them.

"If, in accordance with a *weak* dialectic, we were to say: God only assumes the power of the opposed being so as to transform the blind affirmation of His existence into one mediated by negation, the question is *why* does He do so? Not for His own sake, for He knows His might; only for the sake of others can He make the being which differs from Himself into the object of volition. Only in this being-away-from-Himself lies God's essence, His beatitude; all His thoughts are only outside Himself, in creation. Thus it is, indeed, a process of suspension and restoration, but in between there lies the whole world."

How ridiculous is here the arrogance with which this caricature of a most thoroughgoing dialectic looks down upon its "weak" original! It has not even understood it sufficiently to present it correctly. According to Schelling, even Hegel thinks in this speculative manner; Schelling makes him reason something like this: Here is God. He creates the world. It negates Him. Why? Because it is evil? God forbid, only because it exists. It takes up all space for itself, and God, who does not know where to turn, finds Himself compelled to negate it again. Then He must destroy it, of course. The profundity, however, according to which the negation necessarily follows from what exists yet only in itself, as the unfolding of the innermost essence, as the awakener of consciousness, until in its supreme activity it must negate itself again out of itself and brings forth as product the developed, that which stays with itself, the free—of that Schelling can have no idea, for his God is free, i.e., acting arbitrarily.

God or the unpremeditable being has now posited the world or the contrary being. This exists only in God's will and depends on it. His justice does not allow it to be destroyed in one blow for the sake of His restoration, for the contrary being now has, as it were, a right, a will independent of God. Hence it is brought back through the two last powers, gradually and according to a principle which determines the stages of the process. If then the first power was the cause which started the whole movement and the cause of the contrary being, the second was the one posited *ex actu*, which, realising itself by overcoming the first and acting on the contrary being, subjected this to the third power, so that the contrary being stepped between the three powers as a concrete thing. These now prove to be: *causa materialis, ex qua; causa efficiens, per quam; causa finalis, in quam (secundum quam) omnia fiunt.*<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Material cause from which, efficient cause through which, final cause in conformity with which (according to which) everything happens.—Ed.

If now unpremeditated being is a condition of divinity, so with the creation God exists as such, as lord of being who has it in His power to realise or not to realise those possibilities. He remains outside the whole process and goes beyond that triad of causes as *causa causarum*. So as not to make the world appear as an emanation of His essence, it was for God to try all possible positions of the powers relative to one another, i.e., to let the future world *pass before Him as in a vision*. For mere omnipotence and omniscience does not ensure this by itself, but the works are present as visions of the creator. Hence that primeval power, that prime cause of the contrary being, has always been specially glorified; it is the Indian *Maja* (akin to the German *Macht*, power), which spreads out the nets of mere appearance so as to move the creator to real creation, like *Fortuna primigenia* at Praeneste.<sup>125</sup>

I will not add a word so as not to rub off the mystic butterfly dust of this vision.

Now it cannot be proved *a priori* that God really creates, it is explained by the sole need which can be attributed to God, the need to be known, which is precisely a quality most inherent in the noblest natures. The God of creation is not just the single God, but the single God in a plurality, and since this plurality (these powers) is self-contained, the creator is the *All-One*, and this is monotheism. Since He precedes everything He can have no equal, for powerless being is *capable* of absolutely *nothing* [*kann überhaupt nicht*](!). God, of whom it is said only in passing that He is the sole one, is merely the God of the theists; monotheism demands the soleness without which God is not God, while theism stops at infinite substance. The advance from here to that which is God in relation to things is pantheism; in it, the things are determinants of God. Only monotheism contains God as the real, living God, where the unity of substance has disappeared in the power and has been replaced by a supersubstantial unity, so that God is the unconquerable One against three. Though several, they are not several *gods*, but only one God, not several *in divinity*. Monotheism and pantheism are thus advances over theism, which is the last expression of the absolute in negative philosophy. In monotheism there is the transition to Christianity, for the singleness finds its definite expression in the Trinity.

However much one may try to grasp this Trinity, there always remain three against one, one against three. If God is the unity of three, He can be so only as a fourth, or else there remain three gods. If only divinity is their unity, then humanity is likewise the unity of all human beings and just as we have only one God, so we

have only one human being. But the many can no more be done away with than the three, and three persons will never make one. The old contradiction of the Trinity lies bare, and we are amazed at Schelling's boldness in claiming it has been solved. That only the Trinity is the true expression of unity is again taken from Hegel, but as usual made shallow to the point of sheer emptiness. With Hegel the Trinity remains a succession of the stages of God's development, if one insists on having a god in his system. Here, however, the three moments are conceived as standing side by side as *personalities*, and the original proposition is advanced that the true personality of *one* person is that it is *three* persons.

Up to now we have indeed only the one person, the Father. For if a prior being removes from itself something belonging to it, so that the latter necessarily realises itself, this is rightly called procreation. If now in this process of realisation the contrary being (*B*) is actually overcome, the second power, like the first, is master over it, and hence the divinity of the Son is equal to that of the Father. So, too, the third power, which, as essence free of being, can only return into being after overcoming *B*, but then has the same glory and personality as the first two and appears as the Holy Ghost. So in the end there are three personalities, but not three gods, since being is one, and hence also the glory of it is only one (as though the two Spartan kings, because their rule was one, had been only one king!). In the powers, while they are in tension, we only see the natural side of the process ("tension" appears to be the process of negative philosophy) as the genesis of the world; only with the persons is there opened up the world of the *divine* and the divine significance of that process in which being, originally as possibility in the Father, is given to the Son and by him returned to the Father as overcome. Besides being given to the Son, it is also given to the Holy Ghost, by Father and Son, and it has only that being which is common to them both. The tension of the powers pervades all nature, and is present in a certain proportion in everything. Everything that arises is a fourth between the powers, but man, in whom the tension becomes fully resolved, already has a relationship to the *personalities* as such, for in him that last moment of realisation is expressed in which the powers become real personalities. This process, then, is a process of creation for things, and a theogonic process for the personalities.

Thus, out of the abyss of unpremeditated being Schelling has conjured up for us into the light of day not only the personal but also the triune God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, though the third has indeed only been accommodated with difficulty, and then the

arbitrarily created world, dependent on arbitrariness and therefore hollow and void; and he has thus the basis of Christianity. It cannot be my intention to show up one by one the inconsistencies, the arbitrary judgments, the rash claims, the gaps, leaps, assumptions and confusions of which Schelling is guilty here; if things were already bad enough in the necessary thinking, in the free thinking one must reckon with an even greater confusion of scholasticism and mysticism—that is the essence of neo-Schellingianism. The reader can neither demand such superhuman patience of me, nor I of the reader such interest in the matter. Moreover, what lies on the surface does not first have to be uncovered. My purpose is merely to follow the train of thought in general, only to show how between Hegel and Schelling precisely the opposite occurs of what Schelling affirms. Now, on the ground of Christianity, we can let the facts speak for themselves even more. Firstly, Schelling declares his inability to understand the world insofar as he is unable to understand evil. Man could, or could not, remain in God; that he did not do so was an act of free will on his part. He thereby put himself in God's place and, where everything seemed ordered, jeopardised everything again. Separated from God, the world was exposed to externals, and the element in an ordered system [*Moment*] lost its position as such. The Father was "as it were" pushed out of his place (later, the "as it were" is omitted).

But the Christian Trinity was still not there, and the Son's will, his own, independent of the Father's, was not yet pronounced. But now, at the end of the creation, there appears something new, the *B* which possesses itself in Man. He can choose whether to be or not to be one with God. He does *not* want to be and thereby pushes the superior power back into potentiality, which now, separated from the Father by the will of Man, is as much the *Son of Man* as the Son of God (this is the significance of the expression in the New Testament) and has a being both divine and extra-divine. Now the superior power can follow being into extra-divinity and lead it back to God. The Father is now turned away from the world and no longer acts in it with his will but with his unwillingness (this is the true significance of the wrath of God). So the Father did not destroy the evil world, but preserved it in view of the Son, as it is written. In him, i. e., in view of him, all things are made. So we have here two periods: the age of the Father, where being (the world) still lay in the Father as power and the Son was not yet independent, and the age of the Son, the time of the world, whose history is that of the Son. This age again has two



periods; in the first man is entirely under the sway of the contrary being, the *B*, the cosmic powers. Here the Son is in the state of negation, of the deepest suffering, of passivity, at first excluded from being (i. e., from the world), unfree, outside human consciousness. It can only work in a natural way towards the conquest of being. This is the time of the old covenant, where the Son strives for dominion over being not according to his will, but according to his nature. So far this significance of that time has been missed in science, nobody has grasped it yet. It is most definitely indicated in the Old Testament, namely, in Chapter 53 of Isaiah, which speaks of the *present* suffering of the Messiah. The second period only begins with the strengthening of the second power, with the achievement of dominion over being, when it acts freely and with will. This is the time of its appearance in Christ, the time of revelation. This is the key to Christianity; with this Ariadne's thread it is possible "to find the way through the labyrinth of my trains of thought".—Through the rebellion of man the personalities that arose through the overcoming of *B* in creation become again mere possibilities, pushed back into potentiality and excluded from consciousness, posited outside God. Here now is the cause of a new process which takes place in the consciousness of man and from which the divinity is excluded, for in their tension the powers are extra-divine. This process of the subjugation of consciousness to the dominion of the powers took place in paganism as mythological development. The deeper historical precondition of revelation is mythology. We must now trace in the philosophy of mythology the individual powers in the mythological consciousness and the consciousness of them in the Greek mysteries.

The question arises whether this influence of man on the self-development of God—for it can only be called that—which Schelling affirms, is Christian? For the Christian God is one who has been complete from all eternity, whose composure suffers no change even through the Son's temporary life on earth. In general, according to Schelling the creation ends ignominiously. The house of cards of the "intermediate powers, the relatively being and able to be", has no sooner been built and the three powers are on the point of becoming personalities than stupid man plays a silly trick and all the ingenious architectonics come tumbling down and the powers remain powers as before. It is just as in the fairy-tale, where a treasure, surrounded by brightly shining phantoms, is conjured up from the depths; already the coveted treasure is seen rising over the edge of the abyss—then a

rash word is spoken, the phantoms dissolve, the treasure sinks and the depths close over it forever. Schelling's God could have done His job a little more cleverly, and He would then have saved Himself much trouble and us the philosophy of revelation. Schelling's mysticism, however, comes to its finest flowering in the Son's state of suffering. This obscure, mysterious relationship of divine extra-divinity, conscious unconsciousness, active inactivity, unwilling will, this spate of crowding contradictions is for Schelling indeed a priceless gold-mine of conclusions, for anything can be derived from it. Still more unclear is the relationship of this power to man's consciousness. All powers here act as cosmic, natural powers, but how? What are cosmic powers? Not a single one of Schelling's pupils, not even Schelling himself, can give a rational answer. This is again one of those confused, mystical thought-categories in which he has to take refuge in order to arrive, even "with free, self-determined thinking", at revelation.

"The mythological concepts cannot be explained in any other way than as the necessary product of consciousness which has fallen under the sway of the cosmic powers."

But the cosmic powers are the divine powers in their state of tension, the divine as non-divine. In this way, then, we are to explain also the relation of mythology to nature, to obtain entirely new facts and to supply a content to the prehistoric period of mankind, namely, by the "immense agitation of the mind and heart in begetting concepts of gods".

We can spare ourselves the presentation of the "philosophy of mythology" since it is not directly part of the philosophy of revelation and, moreover, Schelling will treat of it in greater detail next term. This part of the lectures, incidentally, was by far the best and contains much that should not be rejected—once it is freed from the mystical, distorting outlook—even by him who considers these phases of consciousness from a free, purely human standpoint. The question is only how far this is really Schelling's property, and whether it does not in fact originate with Stühr. The chief fault of Schelling's presentation is that he does not conceive the mythological process as the free self-development of consciousness within world-historic necessity, but constantly introduces superhuman principles and forces, and does so in the most confused manner, so that these powers are at one and the same time the "substance of consciousness" and yet again something more. Resort to such means becomes indeed necessary once absolutely superhuman influences are stipulated. So I gladly concede to Schelling his main results of mythology in relation to

Christianity, only in a different way, inasmuch as I understand both phenomena not as having been brought into consciousness from outside, supernaturally, but as innermost products of consciousness, as purely human and natural.

Now at last we arrive at the revelation, prepared by mythology. This is Christianity as a whole. Hence its philosophy does not have to be concerned with dogma, etc.; it does not itself intend to establish a doctrine, but only to explain the historical fact of Christianity. We shall see, however, how the whole dogmatic system gradually emerges. We shall see how Schelling regards "Christianity only as a fact, as also paganism". The facts of paganism, as they appeared, he did not regard as true; he did not take Dionysus, for instance, for a real God; those of Christianity, by contrast, are to him absolute; when Christ declares himself the Messiah, when Paul claims this or that, Schelling believes him unconditionally. Schelling *explained* the mythological facts, at least in his own fashion; those of Christianity he asserts. And with all this he flatters himself

"to have won the love of youth by his straightforwardness and frankness, nay, not only its love, but also its enthusiasm".

In order to explain revelation he proceeds from a passage in Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, Ch. 2: 6-8, which I here quote:

"[Christ Jesus], being in the form of God (*ἐν μορφῇ θεοῦ*), thought it not robbery (*ἄρπαγμα*) to be equal with God: But made himself of no reputation (*ἑνεώσε*), and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

Without entering into the extensive exegetical discussions with which Schelling accompanied his philosophical explanation I will here merely recount in Schelling's own manner the fact told by Paul. In his state of suffering Christ had gradually become master of consciousness through the mythological process. He possessed his own world independently of the Father and could do with it what he wished. He was the God of the world, but not the absolute God. He could persist in this extra-divine-divine state. Paul calls this: being in the form of God, *ἐν μορφῇ θεοῦ*. But he did not want this. He became man, divested himself of his glory to surrender it to the Father and thus to unite the world with God. Had he not done so, there would no longer have been any possibility for the world to unite with God. This is the true significance of Christ's obedience. The story of the temptation is also to be explained in this sense. The adversary, the blind cosmic principle, has been brought to the point where he offers his realm

to Christ, if he will worship him, i. e., will himself remain cosmic power, *ἐν μορφῇ Θεοῦ*. Christ, however, rejects this possibility and surrenders his being to the Father by making it creature-like and becoming man.

"God preserve me from deducing as Christian philosophical doctrines of which Christianity knows nothing," Schelling concluded this deduction. To dispute about the Christianity of these doctrines would be a luxury, for even if it were proved, nothing would yet be gained for Schelling. In my view, however, they contradict the entire basic outlook of Christianity. It is no great art to prove the most abnormal thing by single passages from the Bible, but this is in no way the point here. Christianity is nearly two thousand years old and has had time enough to come to itself. Its content is expressed in the church, and it is impossible that any other positive content of significance is still concealed in it, or that its true meaning has only now been understood. In any case it would now be too late. But apart from that, there is still enough that is edifying in the above explanation. Was it a free act of Christ to surrender himself to the Father? Impossible, it was a natural necessity. We cannot stipulate the possibility of evil in Christ without destroying his divinity. He who can do evil can never become God. How in any case can one *become* God? But supposing now that Christ had kept the world for himself? One cannot imagine so absurd, comical a state of affairs as that which would have resulted. Here is Christ living gloriously and joyfully in his beautiful world, the flower of Hellenism in heaven and on earth, and there is the old God, lonely and childless, grieving over the failure of the trick against the world. The main fault of Schelling's God is that He has more luck than intelligence. Everything went well in fact, but it could have turned out very differently. Altogether, Schelling's doctrine of God is thoroughly anthropopathic. If the devil had offered the dominion of the world to Christ before he became man, he would at least have had the prospect of winning him, and who knows what would have happened; but once Christ had become man he had thereby already entered into his submission to God, and all hope was lost for the poor devil. Besides, had not Christ already gained the dominion of the world in the mythological process; what then could the devil still offer him?

Herewith the gist of what Schelling says in explanation of Christianity has been given. The rest consists partly of quotations and their interpretations, partly of detailed analysis of the deductions. Of these I will give the more important.

According to the earlier doctrine of the succession of the powers in the dominion of the world, it can be explained how each time the dominating power is the herald of the next. Thus in the Old Testament the Father prophesies the Son, in the New, the Son prophesies the Spirit. In the prophetic books this is reversed, and the third power foretells the second. Here a progression of the powers with time is now revealed, in particular in the "Jehovah of Malachi", the "Angel of the Lord" who, although not directly the second person, is yet the second power, the cause of the appearance of the second power in *B*. He is a different one at different times, so that the age of each book can be judged by the manner of his appearance, and thus from the progression of the powers the most "amazing" results can be achieved, surpassing everything yet accomplished by criticism. This determinant is "the key to the Old Testament from which the reality of the concepts of the Old Testament is to be demonstrated in their relative truth".

The Old Testament has its basis and its premises in common with paganism. Hence the pagan element in so many Mosaic customs. Thus circumcision is evidently merely a milder form of castration, which plays such a great part in the most ancient paganism and mimically and symbolically represents the conquest of Uranus, the oldest God, by the subsequent stage. So also the food taboos, the institution of the Tabernacle, which recalls Egyptian sanctuaries just as the Ark of the Covenant recalls the sacred chest of the Phoenicians and Egyptians.

The appearance of Christ is not accidental, but predestined. The Roman era was the dissolution of mythology, for it absorbed into itself all religious concepts of the world even to the oldest Oriental religions without itself offering any new elements, and thus showed that it was incapable of producing anything new. At the same time, there arose out of the emptiness of these moribund forms a presentiment that something new must come. The world remained still and awaited the things to come. From this outward Roman world empire, from this destruction of the nations, there arose the inner kingdom of God. When the time was fulfilled, God sent his Son.

Christ, divesting himself of *μορφῇ θεοῦ*, the extra-divine being as divine, became man, thereby exercising most brightly and brilliantly the divinity which continued in him. That Christ became poor for our sakes does not mean his parting with his divinity, the *non-usus* of the latter, but the discarding of the *μορφῇ θεοῦ*, the form of God. The divine essence remains in him. Only he could mediate, because he was from God and in human consciousness.

Through his effect on paganism and Judaism the principle which hampered mankind and might possibly have negated it was not negated; only the symptoms, not the cause of the disease, were removed by the repeated sacrifices. The ill will of the Father could only be overcome by another will, stronger than it, than death, than any other will. No physical, only the moral overcoming of this will was admissible, and that through the greatest voluntary submission of the mediator in place of man. Man's greatest voluntary submission was never wholly voluntary, that of the mediator, however, was free, without his will or his guilt free over against God. Hence the process through paganism so that the mediator could appear as the representative of consciousness. The taking of this decision was the greatest marvel of the divine mind.

The physical side of the incarnation can, of course, not be made clear down to the smallest detail. The material possibility for this lies in himself. To be material means to serve as substance to a superior power, to be subject to it. When Christ thus submits to God, he becomes material over against Him. But only as a creature has he the right to be outside God. So he must become man. That which in the beginning was with God, and which dominated consciousness in paganism in the form of God, is given birth in Bethlehem as a man by a woman. The reconciliation had always been only subjective, hence subjective facts were sufficient. But here it was necessary to overcome the ill will of the Father, and this could only be achieved by an objective fact, the incarnation.

With this the third power now enters as mediating personality. Christ is conceived of, i. e., by the power of, the Holy Ghost, but is not his Son. The demiurgic function passes over to the third power; its first manifestation is the material man Jesus. The second power is substance, the third that which gives it form. The process in question is extraordinary, materially inconceivable, but it can be grasped by a loftier comprehension. Christ took the substance of the incarnation from himself. This first form, the nature of which does not further concern us here, was received into the organic process of the mother. To ask more questions would be more than micrology.

When God works anywhere with His will, that is a miracle. In nature nothing has will. Neither has Christ. The demiurgic function belongs to him *natura sua*, without his will, hence he cannot discard it when he is man; here this function becomes the guide of his will. It depends on the will of the Father that the Son with his will is in nature, hence the Son works the miracles by

virtue of the Father. He who reads the New Testament after these lectures, will find there much that he has not previously seen.

The death of Christ had been decided even before the incarnation and approved by Christ and Father. It was then no accident, but a sacrifice demanded by the divine mind. It was necessary in order to deprive the evil principle of all its might, to overcome it in its power. Only the mediating power could achieve this, but not by counterposing itself as a purely natural power to the former. But since God Himself desired that principle to be overcome, the second power had to submit to it. For in the eyes of God the second power, being natural, is worth no more than that which negates God, even if it did not become natural through its own fault, but through the fault of man. This last circumstance also gives it a certain right thus to be outside God. God is so just that He does not unilaterally annul the opposing principle, nay, He is so human that He loves this basically merely accidental element which gave Him the possibility to be as God more than He loves the necessary element, the power out of Himself. He is as much the God of the contrary principle as that of the second power. This is His nature, which stands even above His will. This singleness of all principles is His divine majesty and this does not allow that principle to be unilaterally broken. If it is to be annulled, it is necessary for the second power to precede it and in its extra-divine being to submit to God completely. Here the incarnation could not yet suffice. Immediately after the Fall, Christ followed man into estrangement from God and placed himself between the world and God. By taking up a position on the side of the contrary principle, he opposed the Father, came into tension with him, shared the guilt of that being and as guiltlessly guilty, as guarantor of the being estranged from God, had to suffer the punishment. Christ atoned in death for thus placing himself on a level with the contrary principle by taking upon himself the sins of the world. This is the reason for his death. Other men indeed die too, but he died a very different death from theirs. This death is a miracle which we would not dare believe at all were it not so certain. All humanity was present in its representatives at his death: Jews and pagans attended it. The principle of the pagans had to die the death of the pagans, the death on the cross—in this, of course, nothing special is to be seen. The *crucifixion* was the solution of the prolonged *tension*<sup>a</sup> in which Christ had found

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<sup>a</sup> In the German text there is a pun on the words *Ausspannung* (stretching out) and *Spannung* (tension).—Ed.

himself in paganism, as it is written that by death he was relieved of the judgment and the fear (i. e., the tension). This is the great secret which to this day is a scandal to the Jews (the moralists) and a folly to the pagans (the merely rational).

The resurrection of Christ has always been regarded as a guarantee of personal immortality. On this teaching, apart from the resurrection of Christ, the following must be remarked. In this life nature dominates spirit, and it therefore presupposes another, in which this state of affairs is compensated for by the domination of spirit over nature, and a third and last in which the two elements balance each other and are in harmony. So far philosophy has had no satisfying purpose for immortality; here, in Christianity, it is given.

The resurrection of Christ is itself proof of the irrevocability of his incarnation. In it human being is again accepted by God. Not any single deed of man displeased God, but the entire condition in which man found himself, and therefore also the individual, even before he had sinned. Hence no human will, no deed could be really good until the Father was reconciled. In Christ's resurrection this condition is acknowledged by God, joy is restored to the world. Hence the justification was only completed in the resurrection inasmuch as Christ *was not dissolved in the universe* but sits as man on God's right hand. The resurrection is a stroke of lightning from inner history to outer. Whoever takes it away has only the external without divine content, without that transcendental which alone turns history into history; he has a mere fact of memory and stands there like the great mass before the events of the day whose inner workings are unknown to him. Moreover, he goes to hell, i. e., "the moment of dying stretches for him into eternity".

In the end, the Holy Ghost comes and concludes all. He can only descend after the Father is completely reconciled and his coming is the sign that this has taken place.

Here Schelling interpolated his judgment on the latest criticism since Strauss. It had never been able, he said, to tempt him into any sort of polemic, as he had proved by always giving these lectures in the same way, without additions, since 1831. He dated the philosophy of mythology even farther back. Then he spoke of the "trivial, eminently philistine mind" of these people, of their "schoolboyish treatment of incomplete propositions", of the "impotence of their philosophy", etc. By contrast, he had nothing to say against pietism and purely subjective Christianity, except that it was not the only kind nor the highest.



Shall I also give excerpts from the satanology? The devil is neither personal nor impersonal, he is a power; the evil angels are powers, they are such as should not be, but were posited by the fall of man; the good angels are also powers, they are such as should be and through the fall of man are not. That is enough for the present.

The church and its history have developed from the three apostles Peter, James (with his successor Paul) and John. Neander is of the same view. The Catholic Church, the conservative, the Jewishly-formal, is that of Peter, the Protestant that of Paul, and the third, still to be expected and presumably prepared by Schelling, that of John, who combines in himself the simplicity of Peter with the dialectical acumen of Paul. Peter represents the Father, Paul the Son, John the Holy Ghost.

"To those whom the Lord loves he gives the task of completion. If I had to build a church, I would build it for St. John. Some day, however, a common church will be built for all three apostles, and that will be the true Christian pantheon."

That is the main content of Schelling's lectures, as far as it could be made out by comparing three notebooks. I am conscious of having proceeded with the greatest sincerity and candour. Here we have the entire dogma: the Trinity, the creation from nothing, the fall of man, original sin and the impotence to do good, the reconciliation through the death of Christ, the resurrection, the descent of the Holy Ghost, the community of the Saints, the resurrection of the dead and eternal life. Thus Schelling himself negates the separation of fact and dogma which he had stipulated. But if we look at the matter more closely, is this Christianity still the old one? If you approach it without prejudice you will have to say: Yes and No. The irreconcilability of philosophy and Christianity has gone so far that even Schelling falls into a still worse contradiction than Hegel. The latter had at least a philosophy, even if the outcome was only an apparent Christianity; by contrast, what Schelling produces is neither Christianity nor philosophy, and his passing it off for both is the measure of his "straight-forwardness and frankness", of the merit that "to those who asked him for bread he gave real bread, not a stone, while saying *it was bread*". That Schelling does not know himself in the least is again proved by the speech from which these words are taken. Such a doctrine again really brings home to one how weak are the foundations on which modern Christianity rests.

If we once more review this doctrine in its entirety, in addition to what has already been said we obtain also the following results

for the definition of the neo-Schellingian manner of thinking. The confusion of freedom and arbitrariness is in full flower. God is always conceived as acting in a humanly arbitrary fashion. This is indeed necessary so long as God is conceived as single, but it is not philosophical. Only *that* freedom is genuine which contains necessity, nay, which is only the truth, the reasonableness of necessity. Therefore Hegel's God cannot now or ever be a single person, since everything arbitrary has been removed from Him. Therefore when he speaks of God, Schelling has to employ "free" thinking, for the necessary thinking of logical inference excludes any kind of divine person. The Hegelian dialectic, this mighty, never resting driving force of thought, is nothing but the consciousness of mankind in pure thinking, the consciousness of the universal, Hegel's consciousness of God. Where, as with Hegel, everything produces itself, a divine personality is superfluous.

Furthermore, another contradiction is revealed in the division of philosophy. If the negative philosophy is without all reference to existence, "there is no logical necessity" that it should not also contain things which do not occur in the real world. Schelling admits this when he says of it that it is not concerned with the world, and that if the world agrees with its constructions, this is accidental. In this way, however, negative philosophy becomes quite empty and hollow, wandering around in the most arbitrary possibility and flinging its doors wide open to fantasy. On the other hand, however, if it contains only what is real in nature and spirit, it, of course, includes reality and the positive philosophy is superfluous. This is to be seen also from the other side. Nature and spirit are for Schelling all that is rational. God is not rational. So here also it is shown that the infinite can only rationally exist in reality when it appears as finite, as nature and spirit, and that any other-worldly, extra-mundane existence of the infinite must be relegated to the realm of abstractions. That particular positive philosophy depends entirely on faith, as we have seen, and exists only for faith. If now a Jew or Mohammedan accepts Schelling's premises in the negative science, he will necessarily also have to fashion for himself a Jewish or Mohammedan positive philosophy. Indeed, it will differ even for Catholicism and for the Anglican Church. All are equally justified, for "it is not dogma that matters, but fact". And the so beloved "free" thinking allows everything to be construed as absolute. Particularly in Mohammedanism, the facts are far better construed than in Christianity.

So we have come to the end of Schelling's philosophy and can only regret that such a man should have become so caught in the

snares of faith and unfreedom. He was different when he was still young. Then there arose from the ferment of his brain forms as radiant as Pallas, of which many a one forged to the front also in later struggles; then freely and boldly he sailed into the open sea of thought to<sup>a</sup> discover Atlantis, the absolute, whose image he had so often seen rising from the distant horizon of the sea like a dreamily shimmering *fata morgana*; then all the fire of youth broke from him in flames of enthusiasm; a prophet drunk with God, he foretold a new era; carried away by the spirit which came over him, he often did not know himself the meaning of his words. He tore wide open the doors to philosophising so that the breath of nature wafted freshly through the chambers of abstract thought and the warm rays of spring fell on the seed of the categories and awakened all slumbering forces. But the fire burnt itself out, the courage vanished, the fermenting new wine turned into sour vinegar before it could become clear wine. The bold ship dancing joyfully through the waves turned back and entered the shallow haven of faith, ran its keel so fast into the sand that it is still stuck there. There it lies, and nobody recognises in the old, frail wreck the old ship which went out with all sails spread and flags flying. The sails have long since rotted, the masts are broken, the waves pour in through the gaping planks, and every day the tides pile up more sand around the keel.

Let us turn away from this waste of time. There are finer things for us to contemplate. No one will want to show us this wreck and claim that it alone is a seaworthy vessel while in another port an entire fleet of proud frigates lies at anchor, ready to put out to the high seas. Our salvation, our future, lies elsewhere. Hegel is the man who opened up a new era of consciousness by completing the old. It is curious that just now he is being attacked from two sides, by his predecessor Schelling and by his youngest follower Feuerbach. When the latter charges Hegel with being stuck deeply in the old, he should consider that consciousness of the old is already precisely the new, that the old is relegated to history precisely when it has been brought completely into consciousness. So Hegel is indeed the new as old, the old as new. And so Feuerbach's critique of Christianity is a necessary complement to the speculative teaching on religion founded by Hegel. This has reached its peak in Strauss, through its own history the dogma dissolves *objectively* in philosophical thought. At the same time Feuerbach reduces the religious categories to *subjective* human relations, and

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<sup>a</sup> In the pamphlet there is a misprint: *und* (and) instead of *um* (to).—Ed.

thereby does not by any means annul the results achieved by Strauss, but on the contrary puts them to the real test and in fact both come to the same result, that the secret of theology is anthropology.

A fresh morning has dawned, a world-historic morning, like the one in which the bright, free, Hellenic consciousness broke out of the dusk of the Orient. The sun has risen greeted with smiles by sacrificial fires on all the mountain peaks, the sun, whose coming was announced in ringing fanfares from every watch-tower, whose light mankind was anxiously awaiting. We are awakened from long slumber, the nightmare which oppressed us has fled, we rub our eyes and look around us in amazement. Everything has changed. The world that was so alien to us, nature whose hidden forces frightened us like ghosts, how familiar, how homely they now are! The world which appeared to us like a prison now shows itself in its true form, as a magnificent royal palace in which we all go in and out, poor and rich, high and low. Nature opens up before us and calls to us: Do not flee from me, I am not depraved, I have not fallen away from the truth; come and see, it is your own inmost and truest essence which gives also to me the fulness of life and the beauty of youth! Heaven has come down to earth, its treasures lie scattered like stones on the road-side, whoever desires them has but to pick them up. All confusion, all fear, all division has vanished. The world is again a whole, independent and free; it has burst open the doors of its dank cloister, has thrown off its sackcloth and chosen the free, pure ether to dwell in. No longer does it have to justify itself to unreason, which could not grasp it; its splendour and glory, its fulness and strength, its life is its justification. He was surely right who eighteen hundred years ago divined that the world, the cosmos, would one day push him aside, and bade his disciples renounce the world.

And man, the dearest child of nature, a free man after the long battles of youth, returning to his mother after the long estrangement, protecting her against all the phantoms of enemies slain in battle, has overcome also the separation from himself, the division in his own breast. After an inconceivably long age of wrestling and striving, the bright day of self-consciousness has risen for him. Free and strong he stands there, confident in himself and proud, for he has fought the battle of battles, he has overcome himself and pressed the crown of freedom on his head. Everything has become revealed to him and nothing had the strength to shut itself up against him. Only now does true life open to him. What formerly he strove towards in obscure presentiment, he now

attains with complete, free will. What seemed to lie outside him, in the hazy distance, he now finds in himself as his own flesh and blood. He does not care that he has bought it dearly, with his heart's best blood, for the crown was worth the blood; the long time of wooing is not lost to him, for the noble, splendid bride whom he leads into the chamber has only become the dearer to him for it; the jewel, the holy thing he has found after long searching was worth many a fruitless quest. And this crown, this bride, this holy thing is the *self-consciousness of mankind*, the new Grail<sup>126</sup> round whose throne the nations gather in exultation and which makes kings of all who submit to it, so that all splendour and might, all dominion and power, all the beauty and fulness of this world lie at their feet and must yield themselves up for their glorification. This is our calling, that we shall become the templars of this Grail, gird the sword round our loins for its sake and stake our lives joyfully in the last, holy war which will be followed by the thousand-year reign of freedom. And such is the power of the Idea that he who has recognised it cannot cease to speak of its splendour or to proclaim its all-conquering might, that in gaiety and good heart he gives up all else at its bidding, that he sacrifices body and soul, life and property in order that it and it alone shall triumph. He who has once beheld it, to whom in the nightly stillness of his little room it has once appeared in all its brightness, can never abandon it, he must follow where it leads, even to death. For he knows that it is stronger than everything in heaven and on earth, that it fights its way through against all enemies. And this belief in the all-conquering might of the Idea, in the victory of eternal truth, this firm confidence that it can never waver or yield, even if the whole world were to rise against it, that is the true religion of every genuine philosopher, that is the basis of the true positive philosophy, the philosophy of world history. This is the supreme revelation, that of man to man, in which all negation of criticism is positive. This press and storm of nations and heroes over which the Idea hovers in eternal peace and at last comes down into the midst of the turmoil and becomes its inmost, most living, self-conscious soul, that is the source of all salvation and all deliverance; that is the realm in which each one of us in his place has to work and act. The Idea, the self-consciousness of mankind, is that wonderful phoenix who builds for himself a funeral pyre out of all that is most precious in the world and rises rejuvenated from the flames which destroy an old time.

So let us carry to this phoenix on the funeral pyre all that is most dear to us and most beloved, all that was sacred and great

for us before we were free! Let us not think any love, any gain, any riches too great to sacrifice gladly to the Idea—it will repay us everything a thousandfold! Let us fight and bleed, look undismayed into the grim eye of the enemy and hold out to the end! Do you see our flags wave from the mountain peaks? Do you see the swords of our comrades glinting, the plumes on the helmets fluttering? They are coming, they are coming, from all valleys, from all heights they are streaming towards us with song and the call of trumpets; the day of the great decision, of the battle of the nations, is approaching, and victory must be ours!

SCHELLING, PHILOSOPHER IN CHRIST,  
OR THE TRANSFIGURATION  
OF WORLDLY WISDOM  
INTO DIVINE WISDOM

For Believing Christians Who Do Not  
Know the Language of Philosophy<sup>127</sup>

Written in early 1842  
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time



"I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance" (Luke 15:7).

This word of the Lord may easily come to mind when one speaks of Schelling; for in him have wonders of God's mercy been manifested, so that the name of the Lord should be exalted. For He has shown mercy to him as once He showed mercy to Paul, who also, before he was converted, went and made havoc of the churches and breathed out threat and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord. But as he was on his way to Damascus, suddenly there shone around him a light from heaven and he fell to the earth; but the Lord spake to him and drew him to Him so that he became a believer at that very hour, let himself be baptised and bore the name of the Lord before all nations and became a chosen vessel of the Lord. So also the grace of the Saviour has imposed its hand on Schelling, and when the time had come a great light shone for him. For who could ever have foretold according to human understanding that the man who at the beginning of the century, with his friend of that time, the notorious *Hegel*, laid the foundations of that vile worldly wisdom which now no longer prowls in the dark but whose darts spoil at midday—that this man would yet take up his cross and follow Christ? But that is how it has come to pass. The Lord, who guides the hearts of men like runnels of water, had elected him too in His grace and only waited for the right hour to draw him to Him. And now He has done so, He has enlightened him and made him one of His fighters against unbelief and godlessness. There is no

longer any doubt; he himself calls from the rostrum to the believers: Come and see, and praise the mercy which the Lord has done to me! Nay, the guardian in Israel neither sleeps nor slumbers, the old God is still alive, in spite of all the mockers, and still gives signs and works wonders for all who want to see. They make a clamour, the godless, and say in their hearts, there is no God, but He who dwells in heaven laughs at them, and the Lord pours scorn on them. He has triumphed over them as long as the world has stood and will triumph over them in all eternity. With His strong arm He has held His regiment and has awakened vessels for Himself in all places to glorify His name. And now He has once more brilliantly triumphed over the philosophers who have been an abomination to Him at all times, since He has raised the best and cleverest of them, the true founder of their doctrine, out of their midst and made him His servant. For that formerly Schelling himself was most pitiously deep in this so-called pantheism, in this deification of the world and of himself, is as clear as daylight from his earlier books. He had not yet seen everything rightly in its connection and did not rightly know where this road would lead. May he thank the Lord that He has taken him from this road and guided him along the narrow path which leads to heaven, and thereby has proved on him most clearly His might over all enemies of faith. Now they can no longer say: Where is your God? What does He do? Where does He roam? Why does He no longer work wonders? For here He is, His arm strikes down like lightning in their own flock and makes fire out of water, white out of black, just out of unjust. Who can still deny that this is God's hand?

But that is not all. By calling Schelling the Lord has prepared for us another triumph over the ungodly and blasphemous. He has elected none other than Schelling since he, being familiar with the wisdom of this world, was best suited to refute the proud and haughty philosophers, and in His immeasurable grace and love He has opened a way for them by which they can come to Him again. Can one ask more from Him? To those who curse Him, who rage against His existence, who are His most furious, most raving, most impenitent enemies, instead of rooting them out from the earth and casting them into the deepest abyss of hell, He offers again and again a rescuing hand to draw them up to the light out of the abyss of corruption wherein they lie; nay, the grace of God is as wide as the heaven from sunrise to sunset, and there is no end to His mercy. Who could resist such forbearance and love? But their hearts are so impenitent and hardened in sin that even now they

**Schelling,**  
**der Philosoph in Christo,**  
o b e r  
**die Erklärung**  
**der Weltweisheit zur Gottesweisheit.**

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**Für gläubige Christen**  
denen der philosophische Sprachgebrauch unbekannt ist.

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**Berlin, 1842.**  
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Title-page of Engels' pamphlet *Schelling,*  
*Philosopher in Christ*

reject the hand that wants to save them; so dazzled are they by the lusts of this world and the devil of their own pride. They dig for themselves wells with holes and scorn the source of life which runs in the blood of Christ. They shut their ears against the salvation which comes from above, they lust for that which displeases the Lord.

"The shew of their countenance doth witness against them; and they declare their sin as Sodom, they hide it not. Woe unto their soul! for they have rewarded evil unto themselves" (Isaiah 3:9).

But still the Lord has not ceased to call them to Him, so that they have no excuse. Through Schelling He has shown them how weak and vain is human reason. If they are not converted now, it is their fault alone, and they cannot say that they did not know the Gospel.

Since now God has done such a great thing and has given such a comforting sign to all Christendom that He is close to it and will not abandon it in need or in the struggles of this world, so it must be near to the heart of every believer to announce the glad tidings to his fellow Christians. And since Schelling has now professed his belief in Christ in his lectures, this, on the one hand, became known to only a few, on the other, is couched in such a difficult, artificial, philosophical language that only those can understand it who have occupied themselves with worldly wisdom for a long time; in the third place, however, much is meant for philosophers and other things for believers, so that the simple Christian would have difficulty in finding his way. Hence the writer of these lines, not to stand idle in the Lord's vineyard, did not think it entirely superfluous to present this in short, simple words, for all those who have neither the time nor the inclination to enter into the fruitless study of worldly wisdom and yet would like to know what there really is to the famous Schelling. May the Lord give His blessing to it so that it may prosper to the benefit and advantage of His kingdom.

But first it must be remarked that for all he has done for true Christianity, Schelling cannot quite get rid of his old, perverse wisdom. He still has various views which make us believe that he cannot entirely suppress the arrogance of his own reason and that he still hesitates a little to face the world and confess his complete conversion in all gladness and gratitude to Christ. We will not blame him too much for this; He who made grace break through in him so splendidly will wash away these stains too; He who began the work will bring it to completion. But let the courageous

fighter for truth of whom we speak remember this thorn in his flesh when the devil of pride comes over him and tempts him. May he put away all pride in his former philosophy, which has borne only ungodly children, and only take pride in Him who in His free, immeasurable grace has saved him from this corruption.

The first thing Schelling did here on the rostrum was that he immediately and with open visor attacked philosophy and cut away its ground, reason, from under its feet. With the most striking arguments, taken from its own armouries, he proved that natural reason is incapable of proving the existence of even a blade of grass; that all its demonstrations, arguments and conclusions do not hold water and cannot lead up to the divine, since in its heaviness it always remains prostrate on the earth. Now we have, of course, known this for a long time, but the hardened philosophers have never been told it so well and clearly. This he has done in a whole lengthy system of so-called negative philosophy, where he demonstrates to them as clearly as daylight that their reason can only comprehend possibilities and nothing actual, least of all God and the mysteries of Christianity. The trouble to which he went over such a fruitless subject, the airy phantoms of worldly wisdom, deserves the highest thanks for the sake of the kingdom of God. For so long as these philosophers could still presume on their reason, nothing could be done with them. Now, however, when they have been convinced from their own standpoint that their reason is altogether unfit to cognise truth and can bring to the surface only empty, hollow phantoms, which have no right whatever to exist, it would really need a hardened head, grown grey in sin, to persist in the pagan doctrine, and it is quite possible that with the aid of divine grace one or the other of them will be converted from his evil ways. It is very true and must always be repeated that the darkened reason of man is altogether incapable and lacks the fame it should have before God, for that is the main bulwark of the unbelievers that their reason tells them other things than the word of God. But it is an outrage against the Almighty to want to comprehend Him, the enemy of all sin, with reason that is stained with sin and blinded, nay, to set this reason which is subject to all the lusts of this world, all the temptations of Satan, above God Himself; and yet that is what the worldly wise do when they criticise the word of God with that corrupt reason, throw out whatever does not please them, nay, lay their wicked hands on and deny not only the holiness of the Bible, but even the existence of God Himself so as to make themselves God in His place. These are the natural consequences

of setting reason upon the throne of God, like that whore of old in the gory days of the French Revolution, and presuming to criticise the dispositions of the Almighty Lord of the world. Here it is that we must heal, not on the surface, but at the root of the evil. Do men put a piece of new cloth unto an old garment? How does Christ come to terms with Belial? It is not possible, and it is blasphemy to try and grasp by natural reason the Lord's death of salvation, the resurrection and the ascension. Then let us set to work in earnest with *Schelling*, and cast reason out of Christianity into paganism, for there it belongs, there it can rise against God and take as divine the world with its lusts and desires which we have renounced, excuse all sins and vices, the abominations of gluttony and lasciviousness as virtues and service to God, and present as models for mankind the suicide of a Cato, the unchastity of a Lais and Aspasia, the parricide of a Brutus, the Stoicism and Christian-persecuting rage of a Marcus Aurelius. Then, of course, it frankly opposes Christianity and everybody knows where he is with it. But it has been a chief stratagem of the adversary to smuggle it into Christianity, where it thereupon has given birth to such choice bastards as Pelagianism and Socinianism, rationalism<sup>128</sup> and speculative theology.

"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise" (1 Corinthians 1:27); hence "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him and must be spiritually discerned" (1 Corinthians 2:14).

So it is a truly Christian endeavour when *Schelling*, in the pure science of reason, which is, of course, the negative philosophy, deeply humbles and humiliates reason instead of allowing it any measure of presumption, so as to bring it to acknowledge its weakness and sinfulness and make it turn in penance to grace, for only this can sanctify and enlighten it and let it be born again so that it becomes capable of knowing God. To crucify reason is harder, and therefore more, than to crucify the flesh. For the latter is subject to conscience, which has been given even to the pagans to restrain their lusts and be the internal judge of their sins; reason, however, raises itself above it and even gets on with it quite well, and it is only given to Christians to submit it to the mild yoke of faith. But that is what Scripture demands of us, and there can be no objections or subterfuges here: either let your reason surrender to faith or go over to the left side, to the goats (for the worst of these self-worshippers call themselves as in mockery: the left side), there you are in your place!

With that *Schelling* has now cleared the ground for himself. All the survivals of paganism which in our time are being brought out again and are supposed to be the new truth, all the misshapen abortions of unchaste, lascivious reason have been removed, and his hearers are now ready to receive the milk of the Gospel. That is the right way. The pagans could be got hold of by their worldly lusts and desires; but our philosophers pretend, at least today, that they still want to acknowledge Christian morals. Hence, if the apostles demanded of the pagans a penitent, sorrowing, battered and contrite heart, so a penitent, humble, battered reason must be demanded of the proud worldly-wise men of our time before they are ready to enjoy the grace of the Gospel. So also *Schelling* could only now really judge his former comrade in godlessness, the notorious *Hegel*. For this *Hegel* had such a pride in reason that he expressly declared it to be God when he saw that with it he could not come to another true God, higher than man. Hence also *Schelling* frankly declared that he wanted nothing more to do with this man and his doctrine and no longer bothered with him.

Since reason has now humbled itself and shows the desire to accept salvation, it can be exalted again and enlightened by the spirit of truth. This happens in positive philosophy, where by a free, that is, enlightened, thinking with the aid of divine revelation it is admitted to the grace and favour of Christianity. Now that the understanding of the higher world has been opened up to it, it at once discerns the whole marvellous connection in the history of the kingdom of God, and what formerly was incomprehensible to it is now clear and comprehensible as if it could not be otherwise. For only the eyes which the Lord has enlightened are true eyes and seeing; but where darkness reigns and the lusts and desires of this world have their way, nobody can see anything. *Schelling* expresses this effect of grace when he says that this philosophy is only for the willing and the wise, and that it finds its proof in revelation. Hence this philosophy is not for him who does not believe in revelation. In other words, this thing is not a real philosophy at all, and this name has only been chosen for the sake of the worldly wise, as it is written: "Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves" (Matthew 10 : 16); for the rest, however, it is a right and real Christianity, as we shall soon see. *Schelling* has brought back the good old times when reason surrenders to faith, and worldly wisdom, by becoming the handmaid of theology, of divine wisdom, is transfigured into divine wisdom.

"And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted" (Matthew 23 : 12).

Along this road of enlightened thinking the dear man of whom we are speaking comes at once to the true fundamental doctrine of all Christianity, namely, the Trinity of God. The godfearing reader cannot be expected to accompany him on this road, for he knows and believes that this road only can lead to truth; this is only said for the unbelievers to show them how they can come to truth and how much their reason must be purified and sanctified to be able to discern and comprehend salvation in Christ Jesus. Hence we shall pass over these things which have no value for the discernment of salvation by the faithful. *Schelling* then describes according to Scripture how God created the world from nothing and how man, seduced by Satan in the shape of the serpent, lost his first way of life and became the slave of the Prince of Darkness. Thereby he tore the whole world from God and brought it into the power of Satan. All the forces which before were kept together by divine unity now fell apart and came into savage hostility, so that Satan could play havoc in the world to his heart's delight. One must not be dazzled by the philosophical manner of expression of our theologians. In our ungodly times the worldly wise no longer understand the simple language of Holy Scripture inspired by God Himself; they must be taught in their own way until they are again ripe for the understanding of the Bible, for it is written:

"I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes" (Matthew 11:25).

Hence *Schelling* calls the "angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation" (Jude 6), calls the devil and his godless hosts cosmic powers, which means as much as princes of this world. Now God can, of course, have no further pleasure in the world. In His justice He rejects it, and where He works in it He does so in His wrath and without His full free will. But the Eternally Merciful cannot let go of it; the word through which "all things were made and without which was not any thing made that was made" (John 1:3), the only begotten Son of God with his immeasurable love and grace remains in the poor, rejected world. His state of suffering begins with the fall of man and not just with his becoming man under Herod, for with the fall he is completely thrust out of mankind, in which he lived still more than the Father. Nay, by placing himself between the angry God and the fallen world, which the former wanted to destroy, and taking its side, he separated himself from the Father and so was in a sense



jointly guilty and could not claim any part of the divine splendour so long as the Father was not reconciled. This great work of reconciliation, the struggle against the prince of this world, he now began in this form, neither divine nor human, in this separation from the Father which makes up his suffering and his pain. That this interpretation is founded on Holy Scripture is most clearly shown in Chapter 53 of the Prophet Isaiah, which speaks of a present, not future suffering. This great struggle is now beginning both among the Jews and the pagans. How the Lord subjugates the Jews unto Himself is shown in the history of the people of Israel in the Old Testament, and the splendid guidances by which the Lord led His people are well known to Christians. But among the pagans? Was not the devil precisely the God of the pagans? We shall try to answer this as clearly as possible without deviating from the pronouncements of Holy Scripture.

Everybody will have already heard that among the pagans, too, in the books of the Sibyls <sup>129</sup> and elsewhere, there were prophecies about Christ. Here we see already that they were not quite so forsaken by God as is the usual view, for the prophecies are of divine origin. But now this is not enough. Why should the Lord in His mercy let them go so far astray and fall into the devil's clutches? He lets rain fall on good and evil alike and the sun shine on the just and the unjust! Nay, if the pagans had been so entirely without God's protection and guidance in the power of the evil enemy, would their sins not have been greater and more outrageous than they actually were? Would not then all the shameful lusts and unnatural desires, the sins of the flesh and other sins, murder, adultery, fornication, thieving, roguery, unchastity have cried to high heaven so that God would have had to exterminate them without hesitation? Nay, would they themselves not have slain and devoured each other? It already follows from this that God must have had mercy even on the pagans and given them some light from above; and this consists in their having been led gradually and without noticing it through all stages of idolatry to the worship of the true Christ, but without their knowing that their God and that of the Christians was one and the same, and that He who was hidden in paganism was now revealed in Christianity. Now those who failed to realise this when the Gospel was preached to them no longer worshipped the hidden Christ, since they persecuted the revealed one, but their god was now the enemy of Christ, the devil. It is *Schelling's* great merit that he is the first to devote himself to tracing the guidance of God among

the pagans and so prepares new praise of the love of Christ for sinful men.

Since now the Jews consciously and the pagans without knowing it and in a false form were brought to the knowledge of the true God, when the proud palaces of the Greeks lay in ruins and the iron hand of the Roman Emperor lay upon the whole world, the time was fulfilled and God sent His Son so that all who believe in Him should not perish but have eternal life. This happened in the following manner. Since Christ had subjected paganism unto himself, he was its God, but not the true God, which he could not be without the Father. So he had wrested the world from the devil and could do with it what he wished; he could keep it for himself and rule over it alone in this *form of God*; but out of free obedience he did not do so, but handed it over to his Father by divesting himself of the form of God and becoming man.

"...Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross" (Philippians 2:6-8).

There are many other passages in Holy Scripture which declare this interpretation to be the right one and prove it; moreover, one can in this way take everything quite simply and literally, without need for a lot of subterfuges and erudition.

For what is great in Christ's obedience is that the Saviour could have possessed the whole world for himself and dissociated himself from the Father, and that he did not want this, but laid the world he had wrested from the devil at his Father's feet and suffered death for the sake of atonement for many.

Here we also see the meaning of the story of Christ's temptation. Had it not been in Jesus' free choice to submit or not to submit himself to the Father, the devil could not have tempted him at all, for he must have known that it would be in vain. Hence the above interpretation by *Schelling* is certainly correct.

Thus we have heard that Christ is the true God, and now our authority passes on to the second nature of the same Christ, the human. He also is of the firm belief that Christ was truly a true man and not, as many heretics think, a mere apparition or the Spirit of God which had descended on an already existing man.

In representing the world before God, standing surety for it, Christ stepped out of God and confronted Him. So long as the world was not reconciled again with God, Christ was not God, but in a middle state which took the form of God through the

conquest of paganism, but was not itself the true state of divinity. To put himself back into this, Christ had to hand over to his Father the world he had wrested from the devil, divest himself of the form of God and submit humbly to the Father, so as to take upon himself the punishment for the iniquity of the world. This humility he showed by becoming man, born of woman, and being obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. No purifications or sacrifices could reconcile God; they were merely preludes to the one great sacrifice in which not only evil was extirpated, but God's wrath reconciled. The latter could only be reconciled by the greatest, most freely rendered, most humble submission, and that could only be done by the Son, not by a man compelled to submission by fear and the torment of conscience, the threatening wrath of God. Christ could now also represent the people before God, since he had become their Lord, their defender, through the worship they paid him without knowing it. So as now really to bear punishment in place of man, who had deserved it, he became man; the decision to become man is a miracle of the divine spirit. So he who in the beginning was with God, nay, was God Himself, and after the Fall was in the "form of God", was now born in Bethlehem as man, namely, of Mary through the Holy Ghost without the agency of any man.

Who would have dared hope that in the year 1842 a philosopher, nay, the founder of the new school of blasphemy, would make such a pleasing conversion and acknowledge so gladly the main doctrines of Christianity? That which was always the first to be attacked by doubt, which half-Christians have always rejected and which is nevertheless the corner-stone of the Christian faith, the birth of Christ by Mary without the agency of any man—the fact that this too has been asserted by *Schelling* as his conviction, is one of the most gratifying signs of the times, and the favourite of God who has had the courage to do this has a claim to the gratitude of every believer. But who does not recognise here the hand of the Lord in this marvellous, wonderful dispensation? Who does not see that He is giving a sign to His Church that He has not forsaken it and remembers it day and night?

On the death of the Lord *Schelling* pronounces himself in a no less truly Christian and edifying manner. This is said to have been decided from the beginning of the world in the Council of the Guardians and to be a sacrifice demanded by the divine spirit. God is said to be just even to Satan and so fully to have allowed him his rights that He delivered His own Son up to death so that all who believed in Him should not perish but should have eternal

life, so that the devil should not have even the slightest grounds for saying he had been overthrown by the greater might of God, and unjustly. It is the majesty and splendour of the Lord Himself which does not tolerate even the least semblance of such a blemish. For this reason Christ had to become man and had to take upon himself the iniquity of mankind forsaken by God and suffer the death on the cross so that through the death of one many would come to life. For this reason the Lord in his grace and mercy had to sacrifice himself for us, to stand surety for the sinners to his Father and to pay our debt, so that we might again have access to the throne of grace. The other men also, it is true, are one and all delivered over to death, but none has died like the Lord, none has suffered such a death of salvation as Jesus Christ. And so also this crown of faith, the purification from sin in the blood of Christ, is once again marvellously saved from the claws of the old dragon who now roams in the form of worldly wisdom and the odious spirit of the times, and the Lord has once again kept the precious promise that the gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church. Further, *Schelling* says of Christ very beautifully: this death is such a great miracle that we would never dare believe it were we not so certain of it. At his death all mankind was represented; Jews and pagans were present, and they were the two sides of the whole human race. The principle of the pagans, as Christ had become in paganism through his struggle with Satan, had to die the death of the pagans, the death on the cross. His crucifixion is only the resolution of the prolonged tension in which he found himself among the pagans, that is, the extra-divine position of the Lord was resolved and by death he again became one with God, as it is written:

"He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken" (Isaiah 53:8).

But of the Lord's resurrection *Schelling* says it was proof that Christ had not taken on his humanity for appearance's sake but had become man in earnest and forever, and that God had again accepted into grace the human form and the human essence, and indeed not the humanity in Christ alone, but the whole of humanity, of whom Christ had merely been the representative. For not the individual sin displeased God so much that He therefore had to abandon mankind, the worst was rather the whole iniquitous state of all mankind, sold to the evil one, and therefore God finds displeasure in man even before he has sinned,

so that before God it was equivalent to a sin to be human. Hence no goodwill pleasing to God, not a single good deed that was just in the eyes of God, could be found in the world before Christ had died, and hence even now only believers can do good works and be of goodwill. But by the resurrection of the Lord the human state is vindicated before God and recognised by God as purified from sin, and so the vindication is completed only by the resurrection. So Christ has been raised up to heaven and sits on the right hand of God the Father as true man and true God, representing mankind before the Father.

The resurrection is further a proof to us of the immortality of our own soul and the resurrection of the flesh. *Schelling* acknowledges this also and adds that if during this life the flesh dominates the spirit, then a second must follow, where the spirit has overcome the flesh, and finally an equalising of both sides is necessary. This accords wholly with the teaching of Scripture, for the last state after the resurrection and the Last Judgment, after the transfiguration of the body, is nothing but what *Schelling* calls the equilibrium between soul and body. About the condition of the impenitent and damned who have passed away in unbelief, hard-heartedness and sin, *Schelling* offers a surmise too. He holds the second, eternal death for an eternal dying without ever being able to come to real death. It seems better to refrain from pondering over this and to leave it to the Lord to decide how He wishes to punish and torment His contemnners and blasphemers.

Finally, the dear *Schelling* delivers the following priceless testimony to the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: This resurrection is a stroke of lightning from inner history to outer. Whoever denies such facts, to him the history of the kingdom of God remains a mere series of external, accidental occurrences without any divine content, without the transcendental (which goes beyond reason), which alone is history proper. Without it history is merely a matter of superficial memorising, not true, complete knowledge of the events.—That is a beautiful and Christian word, but the talk of the worldly wise about God being in the history and development of the world consciousness of the species is sheer filth and blasphemy. For if these proud seducers of youth have their god in the history of all human sins and crimes, how can God remain outside those sins? These mockers will not understand that the entire history of the world is a jostling succession of all kinds of injustice, malice, murder, adultery, fornication, thieving, blasphemy, profanation, anger and rage and drunkenness; they would without fail hurl themselves into hell and

the whole world with them if one did not see everywhere the saving hand of God, which restrains and prevents the evil; and this shameful scene of blasphemy is their heaven, their whole immortality, they have said so frankly themselves. But these are the fine consequences of casting all divine action out of history. God avenges Himself on them by closing their minds against His true essence and letting them make a god for themselves who is even less than a deaf idol of wood and straw, who is a vague phantom of air, a so-called world spirit and spirit of history. We have seen what is the outcome of such a view of history, of which the chief preacher is that *Hegel*, who is in evil repute with all good Christians; let us hold against that the picture of history outlined by a man of God like *Schelling*.

Among the Twelve, *Schelling* says, who were always near the Lord and whom He appointed apostles, there were in particular three whom he favoured before the others at every opportunity, Peter, James and John. In these three the models of the whole Christian Church are given if we substitute as successor for James, who was earlier killed for the sake of Christ, Paul, who was converted at about the same time. Peter, Paul and John are the rulers of three different periods of the Christian Church, as in the Old Testament Moses, Elijah and John the Baptist were the three representatives of three periods. Moses was the lawgiver through whom the Lord laid the foundation; Elijah the fiery spirit who brought the inert, apostate people back to life and activity; John the Baptist was the accomplisher who led the Old Testament into the New. So also for the Church of the New Testament, Peter was Moses, the founder, through whom the Jewish essence of the times was represented in the Christian Church; Paul the driving, fiery Elijah who did not let the faithful become lukewarm and fall asleep and who represented the essence of paganism, culture, learning and worldly wisdom—insofar as it submitted to faith; but John will again be the accomplisher, the one who points to the future, for to those whom the Lord loves He gives the task of completing. So John in his lifetime, already pointing to the future, wrote the Revelation. The Church of the apostle Peter is now the Catholic Church, whose ceremonial service as well as its teaching of good works corresponds to the Jewish Law; and it cannot be denied that the word of the Lord: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it",<sup>a</sup> refers to the Church he founded. As he thrice denied

<sup>a</sup> Matthew 16:18.—*Ed.*

the Lord, so it can be shown that the Roman Church thrice denied the Lord. First, when it strove for worldly domination, then when it used worldly power for its own purposes, and lastly, when it lent itself to the worldly power as a means to its ends. The second Church, that of the apostle Paul, is now the Protestant Church, in which prevail erudition and all godly wisdom, that is, the essential spirit of those Christians who came over from paganism, and into which, instead of the established permanence of the Catholic Church, there enters the driving, partisan life of the Evangelical Church, split into many sects. Who knows whether the thoughts and aspirations of these pagan Christians will not in the end be more beneficial to the kingdom of God than those of the Jewish Christians!

But neither of these two parties is the true, last Church of the Lord; this will be only the one which from Peter's foundation will penetrate through Paul to John and so prepare the last times. This last Church is the Church of love, as John was the messenger of love, the consummation of the Church, in whose times will be the great apostasy which has been foretold for the end, to be followed by the Last Judgment. Many churches have been built for all the apostles, but relatively very few for St. John. If I had to build a church I would consecrate it to him; one day, however, a church will be built for all three apostles, and this will be the last, the true Christian pantheon.

These are the words with which the first truly Christian philosopher concluded his lectures, and so we will have followed him to the end. The author of these lines believes that he has sufficiently shown what a chosen vessel the Lord has awakened for His Church in this worthy man. This is the man who will drive out the pagans of the modern world who there pursue their practices in many forms, as men of the world, Young Germans,<sup>130</sup> philosophers, and what else they may call themselves. Indeed, when one entered the hall where *Schelling* was lecturing, and heard these people mock and make fun of the Elect among the worldly wise, one had to think of the apostle Paul when he preached in Athens. It is just as if history were repeating itself, as it is told in The Acts of the Apostles 17:16 ff. where it says the following:

"Now while Paul waited for them at Athens, his spirit was stirred in him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry. Therefore disputed he in the synagogue with the Jews, and with the devout persons, and in the market daily with them that met with him. Then certain philosophers of the Epicureans, and of the Stoicks, encountered him. And some said, What will this babbler say? other some, He

seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods: because he preached unto them Jesus, and the resurrection."

Well might *Schelling*, too, grow angry, here in Berlin, since he saw the city so wholly given to idolatry. For where is there more worshipping of things of the earth, of Mammon and the honour of this world, of one's own dear Ego, and where is the true God more thrust aside, than precisely here? Where has the life of the world with its opulence, its luxury and its hollow, vain pomp, with its glittering vices and embellished sins, reached a higher pitch than precisely here? Did not your scholars, your shallow un-Christian writers wish to flatter you when they compared your city so often to Athens? Oh, what bitter truth they told you! Yes, Athens, full of pagan, proud culture and civilisation which blinds your eyes to the simple truth of the Gospel; Athens, full of brilliance and glamour and earthly splendour, full of the life of pleasure and comfortable idleness which stretches and yawns on a soft bed of dissoluteness and finds the word of the cross much too boring and penance much too strenuous; Athens, full of voluptuous, wild ecstasy and intoxication of the senses, in which the loud voice of conscience is shouted down and drowned, the inner unrest and pain concealed beneath a bright covering. Yes, indeed, Athens, full of proud worldly-wise men who rack their brains over Being and Nothing and other stale things and have long finished with God and the world but who laugh at the word of humility and poverty of spirit as a folly and curiosity of past times; Athens, full of accomplished scholars who know by heart all the kinds of infusoria and all the chapters of Roman Law but forget the eternal salvation which is the bliss of the soul. There a *Schelling* might well get angry as once Paul did when he entered such a city. And when he arrived there the worldly wise spoke just as once the Epicureans and Stoics did in Athens of old: What will this babbler say? They already spoke ill of him before he opened his mouth, they reviled him even before he entered their city. But let us see what Holy Scripture reports further:

"And they took him, and brought him unto Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is? For thou bringest certain strange things to our ears: we would know therefore what these things mean. (For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing.)"<sup>a</sup>

Now, is that not the Berliners to the very life? Are they not also bent on nothing but to hear and see some new thing? Just go into your coffee-houses and pastry shops and watch the new Athenians

<sup>a</sup> The Acts of the Apostles 17: 19-21.—*Ed.*



running after the newspapers while the Bible lies at home gathering dust, and nobody opens it; listen when they gather together whether their greetings are anything but: What is the news? Nothing new? Always something new, always something that never happened before, otherwise they are bored to death with all their culture, their pomp and their enjoyments. Whom do they think amiable, interesting and notable? Him who is most enlightened by the Holy Ghost? No, him who always has the most news to tell. What worries them most? Whether a sinner has been converted, at which the angels of God rejoice? No, what scandals have occurred during the night, what has been reported from Berlin in the *Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung*! Above all the brood of vipers of politicians and beer-parlour orators is the worst and most obsessed by news. These hypocrites interfere most loudly in the government instead of leaving unto the King what is the King's and never for a moment do they worry about the salvation of their immortal souls; they want to remove the mote from the eye of the government, and will not notice the beam in their own, unbelieving eye which is blind to the love of Christ. These most especially are like the Athenians of old, who also spent all day lounging around in the market-place and ferreting out news while the old truth was lying untouched in their closets. What did they want of *Schelling* but to hear something new, and how they turned up their noses when he gave them nothing but the old Gospel! How few were they who were not looking all the time for something new, but only demanded from *Schelling* the old truth, the word of salvation through Christ Jesus!

And so it is with the whole of history, as there with Paul so here with *Schelling*. They listened to his sermon with critical faces, now and then gave a superior smile, shook their heads, exchanged meaningful glances and then looked pityingly at *Schelling*, "and when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked" (The Acts of the Apostles 17:32). Only a few took his side. For as it was in Athens so it is today: the resurrection of the dead is their chief stumbling-block. Most of them are honest enough not to want to know anything about any immortality; the minority admits a very uncertain, vacillating, nebulous immortality of the soul, but leaves the body to rot forever, and they are all unanimous in scorning the real, definite and open resurrection of the flesh and in holding it to be a matter of impossibility, as if it were not written: for God nothing is impossible.

It still remains for us to make one more remark if we return to the history of the Church of Christ presented to the believing

reader as it is typified in the three apostles Peter, Paul and John. It follows from this that it is a most grievous wrong and a sin against the ordinance of God Himself if we, as many do even today, were to despise and disparage the Catholic Church in comparison with ours. For it is pre-ordained in the divine counsel, just as the Protestant Church, and we have much to learn from it. The Catholic Church still has the old Apostolic Church discipline, which with us has been completely lost. We know from the Scriptures that the apostles and the churches expelled from the communion of the Holy Ghost unbelievers, false teachers and sinners who were a cause of offence to the church. Does not Paul say in 1 Corinthians 5:3-5:

"For I verily, as absent in body, but present in spirit, have judged already, as though I were present, concerning him that hath so done this deed, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, when ye are gathered together, and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, to deliver such an one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus."

Did not Christ say to Peter:

"And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven" (Matthew 16:19).

Did he not say after the resurrection to all the disciples:

"Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained" (John 20:23).

Such passages in Holy Scripture point to strong church discipline, as it flourished in the Apostolic Church and still persists among Catholics, and if the Apostolic Church is our model and Holy Scripture our guide, we also must endeavour to assert again that ancient institution, and considering the fury with which the evil enemy today persecutes and attacks the Church of the Lord, we would do well to be armed not only inwardly with faith and hope, but also outwardly through the strengthening of the community in spirit and the expulsion of false prophets. The wolf must not be allowed to come among the flock without being driven out again. Moreover, the celibacy of Catholic priests is also not to be entirely condemned. It is written in Matthew 19:10-12:

"His disciples say unto him, If the case of the man be so with his wife, it is not good to marry. But he said unto them, All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given. For there are some eunuchs, which were so born from their mother's womb: and there are some eunuchs, which were made eunuchs of men: and there be eunuchs, which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive it."

Again, 1 Corinthians 7 deals from beginning to end with the advantages of the unmarried over the married state, and I will only quote from it a few passages:

7:1-2. "It is good for a man not to touch a woman. Nevertheless, to avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband."

7:8. "I say therefore to the unmarried and widows, It is good for them if they abide even as I."

7:27. "Art thou loosed from a wife? seek not a wife."

7:32-33. "He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord: But he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife."

7:38 ff. Finally, "he that giveth her in marriage doeth well; but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better. The wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband be dead, she is at liberty to be married to whom she will; only in the Lord. But she is happier if she so abide, after my judgment: and I think also that I have the Spirit of God."

These utterances are surely clear enough, and it is difficult to understand how, with such precepts, the single state could come so much into disrepute among Protestants. So we see that the Catholic Church is in many respects closer to the Scriptures than we, and we have no cause to despise it. On the contrary, our brethren in the Catholic Church, insofar as they are believing and godfearing, are closer to us than the apostate and un-Christian Protestants, and it is time for us to begin to prepare the Church of John by uniting with the Catholics against the common foes who threaten the whole of Christendom. It is no longer the time to quarrel over the differences between the various denominations, we must leave that to the Lord, since we humans have been unable here to reach clarity in three hundred years; we must watch and pray and be prepared always,

"having our loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; And our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith we shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God" (Ephesians 6:14-17). For the times are evil, and "the adversary ... as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour" (1 Peter 5:8).<sup>a</sup>

And if the author may be allowed to express his humble opinion where so many godly and enlightened men could speak, then he is of the opinion that the Church of John, and with it the last days, are at the door. Who has watched the events of the last years with

<sup>a</sup> These quotations are slightly modified.—Ed.

the Lord in view and has not noticed that great things are approaching and the hand of the Lord commands the affairs of kings and countries! Since the dreadful French Revolution a wholly new, devilish spirit has entered a great part of mankind and godlessness raises its insolent head so impudently and proudly that one is forced to think the prophecies of Scripture are about to be fulfilled. But let us see again what Scripture says about the godlessness of the last times. The Lord Jesus says in Matthew 24:11-14:

"And many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many. And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved. And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." And in 24: "For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect." And Paul says, in 2 Thessalonians 2:3 ff.: "that man of sin shall be revealed, the son of perdition; Who opposeth and exalteth *himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped*; ... after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. *And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie*: That they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." And in 1 Timothy 4:1. "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils."

Is that not as if the Lord and Paul saw our time before their eyes, large as life? The general falling away from the kingdom of God is ever increasing, the godlessness and blasphemy is daily becoming more impudent, as Peter says, 2 Peter 3:3.

"Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts."

All enemies of God are coming together and attacking the believers with all possible weapons; the indifferent ones who indulge in the lust of this world and to whom the word of the cross was too boring, pricked by conscience, are uniting with the atheist worldly wise and by their doctrine are trying to lull the worm within to sleep; the latter, for their part, deny with barefaced impudence everything that cannot be seen with the eyes, God and all life after death, and so, of course, it follows that for them this world is supreme, this world with its enjoyments of the flesh, with feasting, boozing and whoring. They are the worst pagans who have made themselves hardened and stiff-necked against the Gospel and of whom the Lord says that the Last Judgment would be more tolerable for the people of Sodom and

Gomorrah than for them. It is no longer an indifference and coldness in respect of the Lord, nay, it is open, declared hostility, and instead of all the sects and parties we now have only two: Christians and Anti-Christians. But he who has eyes to see, let him see and not blind them; for now is not the time to sleep and resort to subterfuges; where the signs of the times speak so clearly, there is need to pay heed to them and to search in the words of the prophecy, which has not been given us for nothing. We see the false prophets in our midst,

"and there has been given unto them a mouth to speak great things and blasphemies: and they open their mouths in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme his name and his tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven. And it is given unto them to make war with the saints and" (it almost seems) "to overcome them." Revelation 13:5-7.

All shame and respect and reverence have vanished out of them and the abominable mockeries of a Voltaire are child's play compared with the horrible earnestness and the deliberate blasphemy of these seducers. They roam about in Germany and want to sneak in everywhere, they preach their satanic doctrines in the market-places and carry the devil's standard from city to city, enticing the poor youths after them, to cast them into the deepest abyss of hell and death. Temptation abounds as never before, and it cannot be without special purpose that the Lord permits it. Shall it be said even of us:

"O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?" Matthew 16:3.

Nay, we must open our eyes and look about us; the times are important and it is meet to watch and pray, so that we enter not into temptation and the Lord, who will come like a thief in the night, may not find us sleeping. Great trouble and temptation will befall us, but the Lord will not forsake us, for He has said, Revelation 3:5:

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before His angels." And in 3:11: "Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

Amen!



solid political conviction, of firmness of character combined with lively energy, of talent and journalistic activity such as the south was never able to accumulate in the period of its finest flowering. Moreover, North-German liberalism is incontestably more thoroughly developed and versatile and possesses a firmer historical and national basis than the liberalism of the south could ever achieve. The standpoint of the former far transcends that of the latter. Why so? The history of the two phenomena provides the clearest answer.

When in the year 1830 political consciousness began to awaken all over Europe and the interest of the state began to come to the fore, the events and stimulations of that year, colliding with the reawakening dreams of Germanisation, gave rise to the new phenomenon of South-German liberalism. Born of immediate practice, it remained true to it and made it the basis of its theory. The practice out of which its theory was constructed was, however, as we know, very varied: French, German, English, Spanish, etc. Hence it came about that the theory, the real content of this movement, also ended up as something very general, vague and blurred, which was neither German nor French, neither national nor definitely cosmopolitan, but simply abstract and incomplete. There was a common purpose, the legalisation of liberty, but generally two diametrically opposed means of achieving it; thus, constitutional guarantees were desired for Germany and, in order to achieve this, one day greater independence of the princes from the Federal Diet<sup>133</sup> would be proposed and the next, greater dependence but a popular chamber alongside the Federal Diet: two equally impractical means in the prevailing circumstances. One day the great purpose was to be achieved through greater unity of Germany, and the next through greater independence of the small princes in relation to Prussia and Austria. Hence, always united on the purpose but never on the means, the by far more powerful party was soon overtaken by the government and realised its imprudence too late. Moreover, its strength was dependent on a momentary excitement, on the effect of a purely external event, the July revolution, and when this abated, it also had to go to sleep.

During this period things were much quieter in North Germany and outwardly less active. Only one man poured forth all the ardour of his vitality in living flames, and he was worth more than all the South Germans put together. I am speaking of *Börne*. In him, who with all the energy of his character rose above their half-heartedness, this one-sidedness carried on the fight to its

conclusion and so overcame itself. In him theory wrested itself free from practice and revealed itself as the latter's most beautiful flower. Hence he adopted the standpoint of North-German liberalism firmly, becoming its precursor and prophet.

This movement, whose domination of Germany can no longer be disputed, has gained a fuller content and more enduring existence through its basis. From the start it linked its being not to an individual event but to the whole of world history, and especially German history; the source from which it flowed was not in Paris, but in the heart of Germany; it was the newer German philosophy. Hence the North-German liberal is distinguished by a high degree of consistency, a definiteness in his demands, and a consonance of means and purpose, for which the South-German liberal has hitherto always striven in vain. Hence his conviction appears as a necessary product of national aspirations and itself national, because it wants to see Germany equally worthily placed in internal and external matters and cannot fall into the ludicrous dilemma of whether to be liberal first and then German, or German first and then liberal. Hence it knows itself to be equally safe from the one-sidedness of both parties and is free of the quibbles and sophistries into which they were driven by their own inner contradictions. Hence it can launch a resolute, vigorous and successful battle against each and every form of reaction, such as South-German liberalism never could, and hence its eventual victory is certain.

Nevertheless, South-German liberalism is not to be regarded as a lost outpost or an unsuccessful experiment; through it we have achieved results which are not to be disregarded. Above all, it was South-German liberalism that founded a German opposition, thereby making political convictions possible in Germany and awakening parliamentary life; that did not allow the seed which lay within the German constitution to fall asleep and rot, and that extracted from the July revolution the profit to be won from it for Germany. It proceeded from practice to theory and failed; so let us begin the other way round and try to penetrate from theory into practice—I will wager anything that in the end we shall get farther this way.

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## DIARY OF A GUEST STUDENT

### I

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In a city like Berlin a stranger would be committing a real crime against himself and against good taste if he did not inspect all the sights. Yet the most remarkable thing in Berlin, that which distinguishes the Prussian capital above all others, remains all too often unnoticed by him; I am speaking of the University. I do not mean the imposing façade on the Opera Square, or the anatomy and mineralogy museums, but the many lecture-halls with witty and pedantic professors, with students young and old, gay and serious, with freshmen and old-stagers, lecture-halls in which words have been spoken and are still spoken daily that spread beyond the frontiers of Prussia and even beyond the bounds within which German is spoken. Berlin University enjoys the reputation, like no other, of standing in the mainstream of contemporary thought and of having made itself such an arena of intellectual battles. How many other universities, Bonn, Jena, Giessen, Greifswald, and even Leipzig, Breslau and Heidelberg, have withdrawn from these battles and sunk into that learned apathy which has at all times been the bane of German science! Berlin, on the other hand, numbers representatives of all trends among its academic staff and thus allows a lively polemic which gives the students an easy, clear overall picture of present-day trends. In such circumstances I was tempted to take advantage of the now commonly granted privilege to sit in at lectures, and so I went in one morning, just as the summer term was beginning. Several lecturers had already begun their courses, most were beginning that day. Of all the lectures open to me the most interesting was the start of *Marheineke's* course on the introduction

of Hegelian philosophy into theology. In general, the first lectures by the local Hegelians this term were of very particular interest because with several of them one could be sure in advance of direct polemics against Schelling's philosophy of revelation, while others could be expected not to hesitate in saving the honour of Hegel's offended manes. Marheineke's course was too evidently directed against Schelling not to attract special attention. The lecture-hall was filled long before his arrival; young men and old, students, officers and goodness knows who else, sat and stood packed closely together. At last he enters; the talk and hum of voices cease instantly, hats fly off as if by command. A firm, strong figure, the serious, resolute face of a thinker, the high forehead wreathed in hair gone grey in the hard toil of thinking; during the lecture itself a noble demeanour, nothing of the scholar who buries his nose in the notes from which he is reading, no histrionic gesticulation; a youthful, upright posture, the eye fixed firmly on the audience; the delivery itself calm, dignified, slow but always fluent, plain but infinitely rich in striking thoughts which follow close one upon the other, each more penetrating than the preceding one. On the rostrum Marheineke impresses you by his sureness, imperturbable firmness and dignity, and also by the freedom of mind which radiates from his entire personality. Today, however, he stepped onto the rostrum in a very special mood, impressing his audience far more powerfully even than usually. If for a whole term he had patiently endured Schelling's unworthy utterances on the dead Hegel and his philosophy, if he had quietly listened to Schelling's lectures to the end—and for a man like Marheineke that is indeed no trifle—the moment had now come when he could reply to the attack, when he could lead proud thoughts into the field against proud words. He began with general remarks in which he described in masterly strokes the present attitude of philosophy to theology, referred appreciatively to Schleiermacher, saying that his pupils had been led to philosophy by his thinking which stimulated thinking, and that any who took a different path had themselves to blame for it. Gradually he passed to Hegelian philosophy and soon made a clear allusion to Schelling.

"Hegel," he said, "desired above all else that in philosophy one should rise above one's *own vanity* and not behave as if one had divined something special and here the matter could now rest; in particular he was not the man to come out *with grand promises and dazzling words*, but was content to let the philosophical *deed* speak for him. He has never been the *miles gloriosus*<sup>a</sup> of philosophy who boasted much

<sup>a</sup> Bragging liar.—Ed.

about himself.—Now, of course, nobody thinks himself too ignorant or too limited to pass adverse judgment on him and his philosophy; and nobody can fail to make his fortune if he has a thorough refutation of it in his pocket; for how easily he could insinuate himself with it can be seen from those who merely promise a refutation *and afterwards do not keep their word.*"

At these last words the applause of the audience, of which there had already been single outbursts, broke into stormy acclamation, which, being new at a theological lecture, greatly surprised the lecturer, and in its fresh spontaneity offered a striking contrast to the dry cheers barely produced by subventions at the end of the lectures which Marheineke was attacking. He quietened the applause with a gesture and continued:

"This desired refutation is nevertheless not yet available, nor will it be, as long as *irritation, ill humour, envy* and passion generally are employed instead of calm, scientific examination; as long as *gnosticism* and *fantasy* are considered sufficient to dethrone philosophical thought. The first condition of this refutation is, of course, to understand the opponent correctly, and here many of Hegel's enemies are like the dwarf who fought against the giant, or the still better known knight who tilted against windmills."

This is the main content of Marheineke's first lecture as far as it may be of interest to the wider public. Marheineke has once more shown how courageous and calm he always is on the field of battle when it is a matter of defending the freedom of science. By virtue of his character and acumen he stands out far more as Hegel's successor than Gabler, to whom this title is usually given. The grand, free vision with which Hegel surveyed the entire realm of thought and grasped the phenomena of life is also Marheineke's inheritance. Who will condemn him if he is not prepared to sacrifice his long-held conviction, his hard-won achievement, to a development which has only come about in the last five years? Marheineke has advanced with the times long enough to be entitled to a scientific summing-up. It is a great quality in him that he feels at home even in the most outlying areas of philosophy and makes its cause his own, as he has done every day from Leo's *Hegelungen* to Bruno Bauer's dismissal.<sup>134</sup>

Incidentally Marheineke intends to have these lectures printed when they are completed.<sup>135</sup>

## II

[*Rheinische Zeitung* No. 144, May 24, 1842]

A few students were sitting scattered in a spacious lecture-hall waiting for the lecturer. The notice on the door said that Professor von *Henning* was at this hour to begin a public lecture

on the *Prussian financial system*. Attracted by the subject, put on the order of the day by Bülow-Cummerow,<sup>a</sup> and the name of the lecturer, one of Hegel's older pupils, I was surprised that it did not appear to arouse more interest. Henning entered, a slim man in his "prime", with thin fair hair, and began to present his subject in rapidly flowing, perhaps rather too detailed discourse.

"Prussia," he said, "stands out among all other states by having a financial system based entirely on the modern science of political economy, and having had the hitherto unique courage to apply in practice the theoretical results of Adam Smith and his followers. England, for instance, where the modern theories originated, is still up to the eyes in the old system of monopoly and prohibition, France almost more so, and neither Huskisson in the former country nor Duchâtel in the latter has been able to overcome private interests by his more reasonable views, to say nothing of Austria and Russia; whereas Prussia has firmly recognised the principle of free trade and free industry and has abolished all monopolies and prohibitive customs duties. This aspect of our political system, therefore, places us high above states which in another respect, the development of political freedom, are far ahead of us. If our government's achievement in respect of finance has been so extraordinary, it must also be admitted, on the other hand, that peculiarly favourable conditions existed for such a reform. The disaster of 1806<sup>b</sup> cleared the ground on which the new edifice could be erected; the government's hands were not tied by a representative system, enabling the particular interests to assert themselves. But unfortunately there are still old gentlemen whose narrow-mindedness and peevishness make them carp at what is new and accuse it of being an unhistorical, unpractical, forcibly imposed construction evolved from abstract theory; as if history had stopped in 1806 and it were wrong for practice to conform with theory, with science; as if the essence of history were stagnation or movement in a circle, and not progress, as if there could really be practice devoid of all theory."

I may be permitted to look more closely at these last points, with which public opinion in Germany, and particularly in Prussia, will surely declare itself in accord; it is high time to oppose resolutely the eternal talk of a certain party about "historical, organic, natural development", about the "natural state", etc., and publicly expose these dazzling visions. If there are states which must indeed take the past into consideration and are obliged to advance more slowly, this does not apply to Prussia. *Prussia cannot advance quickly enough*, cannot develop rapidly enough. Our past lies buried under the ruins of pre-Jena Prussia, it has been swept away by the flood of the Napoleonic invasion. What fetters us? We no longer have to drag on our feet those medieval balls and chains which hamper the progress of so many states; the dirt of past centuries

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<sup>a</sup> Bülow-Cummerow, *Preussen, seine Verfassung, seine Verwaltung, sein Verhältnis zu Deutschland*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> The defeat at Jena.—Ed.

no longer sticks to our soles. How then can anyone talk about historical development here without meaning a return to the *ancien régime*? A retreat which would be the most shameful there ever was, the most cowardly denial of the most glorious years of Prussian history, treason—conscious or unconscious—against the Fatherland, since it would necessitate another catastrophe like that of 1806. No, it is clear as daylight that *Prussia's salvation lies solely in theory, in science, in development through the intellect*. Or to see it from another angle, Prussia is no "natural" state, but one which has come into being through politics, through purposeful action, through the *intellect*. From the French side the attempt has recently been made to represent this as our state's greatest weakness; on the contrary, this circumstance is our main strength, provided that it is rightly used. Prussia, if it so wants, can raise itself as high above the "natural" states as the conscious intellect stands above unconscious nature. Since provincial differences in Prussia are so great, the system must grow *purely from thought* in order that no province shall be wronged; a gradual fusion of the different provinces will then take place of itself, the separate peculiarities all dissolving in the higher unity of a free state consciousness, whereas otherwise several centuries would not suffice to bring about the internal legislative and national unity of Prussia, and the first violent blow would be bound to have such consequences for the internal cohesion of our state against which no man could offer reliable guarantees. The road which other states have to take is determined in advance by a definite national character; we are free from this compulsion; we can make of ourselves what we will; dismissing all other considerations, Prussia can follow solely the inspiration of reason; it can, as no other state, learn from the experience of its neighbours; it can stand—which no other country can—as the model state for Europe, at the height of its time, and represent in its institutions the complete state consciousness of its century.

This is our vocation, this is what Prussia has been created for. Should we barter away this future for the sake of a few hollow phrases from a dead trend? Shall we not listen to history itself, which entrusts us with this vocation of bringing the flower of all theory to life? Prussia's basis, I say it once more, is not the ruins of past centuries, but the eternally young spirit which becomes conscious in science and creates for itself its own freedom in the state. And if we were to give up the spirit and its freedom, we should be denying ourselves, we should be betraying our most sacred possession, we should be murdering our own living strength

and should not be worthy any longer to stand in the ranks of the European states. Then history would pronounce its terrible death sentence on us: "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."<sup>a</sup>

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<sup>a</sup> Daniel 5:27.—*Ed.*

## RHENISH FESTIVALS <sup>136</sup>

*Berlin, May 6.* There are certain times of the year when the Rhinelander gadding about abroad is seized by a very special longing for his beautiful homeland. This longing comes particularly in spring, around Whitsun, the time of the Rhenish music festival, and is a really dreadful feeling. Now, he knows it only too well, everything on the Rhine is in bud; the transparent waves of the river ripple in the spring breeze, nature puts on its Sunday best, and at home they are getting ready for the song outing, tomorrow they will set off, and you are not there!

Oh, it is a fine festival, the Rhenish music festival! The visitors come pouring in from all sides, on crowded steamers decorated with greenery and flags flying, to the accompaniment of horn and song, in long railway trains and lines of stage-coaches, with flourishing of hats and waving of kerchiefs, cheerful men, young and old, beautiful women with even more beautiful voices, all Sunday people with laughing Sunday faces. There's pleasure for you! All cares, all business are forgotten; not a single serious face is to be seen in the dense crowd of arrivals. Old acquaintances are renewed, new ones made; the young folk laugh and flirt and chatter incessantly, and even the old, forcibly persuaded by their dear daughters to take part in the festival, despite gout and podagra, cold and hypochondria, are infected by the general merriment and have to be cheerful since they have come along. Everybody is preparing for the Whitsun holiday, and a festival that derives from the general emanation of the Holy Spirit cannot be more worthily celebrated than by surrendering to the divine spirit of bliss and enjoyment of life, the innermost kernel of which

is enjoyment of art. And of all the arts none is so well suited as music to form the centre of such a convivial provincial parliament where all the educated people of the area come together for the mutual renewal of the joy of living and youthful gaiety. If with the ancients it was the presentation of comedy and the contest of tragic poets that attracted the people to the Panathenaean festivals<sup>137</sup> and bacchanalia, in our climatic and social conditions music alone can play the same role. For just as music which is merely printed and does not speak to the ear can give us no enjoyment, so tragedy remained dead and strange to the ancients unless it spoke from the *thymele*<sup>a</sup> and *orchestra*<sup>b</sup> through the living mouths of the actors. Today every town has its theatre where plays are performed daily, while for the Hellenes the stage came alive only at great festivals; today printing spreads every new play throughout Germany, while among the ancients only a few could read the written tragedy. Hence, drama can no longer serve as the centre for great assemblies, a different art must help, and only music can do that; for it alone admits of the participation of a great multitude and even gains considerably thereby in power of expression; it is the only art where enjoyment coincides with live performance and where the range of effect is as wide as that of ancient drama. And well may the German celebrate and foster music, in which he is king above all nations, for just as he alone succeeded in bringing the highest and holiest, the innermost secret of the human heart, to light out of its hidden depth and in expressing it in sound, so it is given to him alone to respond fully to the power of music, to understand the language of instruments and song through and through.

But here music is not the main thing. What is then? The music festival. Just as the centre cannot form a circle without a periphery, so music is nothing without the gay, convivial life which forms the periphery to this musical centre. The Rhinelander is thoroughly sanguine by nature; his blood flows as freely through his veins as newly fermented Rhine wine, and his eyes always look cheerfully and merrily upon the world. Among the Germans he is Sunday's child to whom the world always looks more beautiful and life more cheerful than to others. He sits laughing and chattering among the vines and over his goblet has long forgotten all his cares while others argue for hours whether they should go and do the same, losing the best time. One thing is certain, no Rhineland-

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<sup>a</sup> Raised section of the orchestra in the ancient Greek theatre.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Space for the chorus in the ancient Greek theatre.— *Ed.*



er has ever let slip an opportunity to enjoy life, or he is thought the biggest fool. This sprightly blood keeps the Rhinelander young years after the real North German has passed into a sedate and prosaic philistinism. All his life long the Rhinelander loves gay, high-spirited pranks, youthful larks, or, as wise, sedate people say, mad tomfooleries and all sorts of crazy things; the gayest and liveliest universities have always been Bonn and Heidelberg. And even the old philistine, soured by worry and work, and the dreariness of everyday life, may give his boys a good hiding for their mischievous pranks in the early morning, yet tell them gleefully in the evening over a pint about the old tricks he himself played in his youth.

With the Rhinelander's eternally cheerful nature, with such an open, unaffected, carefree temperament, it is no wonder that almost everybody at the music festival wants something more than to hear and be heard. There is a gaiety, a freedom and movement of life, a freshness of enjoyment which one would search for long elsewhere. Gay, good-tempered faces, friendship and cordiality for all who take part in the general enjoyment; the three days of the festival slip by like hours in drinking, singing and jesting. And on the morning of the fourth day, when all the pleasure has been enjoyed and the time has come to part, everybody is already looking happily forward to next year, arranging to meet then and, still gay and filled with new life, going on their way and about their everyday work.

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## MARGINALIA TO TEXTS OF OUR TIME

Four Public Lectures Given in Königsberg  
by Ludwig Walesrode. Königsberg, H. L. Voigt, 1842<sup>a</sup>

It is now several years since Königsberg in Prussia acquired an importance which must be gratifying to all Germany. Formally excluded from Germany by the Federal Act,<sup>138</sup> the German element there has rallied its strength and claims to be recognised as German and respected as Germany's representative *vis-à-vis* the barbarism of the Slavonic East. And, indeed, the East Prussians could not represent Germany's culture and nationhood *vis-à-vis* the Slavs better than they have done. Intellectual life, political awareness have there reached a height of animated activity, a loftiness and freedom of standpoint as in no other city. *Rosenkranz* with his versatile and lively intelligence represents German philosophy there in a most gratifying manner, and even if he has not the courage of ruthless consistency, his knowledge and talent combined with a fine sense of tact and an unprejudiced approach rank him very high. *Jachmann* and others discuss the questions of the day in a liberal spirit and now we are presented in the above publication with new proof of the high degree of culture which the public there possesses.

It consists of four humorous lectures given to a large audience on subjects taken from the immediate living present, which the talented author has brought together here. Truly, they reveal such a gift for genre-painting, such ease, elegance and clarity of presentation, such sparkling wit that one cannot deny the author's considerable talent as a humourist. He has an eye which

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<sup>a</sup> *Glossen und Randzeichnungen zu Texten aus unserer Zeit. Vier öffentliche Vorlesungen, gehalten zu Königsberg von Ludwig Walesrode. Königsberg, H. L. Voigt, 1842.—Ed.*

seizes on that aspect of current events through which they can be shown most effectively, and he introduces his innumerable references and allusions so cleverly that even the person who is their butt has to smile; moreover, allusions follow in quick succession and in the end no one can take offence at the mockery because everybody has had his share of it. The first lecture, *Die Masken des Lebens*, introduces us to Munich, Berlin, the German Michel, the hollowness of the hereditary aristocracy, the disunion, and a party of German celebrities from the description of which I have taken the following passage:

"Sitting at a table not far from us is a young man drinking his wine from a heavy silver goblet. Once, with a single song, he dismantled twenty French batteries aimed against the free nymphs of the green, free Rhine, and with his four-foot iambics drove back in headlong flight to Thionville several cavalry regiments of the French advance guard who had already got as far as Andernach. For this bold deed he was rewarded with a silver goblet and a participial construction even bolder than his song, so marvellously gigantic that all the grammar schoolteachers in Germany blenched and the third-formers jumped up from their seats and shouted jubilantly: 'Now we can have hot weather holidays!'"<sup>a</sup>

A little further on it says:

"Then a censor's mask approaches us. Should it discover an uncensored ink-stain on our fingers, we should be lost. A censor looks like any other human, but his post is more than human. He judges the spirit and the thoughts and carries the scales which only eternal justice should hold. In literature he is employed to execute the pharaonic law that all male-born literary infants must be killed or at least abelarded.<sup>b</sup> The censorship in ancient Rome consisted in strict moral judgment on the citizens of the Republic; it came to an end when, as Cicero says, it could do no more than make a man blush. Our censorship can only come to an end *when* the entire nation can blush for it as *one* man!"<sup>c</sup>

The second lecture, *Unser goldenes Zeitalter*, discourses in the same light vein on the moneyed aristocracy; the third, *Literarisches Don-Quixote-Tournier*, tilts with lance in rest at all kinds of absurdities of our time, first and foremost German political style.

"The German language," it says in this lecture, "was born free and republican; it scales the highest Alpine peaks and glaciers of poetry and thought, to soar with the eagle to the sun. But, like the Swiss, it also enrolls in the bodyguard of despotism. What the King of Hanover<sup>d</sup> told his people in the worst German could not have been expressed in the best English. In short, our language, like Morison's pills, is good and usable for everything: but it lacks something which it needs very badly: political style! Of course, in times of greatest peril, when Cologne Cathedral mirrors itself in the Rhine, which usually it does only in very serious circumstances,

<sup>a</sup> L. Walesrode, *Glossen und Randzeichnungen*, S. 15-16.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Castrated. An allusion to Pierre Abélard.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> L. Walesrode, *Glossen und Randzeichnungen*, S. 16-17.—Ed.

<sup>d</sup> Ernst August.—Ed.

it takes on a sort of political verve, with high official approval; every potato patch is then called a *Gau*, and respectable small townfolk are promoted to *Mannen*, and every seamstress is suddenly transformed overnight into a German *Maid*. But that is only the style of political defensive and is usually mobilised at the same time as the people's militia; taking offensive action is something our language has yet to learn. When a German wants to assert his simplest political right, which is pledged to him by a stamped paper as legally as his wife is by the marriage contract, he wraps his demand in so many clauses, legal flourishes, incidental expressions of high esteem, exclamation marks of respect, and assurances of undying love and loyalty that one might take the whole thing for a ceremonious love letter from a tailor's apprentice rather than a just demand. For the German has not enough courage—to have the right, and therefore he begs pardon a thousand times for having dared believe, think, suppose or even merely suspect that he had a political demand outstanding with a high customer. Do not most of the petitions for freedom of the press, for example, recall exactly the Marquis Posa, completely rigged out from the theatrical wardrobe, throwing himself at the feet of King Philipp with the words: 'Sire, give us freedom of thought!'<sup>a</sup> Is it any wonder, then, that such supplications are likewise dismissed with King Philipp's words: 'Curious dreamer!'<sup>b</sup> and laid aside *ad acta*? The few Germans who had the courage as their Fatherland's advocates to put forward its political rights in the clear and terse language becoming to real men, have only the cowardice of our political style to thank for the fact that they fell victim to the state inquisition. For where cowardice is the norm, courage is a crime! It could very easily happen that for mere stylistic sins, for having let his words and thoughts be seen in naked truth, not clothed in the costume prescribed by the master of ceremonies, a political writer of our time would be gently broken on the wheel from top to toe, and that in the name of the law. Just as German style is as cowardly as a eunuch when it has to assert political rights, so it is no less clumsy when it swings the censor round the ears of the high and mighty. If somewhere a prince says: 'I shall do right and justice' whole swarms of newspaper phrases at once descend on the speck of honey like wild bees and buzz with delight at the precious find on the desolate political wasteland. But is there anything more insulting for a prince than when the mere expression of the intention to execute a ruler's prime duty, without which his name would have to be equated with Nero and Busris, is trumpeted through all the newspapers as an extraordinary, unheard-of princely virtue? And this happens in official gazettes, under the eyes of the censors, under the auspices of the Federal Diet! Should not paragraph 92 of the Criminal Law be applied to such clumsy eulogists in all its severity?"<sup>c</sup>

The fourth lecture gives *Variationen über beliebte Zeit- und Nationalmelodien* which include *Ein Ordenskapitel*, beginning as follows:

"Princes are the peoples' shepherds, as Homer has already said, and therefore the peoples are, of course, the princes' sheep. And the shepherds love their sheep very much and lead them on gay, silken leading-strings, so as not to lose them, and the sheep in turn are pleased with the pretty iridescent ribbon and don't notice that this decoration is at the same time their fetter, because they are mere sheep", etc.<sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Schiller, *Don Carlos*, Act III, Scene 10.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> *Ibid.*—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> L. Walesrode, *Glossen und Randzeichnungen*, S. 48-50.—*Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> *Ibid.*, S. 70.—*Ed.*

With these four lectures Walesrode has demonstrated his ability as a humourist. But that is not enough. So long as they fulfil their purpose as lectures, such things have the right to be loosely constructed, disjointed, without unity; the genuine humourist, however, would have given even more stress than Walesrode has done to the background of a great, positive vision of the world in which all mockery and all negation are completely and satisfyingly dissolved. In this respect, Walesrode has taken a duty upon himself by publishing the above small work; he must as soon as possible justify the expectations which he has aroused here and prove that he can equally well concentrate and work his views into a whole as he has here allowed them separate expression. And that is all the more necessary as his derivation from Börne, his vision of the world and his style are evidence of close kinship with the authors of the Young Germany of yore; almost all the authors who belonged to that category, however, have failed to justify the expectations they aroused and have sunk into lethargy, the inevitable consequence of a fruitless striving for inner unity. The inability to produce something whole was the rock on which they were wrecked, since they themselves were not *whole* people. Walesrode, on the other hand, gives us a glimpse here and there of a higher, more perfect standpoint and so justifies the demand that he bring his individual judgments into balance with each other and with the height of the philosophy of his time.

For the rest, we must congratulate him on the audience, which was able to appreciate such lectures, and on the censor, who did not prevent them from being published. We cherish the hope that such handling of censorship as evidenced by this book will overcome all other, vacillating principles in its application, at least for Prussia, and win general approval; that censorship may everywhere be exercised by such people as in Königsberg, where, our author says, the censors are men

“who have taken on the most hateful of all offices in painful self-sacrifice so that it should not fall into the hands of those who would take it on with pleasure”<sup>a</sup>

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<sup>a</sup> L. Walesrode, *Glossen und Randzeichnungen*, S. VIII.— Ed.

## [POLEMIC AGAINST LEO]

*From the Hasenheide, May.* What Hegelian philosophy, according to the enlightened judgment of the *Literarische Zeitung*, has been unable to achieve, namely, construct a system of natural sciences based upon its principles, the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* is now undertaking most successfully from its standpoint. On the occasion of a book by Professor Leupoldt in Erlangen, an essay in its latest issues signed *H. L.* (Leo) develops the *programme of a total revolution in medicine* the consequences of which are not yet foreseeable.<sup>139</sup> As always, Leo begins here with the Hegelings, although without naming them, speaks of the pantheistic, heathen trend which is said to have taken hold of modern natural science, and the "philosophical fondling of nature and subtle reconciliation of systems", castigates the anatomistic view which would cure the individual man instead of whole generations and nations, and finally comes to the conclusion

"that sickness is the wages of sin, that physically connected generations answer jointly for their sins, and even spiritually, unless belief, given through God's mercy, breaks the chain of punishment. Just as the individual is not, through his conversion, physically freed from punishment for the sin committed, e. g., if he has lost his nose as a result of sinful debauches he will not get it back through his conversion, so even today the teeth of the grandchildren quite naturally are set on edge by the sour grapes which their grandparents have eaten, and where firm belief does not intervene, not even the spiritual punishments cease. How often has a man, who lived in opulence and sin and withal appeared to have a happy end, left his son and grandson the seed of the most nerve-destroying morbidity which continued to rage in them until, in the most depressive stage of the abdominal disease, the great-grandson, in whom no word of mercy had yet found fertile soil, seized the razor in despair and executed on his own throat the punishment which the originator of his sufferings, his great-grandfather, deserved".

Were it not for these views, the history of the world would seem to be the most crying injustice.—Leo then continues:

"The repentant noseless sinner can see in his mutilation only a memorial to God's justice, and that which for the unbeliever was a punishment, becomes for the believer a new foundation for his faith."

It is the same with nations:

"Spiritual as well as bodily diseases and disorders of the age are from a certain standpoint divine judgments, today just as much as in the age of the prophets."

These are the philosophical—I meant to say religious principles on which Leo, who would be worthy to fraternise with a Ringseis, bases his new medical practice. What use is all that petty, piecemeal curing of single individuals, nay, of the single limb? Whole families, whole nations must be cured by the lump! If grandfather has a fever, the entire family, sons, daughters, grandchildren with wife and child, must swallow Peruvian bark! If the king has pneumonia every province should send a delegate to be bled, if you don't prefer to take an ounce of blood per head from the entire population of so and so many millions straight-away as a precaution! And what results might this not have for the sanitary police! Nobody is to be allowed to marry who does not produce a doctor's certificate that he is healthy, and that all his ancestors back to his great-grandfather were of sound constitution, and a certificate from the preacher saying that he and his ancestors, back to his great-grandfather, have kept strictly to a Christian, godfearing and virtuous way of life, so that, as Leo says, it shall not come to pass that

"the sins of the fathers are visited on the children down to the third and fourth generation!"

Hence, the doctor has

"a position most dreadful in its responsibility and most terrifying in its consequences, for he can equally well be a messenger of God to the individual who exempts him as far as possible from joint suffering for sin, or a *servant of the devil* who with his power seeks to oppose God's punishment and to make it ineffective".

Again results for the state! The prescribed philosophical course for medical men must be abolished and replaced by a theological one; before his examination the medical student must submit a testimonial of his faith, and the practice of Jewish medical men, if it is not to be completely abolished, must at least be limited to their fellow believers. Leo goes on:

"The sick man, like the criminal, is *sacer*, the holy hand of God lies upon him—he who can heal, let him do so! But let him not fear the red-hot steel or the

sharp iron, or the fierce hunger, where these alone can help. Feeble help is as harmful in medicine as in civil society."

So cut and burn with a will! Where they used to do a miserable trepanning we now help by simply cutting the head off; where a heart condition is revealed, which is usually punishment for sins of love committed by the sick man's mother, and the blood causes too much pressure on the heart, we provide an outlet for it by a stab with a knife in the heart; if someone is suffering from stomach cancer, we cut out his whole stomach—the old doctor Eisenbart of whom the people sing was really not so bad, it was only that his age did not understand him. It is the same, Leo concludes, with criminals; they are not alone culpable, but the nation is responsible with them, and the punishments which our easy-going time metes out are not harsh enough; there must be more beheading and torturing, otherwise we shall have more criminals than there is room for in the workhouses. Quite right! If a man murders, his whole family must be rooted out and every citizen of his home town receive at least twenty-five strokes with the rod for his joint culpability in this murder; where a brother lives in sin, all his brothers must be c—— with him. And nothing but good can come from making punishments more severe. Now that beheading, as we have seen above, is no longer a punishment but merely a medical amputation to save the body, this manner of death must be deleted from the criminal codes and replaced by breaking on the wheel, quartering, piercing with the spit, burning, pinching with red-hot tongs, etc.

Thus Leo opposes a system of medicine and jurisprudence that has become heathenish with a Christian one, which will indubitably soon prevail everywhere. We all know how, in accordance with the same principles, he introduced Christianity into history and thus, for example, made the Hegelings, whom he sees as the children of the men of the French Revolution, responsible for the blood shed in Paris, Lyons and Nantes,<sup>140</sup> even for the actions of Napoleon himself, and I only mention it here to demonstrate the delightful many-sidedness of the indefatigable man. We understand that a German grammar based on Christian principles is soon to be expected from him.

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# Deutsche Jahrbücher

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## Wissenschaft und Kunst.

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ALEXANDER JUNG, "LECTURES ON MODERN  
GERMAN LITERATURE"<sup>a</sup>

Danzig, 1842. Gerhard <sup>141</sup>

[*Deutsche Jahrbücher* No. 160, July 7, 1842]

The more gladdening the powerful intellectual movement by which Königsberg seeks to place itself at the centre of German political progress, and the freer and more developed the form in which public opinion manifests itself there, the more peculiar does it seem that this should be the place where a certain *juste-milieu*, which is obviously bound to come into conflict with the majority of the local people, is attempting to assert itself in the philosophical field. And whereas *Rosenkranz* still has many aspects that command respect, although he lacks the courage to be consistent, all the flabbiness and paltriness of the philosophical *juste-milieu* is revealed in the person of Herr *Alexander Jung*.

In every movement, in every ideological struggle, there is a certain species of foggy mind which only feels comfortable in confusion. As long as the principles have not yet been worked out, such people are tolerated; as long as everyone is striving for clarity, it is not easy to discern the predestined lack of clarity of such people. But when the elements become separated, and principle is counterposed to principle, then it is high time to bid farewell to these useless people and definitively part company with them, for then their emptiness becomes appallingly obvious.

Herr Alexander Jung is also one of these people. It would be best if his above-mentioned book were ignored; but since, in addition, he publishes a *Königsberger Literatur-Blatt*, in which he also brings his boring positivism <sup>142</sup> before the public every week,

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<sup>a</sup> Alexander Jung, *Vorlesungen über die moderne Literatur der Deutschen*.—Ed.

the readers of the *Jahrbücher*<sup>a</sup> will forgive me if I fix my sights on him and characterise him in rather more detail.

In the bygone days of Young Germany, he came out with his letters on recent literature.<sup>b</sup> He had joined this youthful trend and now, without wishing to, became with it part of the opposition. What a position for our conciliator! Herr Alexander Jung on the extreme left! One can easily imagine his discomfort and the stream of assurances he poured forth. Yet he had a particular liking for Gutzkow, who at that time was regarded as the arch-heretic. He wanted to unburden his full heart, but he was afraid, he did not want to cause offence. How was he to find a way out? He resorted to a method altogether typical of him. He wrote an apotheosis of Gutzkow, but without mentioning his name, and then entitled it: "Lines on an Unnamed Person". Permit me to say it, Herr Alexander Jung, that was downright cowardly!

[*Deutsche Jahrbücher* No. 161, July 8, 1842]

Later Jung came out again with a conciliatory and confused book: *Königsberg in Preussen und die Extreme des dortigen Pietismus*. What a title! He allows pietism as such, but its *extremes* must be fought, just as now a struggle is being waged in the *Königsberger Literatur-Blatt* against the extremes of the Young Hegelian trend, for all extremes are evil in general, and only his beloved conciliation and moderation are of any value. As if extremes were not consistency pure and simple! Incidentally, this book was reviewed at the time in the *Hallische Jahrbücher*.<sup>143</sup>

Now he comes forward with the above-mentioned book and pours forth a whole bucketful of vague, uncritical assertions, confused judgments, empty phrases and ludicrously narrow views. It is as if he had been asleep ever since his *Briefe* appeared. *Rien appris, rien oublié!*<sup>144</sup> Young Germany has passed away, the Young Hegelian school has emerged, Strauss, Feuerbach, Bauer, and the *Jahrbücher* now command universal attention, the battle over principles is at its height, it is a question of life or death, Christianity is at stake, the political movement embraces everything, and yet the good Jung still cherishes the naive belief that "the nation" has nothing better to do than wait agog for a new play by Gutzkow, a novel promised by Mundt, an oddity to be expected from Laube. At

<sup>a</sup> *Deutsche Jahrbücher für Wissenschaft und Kunst*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> A. Jung, *Briefe über die neueste Literatur*.—Ed.

a time when the cry of battle resounds throughout Germany, when the new principles are being debated at his very feet, Herr Jung sits in his study, chews his pen and ruminates over the concept of the "modern". He hears nothing, sees nothing, for he is up to his ears in a pile of books, the contents of which are now of no interest to anyone, and he labours to arrange the various items precisely and neatly into Hegelian categories.

On the threshold of his lectures, he sets up as sentry the bogey of the "modern". What is the "modern"? Herr Jung says that his point of departure for it is Byron and George Sand, and that for Germany the most immediate basic elements of the new world epoch are Hegel and the writers of what is called Young Literature.—Is there anything for which poor Hegel has not been made responsible? Atheism, the omnipotence of self-consciousness, the revolutionary theory of the state, and now Young Germany as well. But it is perfectly ridiculous to connect Hegel with this coterie. Is Herr Jung not aware that Gutzkow has long been engaged in a polemic against Hegelian philosophy, that Mundt and Kühne understand practically nothing at all about the subject, that Mundt, in particular, in the *Madonna* and elsewhere has said the most senseless things about Hegel, shown the greatest misunderstanding of him and is now an avowed opponent of his teaching? Does he not know that Wienbarg, too, has spoken out against Hegel, and that Laube in his history of literature<sup>a</sup> has continually made incorrect use of Hegelian categories?

Herr Jung then passes on to the concept of the "modern" and tortures himself over it for six pages, without being able to master it. Of course! As though the "modern" could ever become "elevated to the rank of a concept"! As though such a vague, empty, imprecise expression which superficial minds everywhere put forward with a certain air of mystery, could ever become a philosophical category! What a distance there is between the "modern" of Heinrich Laube, which smacks of aristocratic salons and is personified only in the shape of a dandy, and "modern science" in the title of Strauss' book on dogma<sup>b</sup>! But all that is of no avail; Herr A. Jung regards this title as proof that Strauss acknowledges the modern, the special Young-German modern, as a power above him, and instantly puts him and Young Literature in the *same* category. In the end he defines the concept of the

<sup>a</sup> H. Laube, *Geschichte der deutschen Literatur*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> D. F. Strauss, *Die christliche Glaubenslehre in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung und im Kampfe mit der modernen Wissenschaft*.—Ed.

modern as the independence of the subject from all merely external authority. We have long known that the striving towards this is the main element of the movement of the present day, and *no one* will deny that the "moderns" are connected with this striving; but what is very conspicuously revealed here is the absurdity of Herr Jung's desire to present a part as the whole, an outlived, transitional epoch as a period of full flower. At all costs, Young Germany must be made the embodiment of the whole spirit of the times, and incidentally Hegel, too, must come in for his share. One can see that, so far, Herr Jung was divided in two; he kept one half of his heart for Hegel and the other for Young Germany. Now, in writing these lectures, he was compelled to bring the two together. What a problem! The left hand caressed philosophy, the right hand superficial, iridescent unphilosophy and, in good Christian fashion, the right hand did not know what the left hand was doing. Where was he to turn? Instead of honestly rejecting one of his two incompatible favourites, he made a bold stroke and deduced unphilosophy from philosophy.

To this end, thirty pages are devoted to throwing light on poor Hegel. A pompous, high-faluting apotheosis gushes in a turbid flood over the grave of the great man; then Herr Jung is at pains to prove that the fundamental feature of the Hegelian system is the assertion of the free subject as opposed to the heteronomy of rigid objectivity. But one need not be particularly knowledgeable about Hegel to know that he laid claim to a far higher standpoint, that of the *reconciliation* of the subject with objective forces; that he had a tremendous respect for objectivity, that he regarded reality, the actually existing, as far higher than the subjective reason of the individual, and demanded that precisely the latter should recognise objective reality as rational. Hegel is not, as Herr Jung supposes, the prophet of subjective autonomy, which is seen in the form of arbitrariness in Young Germany. Hegel's principle is also heteronomy, subordination of the subject to universal reason, and sometimes, for instance in the philosophy of religion, even to universal unreason. What Hegel despised most of all was the intellect, and what is that but reason petrified in its subjectivity and isolation? But Herr Jung will reply to me by saying that that was not what he meant, that he was speaking only of *purely external* authority, that he, too, wants to see no more in Hegel than merely the reconciliation of both sides, and that, in his opinion, the "modern" individual desires no more than to regard himself as governed "by his own insight into the rationality of what is objective". But then I, in turn, will insist that he should not lump

Hegel with the Young Germans, whose essence lies precisely in subjective arbitrariness, whims and oddities; for then the "modern individual" is merely another expression for a Hegelian. In the presence of such boundless confusion Herr Jung will have to look for the "modern" also within the Hegelian school, and it is correct that the Left trend of the latter is pre-eminently called upon to fraternise with the Young Germans.

Finally, he comes to "modern" literature, and now a flood of universal recognition and eulogising is let loose. Here there is *no one* who has not achieved something to his credit, *no one* who does not represent something worthy of notice, *no one* to whom literature does not owe some of its progress. These endless compliments, these conciliatory efforts, this passion to play the literary procurer and broker, are intolerable. What concern is it to literature that some writer or other has a bit of talent, that here or there he achieves some trifle, if he is otherwise worthless, if his whole trend, his literary character, his achievements as a whole, are of no value? In literature a writer's value does not depend on himself, but only on his position in relation to the whole. If I were to adopt that kind of criticism, I would have to deal more indulgently with Herr Jung himself, since perhaps five pages of this book are not badly written and reveal some talent.—A mass of curious statements flows from his pen with extraordinary ease and even with a certain *hauteur*. Thus, in speaking of Pückler's harsh treatment at the hands of the critics, he rejoices that they "*pronounce their judgment without regard for person or rank*. This truly testifies to the high, independent standpoint of German criticism." What a poor opinion Herr Jung must have of the German nation to consider that sort of thing so greatly to its credit! As though incredible courage were required to criticise the literary works of a *sovereign*!

I shall pass over this drivel which claims to be a history of literature and which, in addition to its inner emptiness and incoherence, also has limitless omissions; thus there is no mention of the poets Grün, Lenau, Freiligrath, and Herwegh, or the dramatists Mosén and Klein, etc. Finally, the author arrives at what he has been working up to from the outset—his precious Young Germany, which for him is the acme of the "modern". He begins with *Börne*. Actually, Börne's influence on Young Germany has not been so great; Mundt and Kühne said he was mad, Laube thought him too democratic, too categorical, and only on Gutzkow and Wienbarg did he exercise a more sustained influence. Gutzkow, in particular, owes a great deal to Börne. The latter's greatest

effect lay in his quiet influence on the nation, which preserved his works as sacred objects and drew strength and support from them during the troubled times of 1832 to 1840, until the true sons of the author of the *Briefe aus Paris*<sup>a</sup> appeared in the form of the new, philosophical liberals. Without the direct and indirect influence of Börne it would have been far more difficult for the free trend proceeding from Hegel to take shape. Then all that needed to be done was to clear out the silted-up paths of thought between Hegel and Börne, and that was not so difficult. These two men stood closer to each other than it seemed. Börne's directness and healthy outlook proved to be the practical side of what Hegel had in mind, theoretically at least. Naturally, Herr Jung does not see this either. True, for him Börne is to a certain extent a respectable person, even a man of character, which is obviously very valuable in the circumstances; he has undeniable merits, as perhaps Varnhagen and Pückler have also, and he wrote in particular good dramatic criticism, but he was a fanatic and terrorist, and from such may the good Lord deliver us! Shame on such a vapid, faint-hearted conception of a man who by his mode of thought alone became a standard-bearer of his time! This Jung, who wishes to construct Young Germany and Gutzkow's personality out of the absolute concept, is not even capable of understanding such a simple character as Börne; he does not see how inevitably and logically the most extreme, the most radical pronouncements arise from Börne's innermost being, that *Börne was a republican by his very nature*, and that truly the *Briefe aus Paris* are not written in too strong terms for such a man. Or has Herr Jung never heard a Swiss or a North American talking about monarchical states? And who would reproach Börne for "considering life only from the political point of view"? Does not Hegel do the same? Is not for him, too, the state in its transition to world history, and therefore in the conditions of home and foreign policy, the concrete reality of the absolute spirit? And—ludicrously enough—confronted by this direct, naive outlook of Börne, which finds its completion in the wider Hegelian outlook and often coincides with it in the most surprising way, Herr Jung nevertheless concludes that Börne "outlined a system of politics and happiness of the peoples", a sort of abstract, cloudy conception which, in his view, must explain Börne's one-sidedness and obduracy! Herr Jung has not the slightest idea of Börne's importance, his iron, unyielding character, his imposing will-power, precisely because he himself is such

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<sup>a</sup> Ludwig Börne.—Ed.

an insignificant, soft-hearted, helpless, obsequious little man. He does not know that as a personality Börne is unique in German history; he does not know that Börne was the standard-bearer of German freedom, the only *real man* in the Germany of his day; he cannot imagine what it means to rise up against forty million Germans and proclaim the realm of the *idea*; he cannot understand that Börne is the John the Baptist of the new period, who preaches repentance to the self-satisfied Germans and tells them that already the axe is laid to the root of the tree and that one mightier will come, who will baptise with fire and mercilessly sweep away the chaff from the threshing-floor. Herr Jung should see himself as part of this chaff. Finally, Herr A. Jung arrives at his beloved Young Germany and begins with a tolerable, but much too detailed criticism of Heine. The others are then dealt with in turn; first Laube, Mundt, and Kühne, then Wienbarg, to whom homage is paid as he deserves, and finally *almost 50 pages* are devoted to Gutzkow. The first three receive the usual *juste-milieu* tribute, much approval and very modest censure; Wienbarg is given definite prominence, but only four pages are allotted to him; and finally, with shameless servility, Gutzkow is made the standard-bearer of the "modern", his image is constructed in accordance with the Hegelian scheme of concepts, and he is treated as a personage of the first rank.

If such judgments had been put forward by a young, budding author, one would let it pass; there are many who for a time set their hopes on the Young Literature, and with an eye to the expected future considered its works with more indulgence than they could otherwise have justified to themselves. In particular, anyone whose own mind has passed through the recent stages of the development of German thought will at some time have had a special liking for the works of Mundt, Laube, or Gutzkow. But since then progress beyond this trend has gone on much too vigorously, and the emptiness of most of the Young Germans has become horribly obvious.

Young Germany extricated itself from the unclearness of disturbed times, but itself remained tainted by this unclearness. Ideas which at that time were fermenting in people's minds in a still shapeless and undeveloped form and which only later were consciously perceived with the help of philosophy, were used by Young Germany to play a game of fantasy. Hence the vagueness, the confusion of concepts, which prevailed among the Young Germans themselves. Gutzkow and Wienbarg knew better than the others what they wanted, Laube least of all. Mundt pursued social

whims; Kühne, in whom something of Hegel was visible, made schemes and classifications. But in view of the general unclearness of thought nothing of value could come of it. The idea of the justification of sensuality was conceived, following Heine's example, in a crude and shallow way; liberal political principles differed among various personalities and the position of women gave rise to the most sterile and confused discussions. No one knew where he stood in relation to another person. The measures adopted by the various governments against these people should also be ascribed to the universal confusion of the period. The fantastic form in which these views were propagated could only promote further confusion. Thanks to the outward brilliance of the Young Germans' works, to their witty, piquant and lively style, the enigmatic mysticism in which the main slogans were clothed, and thanks also to the revival of criticism and enlivening of the literary journals under their influence, the Young Germans soon attracted a mass of younger writers, and it was not long before each of them, with the exception of Wienbarg, had his own following. The old, flabby *belles-lettres* had to give way under pressure from the young forces, and the "Young Literature" took possession of the field it had conquered, divided it up—and disintegrated in the course of this division. Thus, the inadequacy of principle was disclosed. They had all been mistaken about one another. Principles vanished; it was now only a matter of personalities. Gutzkow or Mundt, that was the question. The periodicals began to be filled with the doings of the cliques, squabbles, and disputes about nothing at all.

The easy victory had made the young masters overbearing and vain. They regarded themselves as characters of world-historic importance. Whenever a new author appeared a pistol was immediately levelled at his heart and his unconditional subordination demanded. Each claimed to be the sole god of literature. Thou shalt have no other gods before me! The slightest censure aroused deadly enmities. Thus this trend lost all the intellectual content it might still have had and degenerated into sheer squabbling, which culminated in Heine's book about Börne<sup>a</sup> and developed into infamous baseness. Of the individual personalities, undoubtedly the noblest is *Wienbarg*—a true, forceful *man*, like a statue of brightly shining bronze cast in a *single* piece, without a speck of rust. *Gutzkow* is the clearest, the most intelligent; he has written more than the others and, next to *Wienbarg*, has provided

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<sup>a</sup> H. Heine, *Über Ludwig Börne*.—Ed.



the most definite evidence of his mode of thought. However, if he wishes to remain in the sphere of drama, he should look for better and richer ideological material than he has chosen so far, and proceed not from the "modern", but from the true spirit of the present day. We demand greater ideological content than is to be found in the liberal phrases of Patkul or the tender sensitivity of Werner.<sup>a</sup> Where Gutzkow has great talent is as a publicist; he is a born journalist, but there is only *one* means by which he can hold his own: if he masters the latest philosophical developments on religion and the state, and if he unreservedly devotes his *Telegraph*<sup>b</sup>—which, it is said, he intends to revive—to the great movement of the present time. If he allows the degenerate type of *belles-lettres* to gain the upper hand over him his journal will be no better than others of the same kind, which are neither fish nor fowl, abound in boring stories, are scarcely glanced at and, in general, as regards content and the opinion of the public, have sunk lower than ever before. Their day is past, they are gradually being absorbed by the political newspapers, which are quite able to cope with the little bit of literature that appears.

In spite of his bad qualities, *Laube* is still likeable to a certain extent, but his untidy scribblings, devoid of principle—one day a novel, the next day a history of literature, and the day after criticism, drama, etc.—his vanity and shallowness prevent him from coming to the fore. He has as little spirit of freedom as has *Kühne*. The "tendencies" of the "Young Literature" of yore have long been forgotten, both of them are wholly in the grip of empty, abstract literary interests. On the other hand, with *Heine* and *Mundt* indifference has become open apostasy. *Heine's* book on *Börne* is the most vile that has ever been written in the German language; *Mundt's* latest writings in *Der Pilot* deprive the author of the *Madonna* of the last trace of respect in the eyes of the nation. Here in Berlin people know only too well what *Mundt* aims to achieve by such self-abasement, viz., a professorship; all the more disgusting is this servility which has suddenly taken possession of Herr *Mundt*. Let Herr *Mundt* and his henchman, F. Radewell, continue to cast suspicion on recent philosophy, to grasp the sheet-anchor of Schelling's revelation and make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the nation by their nonsensical attempts at independent philosophising. Free philosophy can calmly allow their infantile philosophical writings to go unrefuted; they collapse

<sup>a</sup> The heroes of Gutzkow's plays of the same name.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> *Telegraph für Deutschland*.— *Ed.*

of themselves. Everything that bears the name of Herr Mundt is branded, like the works of Leo, with the mark of apostasy. Perhaps he will soon acquire a new vassal in Herr Jung; the latter bids fair to become one, as we have already seen and shall see again later.

[*Deutsche Jahrbücher* No. 162, July 9, 1842]

Having achieved the actual aim he set himself in his lectures, Herr Jung is irresistibly impelled in conclusion to make himself once again the laughing-stock of the nation. From Gutzkow he passes on to David Strauss and ascribes to him the outstanding merit of having combined in himself "the conclusions of Hegel and Schleiermacher and of the modern style" (is *that* perhaps an example of the modern *style*?), but at the same time bitterly complains of the abominable, eternal negation. Yes, negation, negation everywhere! The poor positivists and people of the *juste-milieu* see the wave of negation rising ever higher and higher; they cling fast to one another and cry out for something positive. And now we have someone like Alexander Jung moaning over the eternal movement of world history, calling progress negation, and finally setting himself up as a false prophet who predicts "a great birth of the positive", which he describes in advance with the most involved phrases, and which will conquer Strauss, Feuerbach and everything connected with them by the sword of the Lord. In his *Literatur-Blatt*, too, he preaches the coming of the new "positive" Messiah. Can there be anything more unphilosophical than such unconcealed dislike, such open dissatisfaction with the present? Can one behave in a more unmanly and feeble manner than Herr A. Jung does? Can one imagine a worse fantasy—apart from neo-Schellingian scholasticism—than this pious faith in a "positive Messiah"? Was there ever a greater and, unfortunately, also more widespread confusion than that which now prevails in regard to the concepts "positive and negative"? One has only to take the trouble of looking more closely at the disparaged negation and it will be found that it is itself entirely positive. Of course, for those who declare that the rational, thought, is not positive because it develops instead of standing still, and whose feeble ivy-like minds need an old ruined wall, a fact, to cling to, for them, of course, all progress is negative. In reality, however, thought in its development alone constitutes the eternal and positive whereas the factual, the external aspect of what is taking place, is precisely what is negative, evanescent and vulnerable to criticism.

"But who will unearth this infinite treasure reposing so close to us?" continues Herr Jung with heightened pathos. Yes, who will be the Messiah who will lead the weak, wavering souls out of the exile of negation, out of the dark night of despair, back into the land flowing with milk and honey?

"*Perhaps Schelling?*——We place great, sacred hopes on *Schelling* precisely because *He* trusted solitude for so long, precisely because he has discovered that throne of peace at the fountain-head of thought and creativity, that throne of power which makes time cease to be time!", etc.

Yes, this is a Hegelian speaking, and he continues (*Königsberger Literatur-Blatt* No. 4<sup>a</sup>):

"We expect an extraordinary amount from *Schelling*. *Schelling*, we hope, will stride through *history* with the same beacon of a new, as yet unseen light as he once strode with through nature", etc.

Then in No. 7—a tribute to *Schelling's* unknown god. The philosophy of mythology and revelation is construed as necessary, and Herr Jung basks in the consciousness that already from afar with his inspired eye he is able to divine the paths of thought of *Schelling*, the great *Schelling*. This Jung is such a spineless, dreamy soul that he finds satisfaction only in submission to someone else, in subordination to another's authority. There is not a hint of independence about him; as soon as the support to which he clings is removed he breaks down and sheds bright tears of yearning. He even debases himself before something he does not yet know and, in spite of the fairly exact information that was available about *Schelling's* philosophy and the specific content of his lectures even before he spoke in Berlin, Herr Jung knows no greater bliss than to sit in the dust at *Schelling's* feet. He does not know how *Schelling* spoke of Hegel in the preface to Cousin's book<sup>145</sup> or, rather, he knows it full well and yet he, a Hegelian, dares to cringe to *Schelling*, he dares after such antecedents to go on mentioning Hegel's name and to refer to him when opposing the most recent developments! And to crown his self-degradation, in No. 13 he once more piously prostrates himself before *Schelling*, bestowing on the latter's first lecture the adulation of his full admiration and reverence. Yes, he finds here confirmation of everything about *Schelling* that he,

"not only presupposed, but knew—that wonderfully fresh penetration, perfect also in form, into all scientific, artistic and ethical elements which, in such a combination of the ancient and Christian world, can consecrate one thus glorified into a totally different priest of all that is highest and its revelation, such as priests of

<sup>a</sup> Of October 27, 1841.—Ed.

a lower order and laymen can only dream of". Of course, some will be so vile "that out of envy they will even deny the greatness which reveals itself here to all as pure and clear as sunlight". "Schelling's full greatness, his superiority over all the excellence of merely one-sided trends, sheds its splendid lustre on us in his first lecture." ... "One who can begin in this way must continue *powerfully, must end as victor*, and if they should all grow weary and droop because they are unaccustomed to such flights, and *no one can any longer follow and understand* what is spoken by You, who are inspired from of old, nevertheless You are sure to be heard by the shade of one who is Your equal, the most faithful, the most glorious of Your friends, *You are heard by the shade of old Hegel!*"<sup>a</sup>

What could Herr Jung have had in mind when he put this wild enthusiasm, these romantic flights on paper! Our pious "priest" has not the slightest inkling of what everyone, at least here in Berlin, knew beforehand or could conclude with certainty. But what sort of "revelations" this "priest of all that is highest" preached to us, what the "greatness", the "destiny to reveal all that is highest to mankind", the "powerful flight", consisted in, how Schelling "ended as victor"—the whole world now knows. In the pamphlet *Schelling und die Offenbarung*,<sup>b</sup> of which I hereby acknowledge myself to be the author, I have given a completely objective description of the content of the new revelation. Let Herr Jung use it to prove that his hopes have been realised, or at least let him have the sincerity and *courage* to admit his egregious error.

Without going on to the criticism of Sealsfield with which Herr Jung ends his book, since I have already strayed far enough from the field of *belles-lettres*, I will conclude by examining a few more passages from the *Königsberger Literatur-Blatt* to demonstrate Herr Jung's faint-heartedness and empty pomposity here also. Already in No. 1 reference is made to Feuerbach's *Wesen des Christenthums*, although in a very restrained manner; in No. 2 attacks are made, although still in a respectful form, on the theory of negation of the *Jahrbücher*; in No. 3 homage is paid to *Herbart*, as previously to Schelling; in No. 4 homage is paid to both of them and at the same time a protest voiced against radicalism; No. 8 begins an extensive criticism of Feuerbach's book, in which the half-hearted *juste-milieu* attempts to assert its superiority over decisive radicalism. And what are the convincing arguments employed here? Feuerbach would be quite right, says Jung, if the earth were the whole universe; from the terrestrial point of view his whole work is splendid, convincing, excellent, irrefutable; but from the univer-

<sup>a</sup> *Königsberger Literatur-Blatt* No. 13, December 29, 1841.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> See this volume, pp. 189-240.—*Ed.*

sal, the global point of view, it is worthless. A fine theory! As if twice two were five on the moon, as if stones were alive and ran about on Venus, and plants could talk on the sun! As if a different, new kind of reason began beyond the earth's atmosphere, and the nature of the mind were to be measured by its distance from the sun! As if the self-consciousness at which the earth arrives in mankind did not become world consciousness the very moment it recognises its own position as an element of the latter! As if such an objection were not merely an excuse to banish the vexatious reply to an old question into the bad infinity of space! Does it not sound curiously naive when Jung smuggles into his main line of argument the phrase: "reason, which goes beyond the bounds of any merely spherical definitiveness"? How can he then, having admitted the consistency and rationality of the disputed position from the terrestrial point of view, make a distinction between the latter and the "universal" one? It is, however, quite worthy of such a fantast and emotional dreamer as Herr Jung to lose himself in the bad infinity of the starry sky, and to concoct all kinds of curious hypotheses and wonderful day-dreams about thinking, loving, romanticising beings on other celestial bodies. Moreover, it is ludicrous how he warns against the shallowness of directly accusing Feuerbach and Strauss of atheism and unconditional denial of immortality. Herr Jung does not see that these people make no claim to any other viewpoint at all. To continue: in No. 12 Herr Jung already threatens us with his anger; in No. 26 an interpretation of Leo is given, and because of Leo's undoubted talent his actual views are totally forgotten and glossed over; Ruge, too, is dealt with just as incorrectly as Leo. No. 29 approves Hinrichs' worthless criticism of the *Posaune*<sup>a</sup> in the *Berliner Jahrbücher*, and speaks out even more definitely against the Left; No. 35 gives in full a long, appalling article about F. Baader, whose somnambulistic mysticism and unphilosophy are moreover put to his credit; finally, No. 36 complains about an "unfortunate polemic", in other words, obviously, about E. Meyen's article in the *Rheinische Zeitung*,<sup>146</sup> in which for once Herr Jung is told the truth—it is most peculiar! Herr Jung sinks into such a state of torpor and day-dreaming that he imagines he is our "comrade-in-arms", and "defends the same ideas", and that although "it is true there existed differences" between him and us, "nevertheless the identity of principles and aims is firmly established". It is to be

<sup>a</sup> B. Bauer's anonymous book *Die Posaune des jüngsten Gerichts über Hegel den Atheisten und Antichristen*.—Ed.

hoped that he has now realised that we are neither inclined nor able to fraternise with him. Such miserable amphibians and double-dealers are useless for the struggle, which was started by resolute people and can be carried through only by men of character. In the course of the above article he further discredits himself by indulging in the most trivial talk about the literary despotism of the liberals and defending his own freedom. Let him keep it; everyone will be quite ready to let him go blathering on for all eternity. But let him permit us to thank him for his support and to tell him honestly and frankly what we think of him. Otherwise, *he* would indeed be the literary despot, and he is somewhat too soft-hearted for that. The same issue closes *worthily* with an appeal for help against "the self-seeking, vain clamour which *ravingly* elevates self-consciousness to be God"—and the *Königsberger Literatur-Blatt* even dares to reproduce these horrifying exclamations: "Down with Christianity, down with immortality, down with God!!" However, it consoles itself by the fact that "the coffin-bearers stand ready on the threshold to carry out those who still have such fine voices as dumb corpses".<sup>a</sup> Once again, therefore, the impotence of an appeal to the future!

I have not yet seen any later issue of Jung's paper. I think the evidence given above will suffice to justify the exclusion of Herr Jung from the camp of the resolute and "free"; he himself is now in a position to see what people object to in him. Permit me yet another remark. Herr Jung is, undoubtedly, Germany's most spineless, helpless and confused writer. What is the origin of all this, whence the devotional form which he displays everywhere? Is it perhaps connected with the fact, as rumour has it, that Herr Jung must have formerly been devotional *ex officio*?<sup>147</sup>

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Signed: Friedrich Oswald

Printed according to the journal

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<sup>a</sup> *Königsberger Literatur-Blatt* No. 36, June 8, 1842.—Ed.

## PARTICIPATION IN THE DEBATES OF THE BADEN CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

*Berlin*, June 21. The more our political awareness develops and the *more freely* and loudly the public voice of Prussia makes itself heard, the more we feel at one with the other German races, and the greater the interest with which we view the manifestations of their state life. This is irrefutable testimony that the barriers which have existed so long in public opinion between Prussia and constitutional Germany have fallen, and that the national division resulting, on the one hand, from the arrogant self-sufficiency of many Prussians and, on the other, from the South-German liberals' distrust of our government, no longer exists. Last year the reconciliation between the North-German and the South-German representatives of progress already found expression in the reception which Welcker was given in Berlin as well as in the rest of North Germany,<sup>148</sup> but it is only since the freer censorship in Prussia<sup>149</sup> that the two great halves of our Fatherland began to merge ever more visibly in the single striving for freedom. The Prussians have unexpectedly departed from their self-sufficiency, from their vainglorious boasting that their institutions are faultless; in less than half a year defects have been discovered whose very existence the majority of our fellow citizens had refused to imagine. The South Germans, on the other hand, owing to the independent-minded and often directly oppositional Prussian press, have got rid of the last remnants of their prejudices against the Prussian people and the latter's degree of political education. In such circumstances it is understandable that the proceedings of the Baden Chamber of Deputies are being followed by us with the liveliest interest. After the Prussians had shown in the press that

they had come of age politically, it was expected that the South Germans would do their utmost so as not to lag behind us. The Württemberg Chamber, however, showed only too clearly in its debates on judicial procedure how greatly it lacks the old coryphaei of 1833.<sup>150</sup> From Baden, on the other hand, one could have expected that after what happened in the dissolved Chamber<sup>151</sup> political life would not so easily go to sleep. The powerful movements during the elections were a welcome sign of alertness and interest in domestic affairs; and although the press was not permitted to let us participate in these from afar and in thought, nevertheless they found expression in the election debates in the Chamber and now come into full evidence before our eyes. These debates, together with the hints that the press here and there contained about the celebrations prepared for individual deputies, gave us a clear picture of those days of tension and struggle. It was shown also, again in the most conspicuous way, in connection with the Schwetzingen-Philippsburg election among other things, that nothing is more harmful to governments anywhere than exaggerated zeal on the part of officials. The machinations resorted to here to secure votes for Rettig are unprecedented in Baden's constitutional history. The simple fact that a constituency, which *for twenty years in succession* was always represented by von Itzstein, should now all at once have dropped him after he has often enough given evidence of his frame of mind and elected a deputy from the governmental party, sufficiently proves that this election was not a free one. The more welcome therefore was the reparation made to von Itzstein by the Chamber.<sup>152</sup> There one was glad to hear the veterans of free thought, Itzstein and Welcker, as well as representatives of the younger generation, Rindeschwender and others, speak in the old familiar way. The fact that the election of Mathy as deputy was secured in spite of all hostility, makes an all the better impression since in general he is the first journalist in Germany to have a seat in a Chamber.

Written on June 21, 1842

First published in the *Rheinische Zeitung*  
No. 176, June 25, 1842

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## THE LIBERALISM OF THE SPENERSCHE ZEITUNG

*Berlin*, June 22. The other day, the *Spencersche Zeitung*<sup>a</sup> bestowed upon itself, since so far no one else has taken on the job, the praise which it feels it deserves.<sup>153</sup> A "review" of its activity over the past six months is sufficient for it to arrive at the important discovery that it is the paper which has pioneered the movement for a free press. It is amusing to see how, with a solemn air of heightened self-confidence, its frock-coat brushed fit for Sunday, it steps before its public, before the foreign newspapers, and places on its head the civic crown of liberalism. The *Spencersche Zeitung* claims that but for it or rather for the \*, which stands for the article in question, but for this \* no Prussian newspaper would to this day have attained the present standpoint of liberalism. For as soon as the censorship circular appeared<sup>154</sup> the \* proceeded to sound out how far one might go in the opposition business; it knocked, softly, and lo! it was admitted. And naturally so, for these quiet, bowing, well-intentioned, humble, tame articles would eventually have been passed even before. The \* should at least trust its censor to be able to tell a domestic animal from a wild one. But God forbid! This isolated philistinism is so limited that it takes the most trivial idea that crosses its mind for original, inspired by genius, unique of its kind. The censorship circular appears; now every writer must, of course, instantly change his manner of writing, give it freer rein. Our asterisk man, however, considers himself the only person in the world with an intellect capable of reaching this conclusion, and he wants to rub it under

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<sup>a</sup> The reference is to the newspaper *Berlinische Nachrichten von Staats- und gelehrten Sachen*.—Ed.

the noses of other journalists that they may now write more freely. But that is not enough. He thinks himself liberal. He has a certain flair for publicity. Perhaps in the most secret, hidden corner of his heart slumbers a little thought of the development of estate relations.— So what does he do then? He writes a series of articles which represent a complete range of liberalism; today the tamest is sent in, tomorrow the one which is half a grain less tame, and so on. But at the stage where the tameness and the so-called liberalism balance, he stops. Our asterisk man calls this “pioneering”! The other Prussian editorial boards will no doubt take the trouble to read the *Spencersche Zeitung* so as to learn from it the meaning of liberalism! Moreover, it is odd that our politician cannot understand why he does not cause as big a sensation with his articles as certain newspapers do with theirs; why he, the standard-bearer of Prussian liberalism, the great pioneer, finds himself nevertheless derided in all foreign newspapers, and must console himself with the thought that he is misunderstood.

Written on June 22, 1842

First published in the *Rheinische Zeitung*  
No. 177, June 26, 1842

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## THE END OF THE CRIMINALISTISCHE ZEITUNG

Berlin, June 25. On July 1 the local *Criminalistische Zeitung* will "cease to appear for the time being". Hence, its tirades against the jury system do not seem to have found the desired approval of the public. It was a *juste-milieu* paper in the juristic sphere. It favoured public and oral proceedings, but for God's sake no juries. The half-heartedness of such a tendency is fortunately being more and more recognised, and supporters of the jury system multiply daily. The *Criminalistische Zeitung* established the principle that no branch of executive power must be given directly into the hands of the people, hence not judicial office either. That would be all very fine if judicial power were not something quite different from executive power. In all states where the separation of the powers has been really instituted, judicial and executive powers are quite without any connection. This is the case in France, England and America; the mixing of the two leads to the most unholy confusion, and its most extreme consequence would be to unite the chief of police, investigating officer and judge in one person. But it has long been proved, not only in principle but by history, that judicial power is the direct property of the nation, which exercises it through its jurors. I remain silent on the advantages and guarantees offered by the jury system; it would be superfluous to waste words on that. But there are the inveterate jurists, the sticklers for the letter, whose slogan is: *fiat justitia, pereat mundus!*<sup>a</sup> The free jury system naturally does not suit them for not only would they be pushed out of their position as judges,

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<sup>a</sup> May justice take its course even if the world perishes.—Ed.

but the sacred letter of the law, dead, abstract law, would be jeopardised. And that must not be lost. It is their palladium, and hence the gentlemen cry blue murder when for once a jury in France or England acquits a poor proletarian who, driven to desperation by hunger, has stolen a pennyworth of bread, although the case was proved by witnesses and confession. Then they shout triumphantly: You see, that comes of the jury system, the safety of property, of life itself is undermined, lawlessness is sanctioned, crime and revolution are openly proclaimed!—We hope that for the time being the *Criminalistische Zeitung* will not start again to appear “for the time being”.

Written on June 25, 1842

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No. 181, June 30, 1842

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## ON THE CRITIQUE OF THE PRUSSIAN PRESS LAWS<sup>155</sup>

*Berlin, June.* Two ways are open to the Prussian for the publication of his thoughts. He can either have them printed in his own country, in which case he has to submit to the domestic censorship; or, should he meet with objections here, outside the frontiers of his own state he can still either place himself under the censorship of another state in the Confederation or take advantage of press freedom in foreign countries. In any case the state retains the right to take repressive measures against possible breaches of the law. In the first case, such measures will, in the nature of things, be applicable only very rarely, since as a rule the censorship deletes too much rather than too little and least of all does it pass anything *liable to penalties*. But with publications which have been effected under foreign press laws confiscation of the work and prosecution of the author can occur much more readily and frequently. To form a judgment on Prussian press legislation as a whole it is most important that legal measures of repression should not be disregarded.

Since we still lack a special repressive statute on the press, the laws relating to this are scattered under various headings in the Prussian Law.<sup>156</sup> We can for the moment disregard the penal laws against libel, indecency and the like, since we are in the main concerned only with political offences, and here we find the relevant data under the headings of high treason, insolent and disrespectful criticism or mockery of the laws of the land, and *lèse-majesté*. As will be seen presently, these laws are, however, formulated so vaguely and, in relation to the press in particular, subject to such wide and undeniably arbitrary interpretation that

any judgment on them must essentially depend only on the practice of the courts. For if it is correct to assume that the spirit of every<sup>a</sup> legal system comes to life in the<sup>b</sup> administrators of justice, the latter's customary interpretation of particular provisions must form an important complement to them, and previous practice does indeed influence the verdict considerably in doubtful cases.

The present author is now in a position to supplement his judgment on the Prussian press laws with an extensively motivated verdict by a Prussian court which lies before him. The author of a paper on domestic affairs printed outside Prussia was charged with all the offences listed above and, although unconditionally acquitted of the charge of high treason, was found guilty of insolent and disrespectful criticism, mockery of the laws of the land, and also *lèse-majesté*.<sup>157</sup>

The Prussian Penal Code defines the crime of high treason as follows (§ 92):

"An action aimed at a violent overthrow of the state system or against the life or liberty of its head is high treason."

It can be assumed that for the present conditions this legal definition will be recognised as sufficiently general. This point is fairly unimportant for the press since it is not to be expected that such enterprises will be started by the press or by the kind of people whom our justice can reach. The clear word "violent" is sufficient protection against judicial arbitrariness or illiberality. Another point is, however, of the greatest importance for the press, namely, the one which refers to the unauthorised statement of opinions regarding the laws of the land. The legal definitions concerned are the following: Penal Code, § 151:

"Whosoever causes dissatisfaction by insolent, disrespectful criticism or mockery of the laws of the land and government edicts shall incur the penalty of detention in prison or fortress from six months to two years."

The Edict<sup>c</sup> of October 18, 1819, is relevant here, which lays down under XVI, Clause 2,

"that with insolent, disrespectful criticism and mockery of the laws of the land and government edicts, the issue shall not be held to be merely whether displeasure or dissatisfaction has been caused, but whether the above penalty has been incurred by such culpable utterances themselves".<sup>158</sup>

It is, however, clear even at first glance how indefinite and

<sup>a</sup> In the *Rheinische Zeitung*: our.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> In the *Rheinische Zeitung*: our.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> In the *Rheinische Zeitung*: Censorship Edict.—Ed.

inadequate these legal provisions are. What do *insolent* and *disrespectful* mean? Obviously either the first or the second part of the paragraph in the Penal Code is superfluous. Insolent criticism or mockery of the laws of the land is as good as declared synonymous with provocation of displeasure, and the Edict of October 18, 1819, directly expresses the identity of these concepts. The legal stipulation is, therefore, to be understood thus: whoever makes himself guilty of insolent, disrespectful criticism or mockery of the laws of the land and government edicts seeks to provoke displeasure and dissatisfaction with them and has, therefore, incurred the penalty in question.

Only now is it possible to view the law clearly. To place the concepts *insolent* and *disrespectful* side by side was a blunder on the part of the legislator liable to cause the greatest confusion. It is possible to be disrespectful without being insolent. Disrespect is a deficiency, an act of negligence, a mistake made in haste, which can happen to the best of people; insolence presupposes the *animus injuriandi*, the malicious intent. And now, to crown it all, mockery! What a far cry from "disrespect" to "mockery"! And yet both carry the same penalty. These two concepts are not merely *quantitatively* different, not merely different degrees of one and the same thing—they are essentially different in quality, quite incommensurable. If someone is approaching me to whom I am under an obligation, and I notice him and give him a wide berth so as not to greet him, that is *disrespectful*; if I look him boldly in the face, pull my hat down over my eyes and in passing dig my elbow into his side, that is *insolent*; but if I thumb my nose in his face and make grimaces, that is *mockery*. Certain people even consider it disrespectful not to notice them.<sup>a</sup> And are these different things to be put under the same heading in a law? In any case, "disrespectful" should be deleted here and put in a separate paragraph or, rather, omitted entirely. For displeasure and dissatisfaction can never be *intended* by disrespectful criticism since disrespect is always committed *unintentionally*, *unwittingly*, or at least without *ill* intent. Hence, if the word disrespectful is kept here, it is thereby pronounced that each and every criticism of the state affairs seeks to provoke dissatisfaction and is therefore punishable. But this would be in complete contradiction to our present censorship conditions. In short, the whole confusion is caused by the word disrespectful being taken over from the censorship instructions, where it belongs, into the *law*. In censor-

<sup>a</sup> In the *Rheinische Zeitung* the last two sentences are omitted.—Ed.

ship cases it may be left to the judgment of the censor as a police officer, as long as censorship is a police measure, whether he considers something to be "disrespectful" or "well-intentioned"; censorship is an exception, and more precise definitions will always be impossible here. But such a vague concept, such latitude for subjective interpretation should not be present in the Criminal Code, least of all where difference of political views is *bound* to come into play and where the judges are not jurymen but servants of the state. That this critique of the law is correct, that the charge of confusion of concepts is well founded, may be best demonstrated by the practice of the courts. I cite the above-mentioned verdict, dated 5th April of this year<sup>a</sup> and already published.

The author<sup>b</sup> of the printed paper in question outlines in it a description of the censorship as exercised, be it noted, in Prussia towards the end of 1840, the following passages from which were found incriminating:

"As is known, neither the smallest newspaper article nor writings of more than twenty printed sheets may be published here without examination by the censor; if the subject is political, the examination devolves in most cases on a police agent, who, the stipulations of the censorship regulations (of October 18, 1819) being so vague, has to be guided solely by the special instructions of the minister. Completely dependent on the minister and responsible to him alone, this censor is compelled to delete everything which is not agreeable to the individual views and intentions of his superiors. If the author lays a complaint against him, he meets, as a rule, with rejection or obtains his due after such a long time that he can no longer make use of it. How else can one explain the fact that since the praise accorded to decent publicity in 1804 not the slightest criticism of the procedure of the most subordinate official can be found in any Prussian newspaper or in any book printed here, that even the remotest reference to the public interest must first flee beyond the Prussian borders in order to be published (of course, no one will include here the Home Affairs column of the *Staatszeitung*)<sup>c</sup>.

"And even here it is not safe from that autocracy of officials which causes so much concern and which Frederick William III rightly described as the inevitable consequence of suppressed publicity; in order that no unfavourable judgment of the actions of officials, no outspoken comment of any kind on our conditions may come into Prussia through such foreign papers, they are either prohibited or their editorial boards made amenable by well-known methods. We are not, unfortunately, exaggerating! French newspapers are indeed permitted, but most of them are not allowed to enter Prussia as printed matter, so that *one* copy of such a paper would cost more than 400 talers a year in postage; only the appearance is preserved, in reality such permission is tantamount to prohibition. A different method is used with *German* newspapers. If their editors are not already on their guard in their *own* well-understood interest, if they accept an article about Prussia

<sup>a</sup> In the *Rheinische Zeitung* the words "dated 5th April of this year" are omitted.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Johann Jacoby.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Zeitung*.—Ed.



or Prussian officials which causes displeasure in Berlin, rebukes and complaints are brought against them by the Prussian Government (we are prepared to prove this to any doubters with documents), the names of their correspondents are demanded under threats, and the profitable Prussian market is kept open to them only on humiliating conditions."<sup>a</sup>

After this description the accused remarks that censorship exercised in this fashion becomes arrogant tutelage, virtual suppression of public opinion, and eventually leads to a highly questionable autocracy of officials, equally dangerous to king and people.

Now, what is to be said about this passage? Would not a book written in this tone today receive the Prussian *imprimatur*? Do not all Prussian newspapers pass exactly the same judgment on the censorship of that time? Have not much stronger things already been said about *still existing* institutions? And what does our verdict say?

"A subject must not express himself in such a way on the laws and government edicts; the assertions that even the remotest reference to the public interest must flee beyond the Prussian borders in order to be published, that the censorship as exercised in Prussia involves arrogant tutelage, virtual suppression of public opinion, contain *insolent criticism* in word and spirit and violate the respect due to the state. The allegation, moreover, that a highly questionable autocracy of officials, equally dangerous to king and people, is promoted thereby, clearly proves the tendency to cause displeasure and dissatisfaction with the institutions so described. During the present proceedings the accused tried to prove that his judgment on the administration of the censorship is founded on fact, and in this respect he has referred to a number of special cases in which articles of journalistic content have been refused the *imprimatur*. He has also referred to a correspondence which took place between Chief Government Privy Councillor Seyffert and the editor of the *Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung* as proof that this newspaper was indeed under the influence of the Prussian Government."<sup>b</sup>

"These references are, however, clearly irrelevant; for, without mentioning the fact that isolated examples prove nothing whatever about the value or otherwise of a state institution, even assuming the correctness of the judgment formed by the accused, the form in which he has expressed it would leave intact the charge of insolence and disrespect. He does not judge in a manner of calm consideration, but condemns with expressions which, were they directed against persons, would indubitably have to be regarded as insults."<sup>c</sup>

Further on it reads:

"The accused remarks about the municipal legislation: 'Above all, the Municipal Order of the year 1808 must be clearly distinguished from the revised one of the

<sup>a</sup> *Vier Fragen beantwortet von einem Ostpreussen*, S. 8-10.— Ed.

<sup>b</sup> In the *Rheinische Zeitung* this last sentence is omitted.— Ed.

<sup>c</sup> J. Jacoby, *Meine weitere Verteidigung wider die gegen mich erhobene Beschuldigung der Majestätsbeleidigung und des frechen unehrerbietigen Tadels der Landesgesetze*, S. 13, 16, 20, 33-34.— Ed.

year 1831. The first bears the liberal character of that time and respects the independence of citizens; the second is favoured in all cases by the present government and urgently recommended to the cities.' This opposition of the words 'liberal character of that time' and 'the present government' contains the insolently critical assertion that the present government is not only illiberal, but also that it in general has no respect for the independence of citizens(?). The dishonest intention and the reprehensible tendency of his publication are, however, made particularly manifest in the examples which the accused submits as proof of the parallel he has drawn, since the regulations which he instances from the two municipal orders are herein reproduced in part incorrectly, in part incompletely and in distorted fashion."<sup>a</sup>

I can pass over the excerpts which follow and which lead into too great detail all the more so because, even admitting the incorrectness and incompleteness of the incriminating description, this would by no means be proof of "dishonest intention" and "reprehensible tendency". I will quote only the conclusion:

"When one considers that inter-estate dealings are given no publicity whatever, that, in consequence, at elections and on all other occasions the educated classes display an obvious indifference, and finally that the liberal Rhenish-Prussian estates twice rejected this kind of municipal legislation, in 1826 and in 1833, one will hardly be inclined to accept the *much vaunted* Prussian municipal order as representing the counterweight of the independent consciousness of the people against ministerial arbitrariness, still less as a substitute for constitutional representation."<sup>b</sup>

On these words the verdict comments:

"This passage, too, obviously contains mocking criticism and likewise betrays the tendency to provoke dissatisfaction and displeasure. He who is only concerned to be useful to the Fatherland will not strive to prove that previously a line was followed which was more beneficial to the people and which is now increasingly being abandoned and replaced by a tendency harmful to the common good. Such a comparison of the earlier, allegedly better, condition with the present one is perfectly unnecessary for revealing the supposed deficiencies of the present system; it can therefore have no other purpose than to encourage the view that the well-being of the nation is not in such good shape now as formerly, in order thus to provoke displeasure and dissatisfaction."<sup>c</sup>

Enough of excerpts, which, by the way, I could multiply tenfold!<sup>d</sup> Practice confirms only too well what has been said above about the law. The concept of disrespect, which belongs within the competence of the police, of censorship, here shows its detrimental effects. By transplanting it to the field of the law the latter is made

<sup>a</sup> J. Jacoby, *Vier Fragen beantwortet von einem Ostpreussen*, S. 11; J. Jacoby, *Meine weitere Verteidigung...*, S. 13-20.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> J. Jacoby, *Vier Fragen...*, S. 8-10.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> J. Jacoby, *Meine weitere Verteidigung...*, S. 13-20.—Ed.

<sup>d</sup> In the *Rheinische Zeitung* this sentence is omitted.—Ed.

dependent on censorship, which at the given time may be more severe or more lenient. If censorship happens to be oppressive, as in 1840, the slightest criticism is disrespectful. If it is lenient and<sup>a</sup> humane, as now, that which was formerly deemed insolent is today barely disrespectful. Hence the contradiction that in the *Rheinische* and *Königsberger Zeitung*<sup>b</sup> things receive the Prussian *imprimatur* which in 1840 were not only forbidden but even punishable.<sup>c</sup> Censorship must by its nature be fluctuating; the law must, however, stand firm until it is repealed; it must be independent of variations in police practice.

And now, to crown it all, the "provocation of displeasure and dissatisfaction"! That is, indeed, the purpose of all opposition. When I criticise this<sup>d</sup> legal stipulation I do indeed intend to provoke dissatisfaction with it, and not only<sup>e</sup> in the people but even if possible in the government. How can one criticise anything without intending to convince others of the—to put it mildly—imperfection of that which is being criticised, that is, to awaken dissatisfaction with it? How can I criticise here and praise there, how can I think something to be bad and good at the same time? It is downright impossible. I am also honest enough to say straight out that I have every intention of provoking discontent and displeasure against §151 of the Prussian Penal Code with this article, and yet I cherish the conviction that I am not criticising it "insolently and disrespectfully", as this paragraph says, but "decently and with good intent", as the censorship circular<sup>159</sup> says. The censorship circular has, however, sanctioned this right to provoke dissatisfaction and, to the glory of the Prussian nation, everything possible<sup>f</sup> has already been done since then to awaken dissatisfaction and displeasure. This part of the paragraph has thereby in effect been repealed and the culpability of "disrespectful criticism" significantly limited. Proof enough that the paragraph contains a mixture and confusion of heterogeneous legislative and press-police definitions.

This is to be explained quite simply by the period in which the laws of the land were codified, by the conflict between the liberal enlightenment of that epoch and the Prussian *ancien régime* of the time. To entertain discontent with the government, with state

<sup>a</sup> In the *Rheinische Zeitung* the words "lenient and" are omitted.— Ed.

<sup>b</sup> *Königlich Privilegirte Preussische Staats- Kriegs- und Friedens-Zeitung*.— Ed.

<sup>c</sup> In the *Rheinische Zeitung* this sentence is omitted.— Ed.

<sup>d</sup> In the *Rheinische Zeitung*: a.— Ed.

<sup>e</sup> In the *Rheinische Zeitung*: and not indeed.— Ed.

<sup>f</sup> In the *Rheinische Zeitung*: a great deal.— Ed.

institutions, was then not much better than high treason and, at the very least, a crime on which it was possible to base a nice little investigation and sentence.

*Lèse-majesté* has little interest for us. The Prussian journalists have up to now had the tact to leave the person of the king out of it. This is anticipation of the constitutional principle of the inviolability of the royal person and can only be approved.

The above paragraph is herewith highly recommended to the Commission for Revision of the Laws; in the meantime we propose to continue in the well-intentioned and decent fashion here indicated to awaken more than a little discontent and dissatisfaction with all obsolete and illiberal survivals in our state institutions.

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THE INSOLENTLY THREATENED  
YET MIRACULOUSLY RESCUED BIBLE  
OR:  
THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH

To Wit, the Terrible, Yet True and Salutary  
History of the Erstwhile Licentiate Bruno Bauer;  
How the Same, Seduced by the Devil, Fallen  
from the True Faith, Became Chief Devil,  
and Was Well and Truly Ousted in the End

*A Christian Epic in Four Cantos*<sup>160</sup>

Written in June-July 1842

First published as an anonymous  
pamphlet in Neumunster,  
near Zurich, in December 1842

Printed according to the pamphlet

Published in English for the first  
time

## CANTO THE FIRST

Spread out your pinions, O my soul, and humbly rise  
To praise in stately song Faith's glory to the skies.  
Faith's triumph—no! For am I not a broken reed?  
Another gives the vigour that I need:  
The ability, the will. O you believers, pray  
That gracious blessings may be showered my way.  
Raise a great roar, you *Leo*<sup>a</sup> of the Saale strands.  
Fold, *Hengstenberg*, your more-than-once triumphant hands.  
Prodigious likewise at the lectern and the lyre,  
*Sack*, lend my pen those powers of yours, lend me your fire.  
*Krummacher*, man of God, rock of believers true,  
O guide me how to preach the Word as well as you.  
Dear, pious *Knapp*, your flaming brands of poetry  
I bear into the dark dens of iniquity.  
And you, that to the tribe of mockers bold and free  
Held out the holy Cross, O *Klopstock*, stand by me!  
What would I be without you, Theologian *John*!  
If you will help, I'll start and boldly carry on.  
With your assistance too, *David* and *Ezekiel*,  
I'll tear up by the roots all blasphemy most vile.  
Strong pillars of the Faith, come close and rally round,  
Shield me from Mockery, and Slander's jeering sound.  
Lift up your pious hands towards the throne of Grace,  
That to God's glory I may run my arduous race.

What suddenly disturbs the chorus of Hosannas?  
What's happened to the angel hymns that fell like Manna?

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<sup>a</sup> Heinrich Leo.—*Ed.*



Woe! Has the Devil's cunning somehow sneaked up there?  
 Has his pestiferous stench turned joy into despair?  
 Where only praise and jubilation should resound,  
 What means all that distress, that sad funereal sound?  
 Who up in highest Heaven makes that dismal moan?  
 It is the pious souls, they are the ones that groan:

"O Lord, O hear, hear Lord, O hear our desperate cry!  
 How long wilt Thou let Faith endure such agony?  
 How long before Thou wilt avenge the Faithful blood  
 So long spilt by the insulting and blaspheming brood?  
 Oh, shall the boasts of overweening arrogance  
 Prosper down there on Earth in all magnificence?  
 Shall each philosopher insist that 'I am I'?  
 Shall the free-thinking mob Thy very Name deny?  
 Their arrogant jeering still more wantonly resounds.  
 O call the Judgment Day, O let the Last Trump sound!"

The Lord placated them: "The measure is not full.  
 Wait till the carrion stink blows even still more foul.  
 My soldiers I have yet to train in verve and dash,  
 So that they flee not Satan in the final clash.  
 Below there in Berlin, I am indeed much sought,  
 But others, fettered by the chains of arrogant thought,  
 They won't have Faith in me, they want to understand,  
 And seek to gird me round with thought's tight metal band.  
 Take *Bruno Bauer*: he believes, but thinks as well;  
 His flesh may well be willing, but his spirit's frail.  
 But wait awhile till all those dregs have finished sinking,  
 And Satan after that will never catch him thinking.  
 He'll find me in the end, if he but seeks me truly,  
 And spurns the idle vanities he loves unduly.  
 Thought's folly, that has torn his senses all apart,  
 He'll see as wind; the Light once more shall flood his heart.  
 Philosophy he'll deem nought but an empty fraud,  
 Grace shall break through. He'll know again that God is  
 God."

Now at these words great was the Angels' joy on high,  
 And pious praises of the Almighty filled the sky:

"Let power and might and glory evermore redound  
 To Thee that set the stars of Heaven whirling round.  
 Thy wrath shall smite the wicked ones in every land,  
 Exalting those that truly serve at Thy command."

Then further spake the Lord: "In that last battle, he  
 Shall lead the Faithful ones to final victory.

Die  
froh bebräute,  
jedoch wunderbar befreite

## **Bibel.**

Ober:

### **Der Triumph des Glaubens.**

Das ist:

Schreckliche,  
jedoch wahrhafte und erlösende

## **Historia**

von dem weiland Licentiaten

**Bruno Bauer;**

als Jünger

vom Teufel verführt,  
vom reinen Glauben abgefallen,  
Oberteufel geworden  
und endlich

kräftiglich entsetzt ist.

**Christliches Heldengedicht**  
in vier Gesängen.

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**Münster bei Zürich**

Druck und verlegt Joh. St. Hess  
1842.

Title-page of Engels' pamphlet *The Insolently Threatened Yet  
Miraculously Rescued Bible*

When all the brimming vials of my wrath are shed  
 Upon the sinful Earth, and when the seas turn red,  
 When well-springs shoot black fountains in the deep ravine,  
 And swarming locusts in their shimmering hosts are seen,  
 When all Earth thunders to a clanging hail of fire,  
 And when the ground heaves up, and cliffs are smashed  
 entire,

Then on that day shall *Bruno Bauer* never falter  
 To raise the standard of my hosts for Throne and Altar."

These words were greeted with felicity up there,  
 And jubilant hymns to praise the Almighty filled the air:  
 "Sing Hallelujah! Let the incense ever rise!"

But lo! while Heaven's vaults still echoed to the song,  
 With stench and roaring tumult Satan swept along,  
 Black writhing flames of Hell-rage from his eyeballs bursting,  
 His tongue to taste the blood of God's own children thirsting.  
 He stepped towards the Throne on sacrilegious feet,  
 Towards the Angels clustered round the Almighty's Seat,  
 Then he, in thunderous tones: "How long must you

postpone,  
 And in your cowardly peace keep me cooped up at home?  
 Or do you simply fear that Doomsday, when we meet  
 And battle at last is given  
 For this world's crown, shall signal your defeat,  
 As I invade your tent of Heaven?  
 But if you dare, then hurry up, give battle,  
 And let the trumpet sound to engage.  
 I'll muster all my savage hosts to try your mettle.  
 Oh, how I burn to charge in the fierce war we'll wage  
 As through your heavenly spheres I rage!"

And then the Lord: "Have patience, for the time is  
 nigh

When you shall learn indeed who is the Lord on High.  
 Look down below on Earth. See you the portents there  
 At which men tremble and stand deathly pale with fear?  
 See war and revolution, pestilence and fire,  
 Law held to scorn, religion trampled in the mire.  
 There, blasphemy's triumphant, mocked is piety.  
 But wait awhile. Soon things shall ten times better be,  
 For as my servant true I've chosen in my need  
 One who shall preach my Kingdom to the godless breed.  
 A target he shall be of ridicule and scorn;  
 But that is all I need to get things quickly done.

The measure's not yet full, but very soon will be,  
If they still treat the light of Grace with mockery."

The Devil: "Who's the one that's chosen for this feat?"

The Lord: "It's *Bruno Bauer*."

"The Licentiate?"

"The same."

"You've picked a most unusual servant there.  
He gives his soul no sustenance of hymn or prayer,  
And he demands from you your very loveliest stars.  
To apprehend them—that is what he loves the best.  
Even the very finest speculative cores  
Of dogma do not help to soothe his troubled breast."

The Lord: "Although his service may be inconsistent,  
I shall clear up his mind's confusion in due season,  
And if in thinking he still dares to be persistent,  
You may be sure he'll very quickly lose his Reason."

The Devil: "What's the use of that? I'll lure him down.  
That precious stone of yours shall sparkle in *my* crown.  
And since he still has *Hegel* running round his brain,  
You watch—that's where I'll get him by his hairy mane!"

The Lord: "Go on, then! You can have him as your prize!"

Go, drag him from his Saviour. Take him far away.  
Yes, you may catch him, if you can, with cheating lies.  
Laugh as you take him with you down your Hell-bound way,  
Then stand ashamed and make admission on your part:  
For all his Speculation, the believer still  
Sticks to the straight and narrow pathway in his heart."

The Devil laughed. "Go on! You can't scare me, you know!"

Watch out! As your man, *Bauer* hasn't long to go!  
Then out of Heaven with raging tempest force he broke,  
And left the bright domain still billowing with his smoke.

Now while the Fiend with God in business was engaged,  
The legions of the damned in Hell had all rebelled.

An angry, howling mob, they rioted and raged,  
"Where are you, Satan, Satan, where are you?" they yelled.  
Their leader, *Hegel*, swung two torches in the air.  
Whirling a fiery flail, behind him came *Voltaire*.

*Danton* was shouting with them, *Edelmann* was howling.  
"Charge, charge, you scum of Hell!" *Napoleon* was bawling.  
All through the gloomy pit of fire the dark shades poured,  
Snorting about with fury, shouting for their Lord.

Then down from Heaven's heights he plummeted amain  
 Into his sea of fire, into his tomb of flame.

"What's this?" he roared at them. "What do you want, you  
 rabble?"

You dare to mock the wrath and power of the Devil?  
 Are you not hot enough in Hell-fire's blazing flood?  
 Do I not slake your thirst full well with righteous blood?"  
 "No, no, you good-for-nothing Devil!" screamed *Voltaire*.  
 "Have I been sowing doubt here, there, and everywhere  
 Merely that through the whole of speculative night  
 The word 'philosophy' should be decried outright,  
 And that the French should trust their priests instead of me—  
 And that you, Satan, you should let this come to be?"  
 Said *Danton*: "Did I guillotine them all in vain,  
 That Reason ousted God, but God is back again?  
 Now nonsense reigns supreme, and high-born fops once more  
 In league with crack-brained priests their kingdom can  
 restore."

The furious *Hegel*, who'd been speechless all along,  
 Forthwith rose like a giant and finally gave tongue:

"To Science I've devoted every hour,  
 And I've taught Atheism with all my power.  
 Self-consciousness upon the Throne I seated,  
 And thought that God had thereby been defeated.

But foolish misconception's all that's used me,  
 And certain craven minds have much abused me,  
 Out of pure nonsense building pseudo-structures,  
 Enslaving Speculation with their strictures.

At last, a truly brave man came to hand,

*Strauss*, who had half begun to understand.

And yet when Zurich offered him a Chair,  
 They simply wouldn't let him lecture there.<sup>161</sup>

Shame, that the world condemns to banishment  
 The instrument I had the wit to invent,  
 The freedom-fighter, bravest ever seen,  
 Woe, woe, I cry, they've banned my guillotine!

Say, Devil, have I lived to no avail?  
 Is my philosophy, then, doomed to fail?  
 When will the right man come, and come apace,  
 To chop the heads off all the pious race?"

The Devil heard him out, with gentle malice grinning:  
 "Peace, most devoted servant, you can stop that whining.  
 Do you not know your Devil, then? I have a plan.

The very man has long been found. Found is the man."  
 "Who, who? We're all agog to know!" the rabble cried.  
 "His name is *Bruno Bauer*," the Arch-Fiend then replied.  
 Howling with mirth, the sinful host all turned away,  
*Hegel*, ablaze with fury, was provoked to say:  
 "You mock us still, you sneerer of the vilest sort!  
 Why *Bruno Bauer*, who brings Reason's cause to

nought,  
 And drags all Science up to trial in Faith's High  
 Court?"

"Oh, *Hegel*, are you blind?" the Lord of Hell replied.  
 "You think the fruits of Faith will keep him satisfied?  
 His thirst is much too great, and they are not enough.  
 Who fights as hard as he does, won't run out of puff.  
 It won't be long before he doffs Faith's beggar cloak,  
 And then I'll clinch it with him at a single stroke."  
 Said *Hegel*, finally relieved: "I bow to you!"  
 And all the gang of Hell roared out a wild "Halloo!"  
 They saw their master to the door with many a joyous yell,  
 And he, assured of triumph, floated up from Hell.—

A house of pious people and a dingy room  
 Stacked high with books, and *Bauer* pondering in the gloom,  
 The Pentateuch in front of him, the Devil behind,  
 A tug of war twixt Faith and Doubt within his mind.

"Did Moses write this book, and is it true for sure?  
 Philosophy, your meaning is so oft obscure!  
 I've studied matters Phenomenological,

Theological also, to my distress,  
 Aesthetical too, Metaphysical, Logical,  
 Not entirely without success.

I'm Doctor and Licentiate,  
 I lecture in college early and late,  
 I've married, by Speculation astute,  
 Faith and the Concept Absolute.

Nought is beyond me, no mystery  
 Can stand the test of my scrutiny.  
 Name me the dogma I haven't been into—  
 Creation, Redemption, Original Sin, too.

I've grasped with absolute perfection  
 Even the Immaculate Conception,  
 Lock, stock and barrel—but all that stuff

Still doesn't prove the Pentateuch is not a bluff.

O who will help me, who will get me off the rack?

O who will give the bread of knowledge that I lack?  
What if that most mysterious book  
Inscribed in Philip's own true hand  
Became my trusty guide and took  
Me through Doubt's ever-labyrinthine land?  
I break it open. I can see the light—  
A spring of Categories rushes into sight.  
Oh, see them! Up and down they climb,  
Passing gold buckets all the time!  
What high ecstasy!  
Faith and Science, I see,  
Have signed an armistice  
With sanctified kisses!  
Deep under me is Nature's mighty power!  
Ah, what a sight!—but show, nothing more!  
When shall the veil e'er lifted be  
That hides the source of the Pentateuch from me?

*Philip, appear!"*

The wall divides, and then a shadow, triple-crowned,  
Steps through the cleft to raise a bony warning hand:  
"O *Bauer, Bauer*, mind you stray not from the path  
That Hegel's *Logic* has marked out for you to follow!  
For, in that work, the Concept absolutely clear  
Shines forth. So do not let Imaginative Thinking  
Ever defy the Spirit there, which stands for Freedom."  
"But can you tell me how authentic is this Book?  
Oh, do not turn away from me! Speak, answer, talk!"  
"You're like the Spirit that you understand, not me!"<sup>a</sup>  
"Not you? Oh, do not vanish! Stay with me, my friend!"  
He shouts, jumps up, and lo! before him stands the Fiend!  
"Ha haha haha haha haha haha!  
There stands the Theologian! There you are!  
You thought yourself so shrewd, not even apprehending  
That you were running round in circles never-ending?"  
Here *Bruno* reaches for his Bible, mad with fear.  
"Pah!" says the Devil, laughing. "That old primer there?  
Pah! We've left all that junk a long, long way behind,  
Think you that I believe such trash can ease your mind?  
Think you that, when within these musty walls you strain  
Concocting categories in your fevered brain,

<sup>a</sup> Goethe, *Faust*, Part One, Scene 1.—*Ed.*

Or mixing Fire and Water—when you choose  
 To try and slake the Spirit's thirst with filthy brews,  
 The free-willed Spirit that would burst its bonds and flee  
 The foul confining dungeon of captivity—  
 Think you such torture can e'er satisfy your urge?  
 Did *Hegel* ever teach you Hill and Vale to merge,  
 Or Black and White, or fiercely flaming Fire and Water?  
 Consider *Hegel* now, that unabashed God-hater,  
 Who, without thinking further, flung Fact overboard  
 And, choosing Reason, cast away Tradition's Word."

"O Satan, what you say indeed sounds fine—a well  
 Of Heaven's purest light; thus shines the smoke of Hell.  
 But still I won't be led astray; for Speculation  
 Has long included you within its comprehension.  
 And since all Being by my Spirit's permeated,  
 Are you alone from understanding, then, exempted?  
 With fair appearance and dissembling words you please us:  
 You lead us gently on, then suddenly you seize us,  
 Pledging free Spirit for our lovely world of Fact,  
 To lure us to that narrow realm of the Abstract.  
 With your free Spirit to the far Extreme I'll go,  
 Because 'I am' is all I claim to think and know.  
 They don't delude me, Friend, those stark and chilly heights,  
 Where what the Spirit grasps, the Spirit also blights.  
 Your Spirit is a Moloch racked with hunger's pangs,  
 And at the Positive it ever bares its fangs.  
 Full well I know you and I know your ways, you see;  
 Phrases and empty words are all you've given me.  
 See if I positively grasp this Pentateuch,  
 I grasp the concept 'Judaism' like this book."

The Devil laughs and jeers. "How very funny! Must  
 You try to polish up what's old and thick with rust?  
 How the Lord's finger is discerned in one small louse,\*  
 And how the Lord will guide the building of a house,\*\*  
 And how the Lord's design is seen in Measure, Weight  
 And Pledge\*\*\*—on suchlike things you choose to speculate?  
 You waste yourself on them, and get no joy or rest.  
 Just try your strength with Faith, and see who comes off best!  
 Up there, the Spirit feels its power and majesty.  
 No more a worm that crawls through old putridity,

\* 2 Moses 8:19.—*Note by Engels.*

\*\* 5 Moses 22:8.—*Note by Engels.*

\*\*\* 5 Moses 25.—*Note by Engels.*



It reigns triumphant on its throne; its high Law sees  
Faith, slave of Prejudice, down on its bended knees."

"O Devil, with what ease you utter all the things  
I've hardly dared to in my wild imaginings.

Now I'm a man obsessed, a man tormented by

His very inmost being's agonising cry:

'Your life has come to nought!'"

"Don't waste your time in vain.

If the desire is there, you can be born again!"

"Then where do I begin?"

"Think you that in this spot,

*Berlin*, this true-believing, sandy vacant lot,

That here you'll ever reach the lofty heights, attain the bliss

Of dealing Faith once and for all the *coup de grâce*?

To *Bonn* I'll take you,<sup>162</sup> to the Rhine so proud and green;

Of superstition's slime you'll wash your notions clean.

You'll live a life of joy and beauty all the time,

Refreshed by union with the true juice of the vine;

Where all is Victory, where every breast heaves high,

Where every vein's a-throb with Freedom's radiancy!"

"Lead on! I'll follow you!"

"Where in full clarity

The pure Truth rises from the Spirit struggle free—

There, high upon the wrecks of barriers devastated,

Triumphant build a shrine to Free Thought consecrated!"

## CANTO THE SECOND

Oh, woe to thee, *Bonn*, woe, most pious of Faculties!  
Put on sackcloth and ashes, pray on bended knees!  
Upon that Chair of erstwhile pious reputation  
Mad *Bauer* lectures through the Devil's ministration.  
He stands and foams with rage; a demon on his back  
Goads him and sets him on the Theologians' track.  
Just like a hydrophobic dog, he howls and bays;  
Through his blaspheming mouth the Adversary says:  
"Let not the Theologians fool you with their guiles,  
Or rank hypocrisy, or low, perfidious wiles.  
See how they twist the sense of every word by force,  
And slither through the darkness on their evil course.  
Oh, see those letter-slaves in all their filthy fright,  
And how they savage one another when they fight.  
All unctuous torture, cunning Jesuitical,  
All tinselled pious fraud and arts sophistical!  
As the schoolmaster, when the village children run  
Away from school to romp and have themselves some fun,  
Comes raging with his stick to fetch the truants in,  
And they, with jeers and catcalls, flee ahead of him—  
Such is the Theologian, very soon perplexed  
When trapped between the Contradictions of the Text.  
See how he twists, turns, dodges, stretches, wriggles in it,  
Forgetting everything he said that very minute.  
Just watch him cooking in his kitchen filled with steam,  
Until the Contradictions flee him with a scream.  
How he runs after them! Oh, how he starts to scold!  
Will you come back again! Will you do as you're told!

With what insensate rage he plies Faith's holy cane,  
Hitting the godless freaks again and yet again!  
He pops them in the witches' cauldron, pokes them down,  
Until the wretched things asphyxiate and drown!  
They're all the same, including these Evangelists;  
They'll never change as long as there are men of Christ's.  
The one Evangelist misapprehends the other,  
He wriggles, writhes, distorts the meaning even further;  
Caught in the hopeless toils of endless Contradictions,  
He cannot help but multiply his misconstructions.  
He tears to shreds the writings of the other one,  
And then, to crown it all, there is the work of *John*.  
Just look!"—The mob of Faithful, past endurance, bellows:  
"Away with that blasphemer, hang him on the gallows!  
Away! Enough abuse from that once worthy Chair,  
Sing Hallelujah, then, and get him out of there!"  
The others shout: "Hurrah, and long live *Bruno Bauer*!  
Free Science's support, Free-thinking's mightiest power!  
Hush, pious hypocrites! If your God's help is strong,  
Then fight, and let the outcome prove you right or wrong."  
"Out with the liar!" all the Right-wing voices cry.  
"Out with the Faithful!" comes the impious Left's reply.  
"Atheists, silence!" "Pious sheep, keep your mouths shut!  
Or else you'll soon find out how billy-goats can butt!"  
"*Christ here!*" — "*And Bauer here!*"

Making a thund'rous sound,  
With all their weight the wielded sticks come crashing down.  
To echoing battle-cries the tussle grows amain,  
As desks are overturned and benches split in twain.  
To thwart the Christian troops, the Atheist forces bold  
Pile up the desks and build themselves A Safe Stronghold.  
United in a closely welded mass, they throw,  
Instead of bombs, ink-horns and Bibles at the foe.  
In vain the Pious launch their sallies on the fort,  
They fail to take it, even at the third onslaught.  
Heads bleed, and many fighters of the Pious band  
Collapse upon the bench, felled by an Atheist hand.  
Then the blasphemers bring the walls a-tumbling down,  
Lastly to drive the foe clean off the battleground.  
Snarling, they hurl themselves on God's chaste warriors, who  
Flee in blind panic from the wild and horrid crew.  
The field is clear, at last.—

Swift speeds the pious band

Along the passage to the gates, and makes its stand.  
 The Lord sends proctors round to rescue them, and then  
 The Rector comes, and Senators, and Clergymen.  
 They want to mediate, ask what's behind it all,  
 But they themselves are soon entangled in the brawl.  
 The fight breaks out again, all join in willy-nilly;  
 Many a lofty learned brow is knocked half silly,  
 Many a crooked back is beaten straight again,  
 Many a nose pulled down that stuck up in disdain.  
 The sky grows dark with clouds of beaten-out cloth dust,  
 And periwigs fly at the whim of every gust.  
 Philosophers, most Positive of gentlemen,<sup>163</sup>  
 Under the Atheist attack, turn tail and run.  
 Great *Fichte's* little son, you certainly move fast!  
 You're much too skinny for the Atheist repast.  
 Herr *Brandis*, though you may be swift to flee pursuit,  
 The system-dust has all been walloped from your suit.  
 Refuting *Hegel* hasn't done them any good,  
 If they are beaten up by *Hegel's* crazy brood.  
 Onward they press, the frenzied Atheistic horde:  
 Their sticks make mockery of trusting in the Lord.  
 But no, His eye is watchful; in the hour of need,  
 When ignominy threatens those who hold the creed,  
 To thwart the triumph of the evil ones down there,  
 He sends the faithful *Sack*, with neatly parted hair.  
 He comes straight from the vineyard of the Lord on High.  
 His grey eye gleams, a star up in the Church's sky.  
 His nose, it is a mighty pillar of the Faith.  
 The Lord's Word and Salvation dribble from his mouth.  
 His mount's a virgin ass, with tail most wondrous fair,  
 And if his foot trails on the ground, he doesn't care.  
 The Bible text he has invented, with God's aid,  
 And tied it with her tail on to the donkey-maid.  
 He sits astride her, with his head bowed all the way;  
 The Spirit gently leads the beast towards the fray.  
 He sees the battle rage, the godless forge ahead,  
 And seeks the pious beast on other paths to lead.  
 But now the she-ass, who's obeyed him faithfully,  
 Begins to rear and stall and jump and buck and shy.  
 "What ails you, little beast? What's getting in your way?  
 Go where the bridle leads you, listen, and obey!"  
 She jams him up against a wall, unheeding still.  
 For the first time, he tries the stick to break her will.

He beats and beats and beats and beats her fit to bust.  
 The she-ass won't give in to him. He bites the dust.  
 God opens up the donkey's mouth; she, loud and clear,  
 Speaks His intention for the startled *Sack* to hear.  
 "Why do you beat me? See, the Spirit bars my way  
 And turns my bridle towards the scene of the affray.  
 Where's your old courage? Up, fly to the battleground,  
 Where Atheist fury pins God's faithful army down.  
 Lend me your ear, O *Sack*, and hear the tidings new  
 That through your donkey's mouth the Lord reveals to you.  
 Henceforth your name is *Bag* and shall be *Sack* no more.



*Ruge, Buhl, Nauwerck, Bauer, Wigand, Edgar [Bauer], Stirner, Meyen, stranger, Koppen the Lieutenant, the squirrel in the upper left corner is a caricature of the Prussian Minister Eichhorn*

Engels' caricature of "The Free", the Berlin group of Young Hegelians  
 (Words in the drawing: Ruge, Buhl, Nauwerck, Bauer, Wigand, Edgar [Bauer],  
 Stirner, Meyen, stranger, Koppen the Lieutenant. The squirrel in the upper  
 left corner is a caricature of the Prussian Minister Eichhorn)

I'm sending you, O *Bag*, to terminate this war."  
 Then did the pious *Bag* to Heaven gaze and cry:  
 "Lord, before Thee man's knowledge is but vanity!  
 You choose a lowly beast for mouthpiece! Daring all,  
 I plunge into the battle's terrors at your call!"  
 He turns and speeds in haste towards the scene of horrors,  
 And finds it strewn with faint, exhausted, bleeding warriors.  
 Then, with a mighty shout, he bravely dives into them,  
 And to a heavenly air he sings the peace-hymn to them.  
 His coming has the fighters dazed on either side,  
 But *Brother Bag* just sees the Heavens open wide.  
 "Why all this Hatred, Envy, Murder, Storm and Stress,  
 Where Faith's Word should resound, and hymns of holiness?  
 In the full sight of God, where Heaven in twain divides,  
 Have you nought else to do but tan each other's hides?"  
 The faithful flock gives ear and, much abashed, withdraws,  
 The Atheist mob just stares and brazenly guffaws.  
 Then *Brother Bag*: "Down here below is tumult, gore,  
 But up above there's peace and bliss for evermore.  
 I see the Cherubim around the Almighty's Throne,  
 I see the Lamb of God, the sole begotten son.  
 I see the glory of the Lord shine down so bright,  
 I see the angelic host in songs of praise unite,  
 I see—oh, bliss!—the Lamb of God begins to speak  
 And states its will to me, who am its servant meek:  
 'I've pinned my hopes on *Bruno Bauer* all this while,  
 But the Arch-Fiend has cheated us of him by guile.  
 He who sat praying in his hermitage, alone,  
 Gives sinners now my holy Word to guzzle on.  
 He hounds my pious flock with desperate murderers.  
 His will be done; he'll know the meaning of my curse.  
 Be you the chosen one. Cross mountain, hill and valley,  
 Summon the Faithful ones to arms, and do not dally.  
 Go, let your trusty she-ass take you everywhere,  
 Go, preach the message of the Cross, and have no fear.  
 Put on the armour, armour of the Lord most high,  
 Await the day of battle, for that day draws nigh.  
 Then with the belt of Truth be sure your loins are girt;  
 For breastplate, Righteousness shall keep you safe from hurt.  
 With both legs booted, go you forth and do not yield,  
 Put out the fiery darts of Hell with Faith's bright shield.  
 Put on Salvation's helm that wards off mockery,  
 God's Word shall be your sword; wield it courageously!"

Yea, Lord, I follow Thee. Thy servant flies apace  
To spread Thy holy Word to all the sinful race!"

Meanwhile, the pious crowd had gone to church to pray;  
The godless went off boozing, in the usual way.

But *Brother Bag* rode forth astride his animal,  
And sang: "Praise to the Lord, praise to the Lord of All,  
And may all folk on Earth in sweet content abide!"  
His pious song was heard all over, far and wide.  
So fared he forth and gave his animal free rein  
To lead him where it would in God the Father's name.

Meanwhile, three sit in *Leipzig*. Glum and taciturn,  
They've long been overdue in Satan's hell to burn.  
Wild *Ruge's* one of those around the table there,  
His broad fists propping up a head that's full of care.  
A valiant warrior, stout, seemingly hard to rattle;  
But sharp as rapiers are his claws, well trained in battle.  
He seems a philistine, beer-sodden, casual,  
But deep inside his breast he bears the whole of Hell.  
Laugh, *Ruge*, laugh! It's very nearly Judgment Day,  
And then that mask you're wearing will be torn away!  
The second eyes his glass with proud defiance—*Prutz*  
The sinister, who's hatching out infernal plots.  
Mere human feeling is a thing he never uses;  
Emotions, thoughts and deeds with him are all Medusas.  
Innocent, trustful hearts devoid of doubt and schism  
His sparkling rhymes corrupt with seeds of Atheism.  
Laugh, *Prutz*, oh, laugh! It's very nearly Judgment Day  
And then the mask you wear, too, will be torn away.  
Caressing his mustachios, the third and last  
Is *Blücher-Wigand*; he's a scoundrel unsurpassed.  
Thanks to his capital, the whole gang's prop is he,  
Untiring publisher of every blasphemy.  
O *Wigand* with the *Blücher* beard, laugh, laugh away!  
You'll surely be the Devil's on that Judgment Day!

Fuming with rage they gaze into each other's eyes.  
"Has all that money gone for nothing?" *Wigand* cries.  
"Have I paid out so much, and done my very best,  
To see the *Halle Annals*<sup>a</sup> totally suppressed?"  
Growls *Arnold Ruge*: "Times are anything but good.  
The Censor's always out to suck my paper's blood.  
At least two-thirds of all my space he has to have,

<sup>a</sup> *Hallische Jahrbücher für deutsche Wissenschaft und Kunst*.—Ed.

Yet still they want my paper dead and in its grave!"  
 Then *Prutz*: "Alas, six months have passed, and here we are,  
 And still the Censor hasn't passed a single par!  
 Things must ease up, or else I'll starve; I'll never make it,  
 Except by going back to love-songs—Devil take it!"  
 "What else am I to do?" says *Ruge* with a roar.  
 "I've got the *Muses' Almanack*,<sup>a</sup> and nothing more.  
 To Hell with Hegelising, then. I'll boost morale  
 With dreary novelettes and posies lyrical!"  
 "I'll get in touch with him at once," continues *Wigand*,  
 "And get a new four-decker novel out of *Mügge*.  
 Come to my heart, oh, come, O sweet *Belles-Lettres*, do!  
 The Censor cuts Hegelian sophistries, not you!  
 My wings shall shield all German bards that care to come.  
 Minstrels and Tavern Fiddlers, make yourselves at home!  
 Brothers, your hands! Our line is to be different.  
 We're loyalists from now. Long live the Government!"  
 The Devil walks straight in. "You wretched trash, for  
 shame!"

He castigates the Free<sup>164</sup> ones with a tongue of flame.

"You think you're heroes, while your courage quite deserts  
 you

As soon as you get banned, or when the Censor cuts you.  
 I ought to be ashamed. I let you take me in,  
 And never saw the Ass inside the Lion's skin.  
 Well, just you wait awhile. It's going to be a pleasure  
 To get you down in Hell and torture you at leisure.  
 But, no, you craven trash, you're nothing but small fry!  
 I'll chase you up to Heaven, up to the Lord on High!"  
 "Be reasonable!" *Wigand* is constrained to say.  
 "What, then, are we to do? Show us a better way!"  
 "You miserable scum!" cries Satan, most displeased.  
 "It's plain you cannot even see the wood for trees!  
 For if the ban on *Halle Annals* bothers you,  
 Just call them *German*,<sup>b</sup> and start publishing anew.  
 You leave the Censorship to me. The will to fight  
 Is what you need and things will then come out all right.  
 Who with the Devil makes a binding covenant,  
 Must not turn tail and flee from every miscreant.

<sup>a</sup> *Deutscher Musenalmanach*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> *Deutsche Jahrbücher für Wissenschaft und Kunst*.—Ed.



Courage is all you need. Now I must onwards press.  
Rave on, as always, in the name of Godlessness!"

He speaks and disappears. And lo! all starry-eyed,  
Comes *Brother Bag* and sees the Heavens open wide.  
Him bears the she-ass, mouthpiece of the Almighty's Word;  
She'll take him on his last ascent to meet his Lord.  
He looks to Heav'n with God-intoxicated eyes  
And says: "Blaspheming gang, I know your tricks and lies!  
Thus saith the Lord your God: you are the Devil's brood,  
And ever seek to slake your thirst with righteous blood.  
Once more, then, through my servant be my summons known  
That you should kneel subservient before my Throne.  
Do penance, saith the Lord, abase yourselves and crawl,  
Or down to feed the flames of Hell you'll surely fall.  
Thus saith the Lord your God: you'll either get converted  
Or else I promise you I'll have you all degutted.  
For sweet, I'll serve this gang of evil name to you,  
My faithful *Hengstenberg*, and *Bag*, my servant true.  
Their pious flesh shall be a living grave for you.  
Thus saith the Lord your God."

And therewith he withdrew.

### CANTO THE THIRD

What do I see? A frenzied host so glittering bright  
With Blasphemy, the very sun has lost its light?  
Who are they? See them, how they all come surging forth,  
Foregathering from East, and South, and West, and North.  
The scum of Germany, they meet in convocation  
To whip their spirits up for still more evil action.

Already they have felt the Lord's hand moving o'er

Already they have guessed how Satan's clutch could claw them,  
Down to a dreadful doom. Knowing despair full well,  
They've felt like letting Atheism go to Hell.  
Then *Arnold*<sup>a</sup> summons all those of the Free persuasion  
To meet at *Bockenheim* in Hellish congregation.

"Arise, you Free ones all! How can you sit so tight,  
When the Romantics plunge the whole world into night?  
Or when Reaction stirs and, cunning as of old,  
Almost has Science in its deadly stranglehold?  
*Bauer's* in peril. Of your thoughts and writings, most  
Go straight up to the raving Censor and are lost.  
Free brethren, hear my Manifesto, all of you,  
Of course, provided that the Censor lets it through:  
High time that we as diplomats discussed with weight  
The Holy Alliance in congressional debate!  
Do you see how the high Police determinedly  
Abolish everywhere one little word—that's *free*?  
And now the Lamb of God joins the *Gensdarmarie*,

<sup>a</sup> Arnold Ruge.—*Ed.*

And is about to sink to bestiality.

So onwards, then, Free ones; to *Bockenheim* we'll go;  
Seeds of fresh action there united we shall sow!"

Scarce was this Manifesto broadcast far and wide,  
When awful urges, evil cravings surge inside

Each brazen breast to leave forthwith for *Bockenheim*.

*Berlin* it is that sends the most devoid of shame.

Broad *Arnold* heads them as they bravely march along;

Behind him mills a lunatic and loathsome throng.

And all that yelling gang, that Atheistic mob,

Is much more wild than ever was the Jacobin Club.

That's *Köppen* you can see there with his glasses on.

If *Ruge* but allowed, he'd be a virtuous man.

But *Arnold's* raving fury has him so impressed:

He has a sword and wears it dangling from his waist;

It's like a demon's tail, a long and rusty thing,

And when he dances, see how bravely it can swing.

He's wearing epaulettes and brandishing about

A stick with which to beat the thirst for knowledge out

Of flaming youth. Next, *Maien*<sup>a</sup> comes along, the Free;

Familiar everywhere to everyone is he:

An Atheist born, the vilest love him well: Voltaire

Ever since birth has been his daily reading fare.

So nice, so soft, so small—*Maien*, you devil, you!

Those ruffians with you making all that hullabaloo,

They're not your nephews? Have you lured them in as well?

You'd take your family with you on your trip to Hell?

Right on the very left, that tall and long-legged stepper

Is *Oswald*,<sup>b</sup> coat of grey and trousers shade of pepper;

Pepper inside as well, *Oswald* the Montagnard;

A radical is he, dyed in the wool, and hard.

Day in, day out, he plays upon the guillotine a

Single solitary tune and that's a cavatina,

The same old devil-song; he bellows the refrain:

*Formez vos bataillons! Aux armes, citoyens!*<sup>c</sup>

Who raves beside him, with the muscles of a brewer?

It's old Bloodlust himself in person, *Edgar Bauer*.

His brown-complexioned face through bushy whiskers peers;

And he's as old in cunning as he's young in years.

<sup>a</sup> Eduard Meyen.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Pseudonym of Frederick Engels.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Form your battalions! To arms, citizens! (From the *Marseillaise*).—*Ed.*

Outside, a smart blue coat; inside he's black, lacks polish;  
 Outside he's dandified; inside he's sansculottish.  
 His shadow's with him, it's a wonder to behold it;  
 His evil shadow's there, and *Radge*<sup>a</sup> he has called it.  
 See *Stirner* too, the thoughtful moderation-hater;  
 Though still on beer, he'll soon be drinking blood like water.  
 And if the others shout a wild: *à bas les rois!*<sup>b</sup>  
*Stirner* is sure to add: *à bas aussi les lois!*<sup>c</sup>  
 Next, baring greenish teeth, comes tripping on his way,  
 His hair unkempt and tousled, prematurely grey,  
 A soap-and-water-shy and blood-shy *Patriot*,<sup>d</sup>  
 So smooth and soft inside; outside a sansculotte.  
 Wild *Arnold* heads them, Czar of All the Atheists,  
 And high upon his baton's end he twirls and twists  
 Copies of *Halle Annals*. Next, there follow on  
 The crew that Satan's picked to gorge himself upon.  
 As soon as they arrive, in bursts the frantic *Bauer*,  
 Engulfed in smoke and steam and Hell-rain's deadly shower.  
 He raves, a lanky villain in a coat of green;  
 Behind the leering face Hell's offspring can be seen.  
 He hoists his flag aloft, and in an arc up high  
 The sparks of his rude Bible criticisms fly.  
 Who runs up next with wild impetuosity?  
 A swarthy chap of *Trier*, a marked monstrosity.<sup>e</sup>  
 He neither hops nor skips, but moves in leaps and bounds,  
 Raving aloud. As if to seize and then pull down  
 To Earth the spacious tent of Heaven up on high,  
 He opens wide his arms and reaches for the sky.  
 He shakes his wicked fist, raves with a frantic air,  
 As if ten thousand devils had him by the hair.  
 Next, from *Cologne*, a *Youngster*,<sup>f</sup> something of a swell,  
 Too bad for Heaven, too good to pass the gates of Hell.  
 He's half a sansculotte, and half an aristo,  
 A suave rich gentleman with pleats in his jabot.  
 The pleats inside his soul add up to even more.  
 His pocket lining's filled with demons by the score

<sup>a</sup> Pseudonym of Edgar Bauer.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Down with kings! — *Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Down with the laws as well! — *Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> Ludwig Buhl.—*Ed.*

<sup>e</sup> Karl Marx.—*Ed.*

<sup>f</sup> Georg Jung.—*Ed.*

With golden faces. Next, one who indeed disgusts,  
 The dawdling *Rtg*,<sup>a</sup> quite handy with his fists.  
 He has an evil habit: constantly he smokes  
 Hellish tobacco in an ell-long pipe which pokes  
 Out of his mouth, and which he never once removes  
 Except to give his utterance point when he reproves.  
 But who comes from the South as lonely as a cloud,  
 Disdaining sympathy, himself a one-man crowd,  
 A one-man host of Atheists fanatical,  
 A one-man treasure store of craft Satanical,  
 A one-man fount of wicked blasphemy and shame?  
 Help us, Saint John, it's *Feuerbach* of dreadful name!  
 He neither raves nor bounds, but hovers in mid-air,  
 An awful meteor girt by hellish vapours there.  
 In the one hand he holds outstretched the cup that shines,  
 And in the other one, the bread loaf that sustains.  
 He sits up to his navel in a sea-shell basin,  
 Trying to find a new church service for the brazen.  
 Guzzling, boozing, bathing, firmly he maintains,  
 Are all the truth the holy sacrament contains.  
 A storm of shouts and cheers succeeds the first *hurrah!*  
 And then he must be taken to a public bar.  
 At once, all hell breaks loose; the uproar is so loud  
 That nobody can gain the attention of the crowd.

They won't sit still; they heave, and push, and shove  
 around;

The Evil Spirit keeps them whirling round and round.  
 Their loathing of inaction gives them all no peace;  
 And futile calls for quiet continue without cease.  
 Then *Köppen*, that most virtuous, order-loving chap,  
 Flies off into a rage. "Is this the savage steppe?  
 Have you forgotten in this wild barbaric throng  
 What was the purpose of our journey all along?  
 O *Arnold*, trusty bastion, speak, start the discussion.  
 Will you not show us how to find the best solution?"  
*Oswald* and *Edgar* shout in roaring unison:  
 "Now that's enough of these disgraceful goings-on!"  
 Then silence fell. And *Arnold*, who, quite guiltlessly,  
 Had in the meantime been consuming beefsteaks three,  
 On the last mouthful seemed as if about to choke,

<sup>a</sup> Adolf Rutenberg.—*Ed.*



*Both:* We're not just plagued with the Trinity;  
The Police and the Faith have joined up in a  
Twinity.

*Monster:* When they are vigilant,  
Should we be negligent?

*Bauer:* When they are arming,  
Should we be yawning?

Voices are heard all round: "We're game for battle now!"  
But *Ludwig Feuerbach* sparks off another row.  
He roars: "Why should we waste our time with all this talk?  
Who action seeks, let him get on and do the work.  
The Free man helps himself, ay, he and he alone.  
Whatever he achieves, he does all on his own!"  
His glasses gleaming, *Köppen* jumps up with a bound,  
His Jovian head commanding silence all around.  
"Against united action, then, you take your stand?  
But it alone stops matters getting out of hand;  
The stream of Progress flows untroubled, undiverted,  
And, best of all, the risk of bloodshed is averted!"  
*Edgar* and *Oswald* shriek: "Confounded Girondist!  
Out, feeble-minded dreamer; you're no Atheist!"  
Then *Stirner*, dignified: "Who binds his will around?  
Who would impose a law by shouting people down?  
You tie his will and have the nerve to say you're free;  
A lot you've done to break away from slavery!  
Down with all rules and laws, say I!" This aberration  
Has the whole Hellish congress in complete confusion.  
The ceiling splits, and *Blücher-Wigand's* seen aloft  
Swooping into the hall on his own flying raft.  
A paper dragon—Oh, Satanic arts!—he flies.  
"What are you up to now?" he vigorously cries.  
"See how I soar  
On editions galore  
Of the *German Yearbook*.<sup>a</sup>  
I gummed them myself,  
I bound them myself,  
I, *Blücher*, just look!  
If they can bear me through the air,  
Need you despair?  
Woe, I cry,  
With Frankfurt nigh,

<sup>a</sup> *Deutsche Jahrbücher für Wissenschaft und Kunst.—Ed.*

Isn't everything all right?  
 There is Peace and Union still,  
 And the Great All-Highest Will  
 For the high and for the highest,  
 For the low and for the lowest,  
 Is Conviction, Lodestar, Light.

Woe, I cry,  
 From Frankfurt nigh  
 Has an evil wind come blowing?  
 Shall the Free ones not withstand  
 The Union's<sup>165</sup> wind throughout the land?  
 Follow me and let's be going!  
 To *Leipzig*! There I've mounted lovely batteries  
 That all the Pious hosts together could not seize.  
 The house in which I Hegelised of old  
 Has latterly been turned into A Safe Stronghold.  
 The *Gutenberg* and *Leipzig* be our rendezvous.  
 The book-trade's centre shall be the State centre too."  
 "Yes, yes, to *Leipzig*!" cries on every side resound.  
 "Let that the centre be, our forces' rallying ground!"  
 They all depart, with *Wigand* flying in the lead,  
 But *Feuerbach* pursues a lonely course indeed.

But leave that show. I'm beckoned by a peaceful valley.  
 The Lord's own City calls me—*Halle* on the *Saale*.  
 O Town of bliss, still faithful to the Lord you are!  
 To beat the Devil's craft e'er brighter gleams your star.  
*Ruge* poured out his pus on you to no avail;  
 Thanks to your loyalty, his schemes were doomed to fail.  
 He went off in a rage, nor has he since come back.  
 Town, thank the Lord who gave you triumph and good luck.  
 See all the Faithful, see the Chosen gathered round  
 To sing His praises with a sweet and pleasant sound.  
 Oh, what a fine assemblage! See that cobbler there  
 Whose feverish, skinny body spurs him into prayer.  
 The barman of the Temperance League is present too:  
 Pay him—he'll pour pure drinking water out for you.  
 God's peace shines in the moon-like face behind the bar.  
 Truly, with firm-held faith a person can go far!  
 That little woman there is bowed with sinfulness,  
 And yet her stiff old limbs are bathed in blessedness.  
 All in a soulful shriek she sings a holy lay,  
 And mortifies her shrunken body night and day.  
 Next, there is *Leo*, Lion of the *Saale* strand.



His strength of faith indeed delights the angel band.  
In faith he hurled himself the *Hegelings*<sup>166</sup> upon,  
In faith defended he the Altar and the Throne,  
In faith did he improve, up-end, and set aright  
Godless world history by Heaven's shining light.  
Go to the little room, O Faithful, enter in,  
And sing unto your God a gentle, gracious hymn.  
Oh, hear the little ditty sounding forth, to rise  
Towards the Throne of Grace like fumes of sacrifice:

“Lord, we are carrion of the beast,  
A poxy stench, a raven’s feast,  
A knacker’s pit of sin.  
From the womb we’re bad outright.  
Crush us; it would serve us right  
For all our wicked sin.  
If Thou didst, then Thou hadst blessed us,  
Thus to wrest us  
From the cancers that infest us.  
Thou lettest us ascend to Thee  
Unto Thine Angels, fair to see,  
And washest us of sin.  
The Evil One Thou’st driven out  
Who filled our hearts with fear and doubt.  
Destroy and banish him.  
Sizzling, frizzling in the horror  
Of Hell-terror  
Leave him spitted  
For the wicked sins committed!”

And now the cobbler stands upon a chair to tell  
In fearsome tones about the sulphur lake of Hell.  
"Behold the dreadful gorge that spills its contents out,  
Fire, pitch and sulphur over all the lands about.  
See how it stews and brews, spews demons up of fire  
To gobble up the world of Christendom entire.  
Black seeds of Hell it scatters 'mid the race of men.  
Great is the Lord thy God. The world is doomed. Amen."  
"That's true enough!" shouts *Leo*. "Those demons are so  
rude.

They cover not their private parts and all go nude!  
The Great Whore comes from Babylon with its pollution,  
And that Great Whore is Reason's Goddess, Revolution!  
*Bauer is Robespierre, Ruge's Danton;* and worse,  
*Feuerbach is Marat.* O God, send down Thy curse!

Ye Faithful, watch the times, for cometh soon the Day,  
The Day of God the Father. Therefore, watch and pray!"

He speaks. But all stand thunderstruck and goggle-eyed—  
It's *Brother Bag*: he sees the Heavens open wide.  
His mount's the she-ass, mouthpiece of the Almighty's Word;  
She'll take him on his last ascent to meet his Lord.  
With trust in God and strength to Heav'n he turns his eyes,  
And says: "O Pious band, your works I recognise.  
Thus saith the Lord: my servant ye shall all obey  
That I have picked to lead my host into the fray.  
Obey our *Brother Bag*, obey him as you ought,  
And Satan's craft and power he shall surely thwart.  
Thus spake the Lord. I fell upon my knees and said:  
But call me, Lord, I'll follow Thee where'er I'm led.  
Then left I cheerly and the Lord's Word did begin  
To spread, the Lord's good year, to all this world of sin.  
Then in through many a wealthy castle gate I went  
To visit prince, and queen, all folk of great descent.  
But they, who ever thirst for worldly goods, and choose  
To covet honours vain, received me with abuse.  
They sat around the board in rich debauchery;  
And cheek by jowl were lust of flesh and lust of eye.  
I shook the dust from off my feet. The Lord then spake,  
Stirring me in the depths of sleep till I should wake.  
'Shall the rich man see Heav'n, however much he try,  
Or shall the camel pass right through a needle's eye?  
What hath been written? On the highways thou shalt find  
The homeless wandering poor, the halt, the lame, the blind.  
Bring all the maimed ones from the alleys home to sup;  
Call those by fences, let your voice be lifted up.  
They are the faithful ones, they are my army's core.  
Collect, recruit them, multiply them more and more.'  
Thus spake the Lord. And I, I come without delay  
To you, the Faithful, for to do as He did say.  
Obey the Lord your God. Soon will come morning's light,  
When with the Devil we must fight the mighty fight.  
The Free ones mobilise; *Leipzig's* their destination,  
And *Blücher-Wigand's* house is their fortification.  
They've piled up books and bales of paper by the score,  
It's there they mean to dance the holy dance of war.  
Stout hearts and steadfastness shall aid us in that hour,  
When we go forth to storm the foul Blasphemers' tower.  
Assemble, brethren. Be ye strong in love and hope.

Hold fast to Faith. I see up there the Heavens ope.  
Faith is indeed the Alpha and the Omega,  
In faith, thou'rt truly great, *Halle*, Hallelujah!  
In faith the Maid conceived the Son that God begat,  
In faith was Jonah from the alarmed whale's belly spat.  
In faith the Lord did promulgate the Gospel's word,  
In faith the Lord's voice in a donkey's mouth I heard.  
In faith the blind one saw the light against all hope,  
In faith do I look up and see the Heavens ope.  
In faith do I cry out: *credo ut intelligam*,  
In faith I cling unto the holy Cross's stem.  
In faith are all my deeds, in faith is all my hope,  
In faith do I look up and see the Heavens ope.  
Thus saith the Lord: now let my servant *Leo* be  
The doughty Captain of the Halle company.  
Go, visit every town and city in the land,  
Find soldiers and field surgeons there on every hand.  
By night or day allow yourself no respite, ever,  
Until the Faithful army has been brought together.  
Thus saith the Lord thy God, my refuge and my hope!  
Farewell, dear brethren, for I see the Heavens ope!"—

## CANTO THE FOURTH

What do I see! Saint *John*, illuminate my vision,  
So that your poetry's power may lend me inspiration.  
Whose holy eyes saw Angel *Michael* in the fight  
With the great dragon, fill, O fill my soul with light!  
What do I see! It's drawing nigh, the day of doom,  
The battles' last that bears destruction in its womb.  
I see the whole horizon bounded by a ring  
Of cloud that slowly lifts, at first unhurrying,  
Then swiftly, like the lion greedy for his prey,  
Springs forward. All the hounds of Hell speed on their way,  
Hissing through misty cloud. Their tails, ablaze with fire,  
Whip all around and lash to shreds the very air.  
In a wild witches' dance with greedy rage they spin,  
Yelling with fury, mad to appease the wrath within.  
What do I see! You mount Heav'n's heights, accursed race?  
May you unpunished go along the Almighty's ways?  
You wield the lightning, hold the thunder in your hand?  
Ah, it's the desperate man of *Bonn* that leads your band!  
But see, God's mercy ever watches from afar,  
And when all ends, it shall be with a Gloria.  
Consumed with rage, the forces of the Free draw near;  
Soon, soon God's might shall turn their arrogance to fear.  
They come, a seething mass. As *Wigand* sails along,  
The others follow him, a roaring, snorting throng.  
To *Leipzig* city he is leading one and all,  
The "*Gutenberg*" he's chosen as his arsenal.  
Many a bastion's piled up high with bulging bales,  
Rampart and trench are dug for when the foe assails.

Four ravelins are stacked up high with *Bauer's* writings,  
 With guns galore to give protection to the curtains.  
 Many a text of Köppen's *Friedrich*<sup>a</sup> lies there,  
 Many a page of *Annals* from a long-past year.  
*The Trumpet*,<sup>b</sup> *Feuerbach*, in heavy bundles bound,  
 Are stacked in serried rows to ring the fortress round.  
 And as *cheval de frise*, there's Ruge's *Novelist*,<sup>c</sup>  
 To mop the sweat up, there's *The Faded Pietist*.<sup>d</sup>  
 As last resort, there is a little nook of Hell—  
 The house, that's now become a mighty citadel.  
 They've walled the windows, barricaded up the door,  
 The attic has been made an ammunition store,  
 And when the Pious party moves to the attack,  
 From overhead the Free can give their skulls a crack.  
 Now, drawing nearer with a wild, exultant sound,  
 The Free disperse to man the bastions all around.

On, on from *Halle* march God's soldiers, one and all,  
 With *Jacob's* scaling ladder for the fortress wall.  
 Flag-like, the fiery pillar proudly goes before them,  
 And burning bushes light the darkling roadway for them.  
 Could I but paint the pious train in colours bright,  
 And richly bathe it round in beams of holy light!  
 Proud, wrathful *Leo* is the one who takes the lead.  
 Swinging along without constraint, he strides ahead,  
 Five volumes of world history<sup>e</sup> in his pious fists,  
 He's otherwise unarmed, it is in Faith he trusts  
 Where arrogance and self-assurance aren't enough.  
 The next line's leader is indeed of Godly stuff—  
 Nerr *Julius Sinck von Sinnes*,<sup>f</sup> as the Pious know him.  
 The dear man thinks to carry arms would be below him.  
 With presence pure and simple does he smite the Free,  
 And so the Faithful gather round him trustingly.  
 And sacred songs and prayer are their only arms,  
 Because when from afar the strains of heavenly psalms

<sup>a</sup> C. F. Köppen, *Friedrich der Grosse und seine Widersacher*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> B. Bauer's anonymous book *Die Posaune des jüngsten Gerichts über Hegel den Atheisten und Antichristen*.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> A. Ruge, *Der Novellist. Eine Geschichte in acht Dutzend Denkkzetteln aus dem Taschenbuche des Helden*.—Ed.

<sup>d</sup> E. Meyen, *Heinrich Leo, der verhallerte Pietist*.—Ed.

<sup>e</sup> H. Leo, *Lehrbuch der Universalgeschichte*.—Ed.

<sup>f</sup> Julius Müller, author of *Die christliche Lehre von der Sünde* (*The Christian Teaching on Sin*).—Ed.

Resound, the Free forthwith take to their heels and run.  
*Bonn* sends a host of stalwarts, champions, every one;  
 They're led by Brother Nix.<sup>a</sup> The *Swabians* now draw nigh;  
 The *Christian Courier*<sup>b</sup> is the banner that they fly.  
 Brave *Mallet* brings the faithful folk of *Bremen* in,  
 And *Hengstenberg* commands the Pious from *Berlin*.  
 And even you, the ones who ordered *Strauss* away  
 From *Zurich*, follow fearless *Hirzel* to the fray,  
 The priest of *Pfäffikon*.<sup>c</sup> They come from *Basel*, too.  
*Krummacher*, man of God, from *Wuppertal* are you.  
 The troops form up in every spacious *Leipzig* square,  
 And sounds of exultation fill the distant air,  
 Strains of upswelling song to touch the heart's own strings.  
 Each asks his neighbour: Say, who can it be that sings?  
 Behold, astride his she-ass (all stand goggle-eyed)  
 Comes *Brother Bag*; he sees the Heavens open wide.  
 And this is what he sings: "God's sword and Gideon here!  
 Up, Brothers, and behold the Devil's earthworks there!  
 However terribly they yawn, those gates of Hell,  
 Onward and trust in God! Faith will acquit you well!"

Behold the she-ass up the bastions nimbly springing,  
 And, following after her, the Faithful ones all singing!  
 Oh, what a fierce attack! Despair, all ye Blasphemers!  
 Scream for your devil now, ye God-forsaken screamers!  
 Now *Brother Bag* flies up that mighty wall of Pride  
 That *Hengstenberg* may lead his pious troops inside.  
 But there within, the Devil orders the defence,  
 Banishes craven doubts and counsels with good sense.  
 See, *Blücher-Wigand* stands high on the ravelin,  
 Egged on by *Maien*. How they make their missiles spin!  
 There's *Stirner*; see him flinging bales of books entire,  
 While hordes of Pious warriors melt beneath his fire.  
 See *Arnold* on the wall: he hardly ever misses,  
 Hurling his *Yearbooks* down at all those pious faces.  
 High on the wall of books and in the leading row,  
 Mad *Bauer* wields *The Trumpet*, blow on deadly blow,  
 The *Patriot*<sup>d</sup> ensconced where no missile can fly,  
 Tosses his pamphlets backwards at the enemy,

<sup>a</sup> Karl Immanuel Nitzsch.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> *Der Christen-Bote. Ein kirchlich-religiöses Sonntagsblatt.*—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> Bernhard Hirzel.—Ed.

<sup>d</sup> Ludwig Buhl.—Ed.

While with his toad-spit furious *Köppen* stems the flood,  
But most humanely takes good care to shed no blood.  
The raving *Edgar* fights with brewer strength and valour,  
While red with blood is *Oswald's* coat of pepper colour.  
See the Cologne contingent. In the furious fray  
*Rtg's* pipe's gone out; but he feels no dismay:  
Swinging it by its long and supple tube right well, he  
Wraps the water-bowl round many a pious belly.  
Gold devils are the missiles that the *Youngster*<sup>a</sup> skims;  
The *Monster*<sup>b</sup> joins the battle flexing all his limbs.  
Yet on the Pious press, still more victorious;  
Their Hallelujahs ringing still more glorious.  
Up on the mound of books has *Hengstenberg* appeared.  
He seizes *Blücher-Wigand* by his long blond beard.  
Raging, he pulls it out and manages to chuck  
*Wigand* full length into a horrid pool of muck.  
*Edgar* is now hard pressed, and *Arnold* is beset.  
*Köppen* has fled indoors; with him, the *Patriot*.  
The arrogant wall of books is almost half torn down,  
But still the frenzied *Bauer* stands his ground alone.  
He hurls a bale of books at *Bag* to seal the doom  
Of that most pious one and be a fitting tomb.  
*Herr Sinck von Sinnes* staggers at a blow of his.  
But *Halle's Leo* still defies Hell's wild abyss.  
A Samson, he strains hard at that proud fortress wall.  
It crashes down. See *Bauer*, even *Bauer*, fall!  
Pinned helpless to the ground by his own bales he lies.  
See the Believers set on him with joyous cries!  
*Bag* struggles to his feet. With a triumphant cheer  
He goes across to *Bauer*, grips him by the ear,  
And says: "Ye Faithful, God fulfilleth all my hope!  
The Lord my refuge is. I see the Heavens ope!  
Leave *Bauer* in my hands. To battle, never fear!  
While you defeat the others, I shall guard him here!"  
They truss up *Bauer*; then, to hymns victorious,  
They set their Jacob's ladder up against the house.  
Now rocks the Gutenberg, now splits the fortress door,  
Near empty is the attic ammunition store.  
Now wrings the *Patriot* his hands in grief and woe,

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<sup>a</sup> Georg Jung.— Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Karl Marx.— Ed.

Now *Arnold's* ham is wounded by a flying blow.  
*Maien* is bleeding from the mouth and nose as well.  
 Frightened, the Devil plunges down the abyss of Hell.

He plummets down into the depths with shrieks of  
 horror.

Ha, how the wicked ones all huddle up in terror!  
 They plead, blaspheme, and threaten. Then, all trembling, he:  
 "Oh, shame, the Pious have made mincemeat of the Free!  
 Useless my jeers, my fetor pestilential.  
 Alas, they've beaten me with songs celestial!  
*Bauer* is captive, *Wigand's* lost his beard withal,  
 And now they've stormed and occupied our book-bale wall!"  
 The depths of Hell resound with dreadful shrieks of fear;  
 Wild *Hegel's* agony is horrible to hear.

No sooner has the gang recovered from this news,  
 Than Hell's mad Knights break into bluster and abuse  
 In mutinous uproar. "You claim to be the Devil,  
 And let things come to this!" screams forth the frenzied  
*Hegel*.

"Where were your sulphur fumes, your blazing firebrands  
 bright?"

Scared monster, did a mere Amen put you to flight?  
 Too late we see you're much too old to keep the pace;  
 Women and children are the only ones you chase.  
 Up, for swift action helps, not weeping and despair.  
 Up, *Danton*, up, *Voltaire*, and you too, *Robespierre*!  
 Earth-creatures, you alone can end this infamy.  
 To Heaven with the Devil! We shall devils be!  
 The mythic scum was never any use at all.  
 A thousand years of flame won't fire the craven soul.  
 Brother *Marat*, arise! At last we've learned our need.  
 We, who were human once, must choose a man to lead.  
 The Devil was, and still remains, nought but a myth,  
 He is our foe like any true son of the Faith.  
 To victory, then!"

With crazed impetuosity  
 Straight out of Hell the blood-voracious Aesir flee.  
 Their leader, *Hegel*, swings two torches in the air,  
 Whirling a fiery flail, behind him comes *Voltaire*.  
*Danton* is shouting with them, *Edelmann* is howling.  
 "Charge, charge, you scum of Hell!" *Napoleon* is bawling.  
*Marat* holds in his hands two of Hell's hairy litter;  
 Depraved man-murderer, he's thirsting for the slaughter.



Whirling along with twisted mouth flies *Robespierre*.  
 See the crazed mob disgorged by Hell's abyss down there!  
 No sooner are they out, than all that desperate shower  
 Head for where *Brother Bag* is standing guard on *Bauer*.  
*Bag* is much shaken. Tears stream from the donkey's eyes.  
 "O Lord, the end is near! Our time is come!" she cries.  
*Marat* lets fly a shot, and *Bag*, all glassy-eyed,  
 Sinks to the ground. He sees the Heavens open wide.  
*Hegel* embraces crazy *Bauer*: "Yes, 'tis done!  
 You've comprehended me! You are my own dear son!"  
 He frees him. Then the wicked ones with great delight:  
 "*Bauer's* our hero! He shall lead us to the fight!  
 The Devil is deposed. What we need is a man!"  
 And then with screams and yells they charge the pious band.  
 The tables are now turned. God's folk flee, sorely tried.  
 But *Bag*, as usual, sees the Heavens open wide.  
 He's borne aloft to Heaven by his virgin ass.  
 Oh, what a miracle the Lord hath brought to pass!  
 Behold *Elijah-Bag* aloft to Heaven sailing,  
 The plans of the Blasphemers gloriously foiling.  
 Behind, the shining armies of the Pious rise,  
 With songs of joy ascending to the very skies.  
 But, with triumphant shouts, Hell's evil offspring shoot  
 Straight up behind the Almighty's host in hot pursuit.  
 Now fear and horror overwhelm the pious troops,  
 As Hell's pack surges up with savage yells and whoops.

Meanwhile, the Devil has for, some time been struck  
 dumb

By the rebellion which has carried every one  
 Of his best men away. Hell's taken by surprise.  
 All stand unmoving and regard with staring eyes  
 The exit through which *Hegel's* host has just dispersed.  
 Till from *his* foaming mouth the imprecations burst:  
 "Fool that I am—betrayed! I now see where it leads!  
 Their deed's more devilish than all my wretched deeds.  
 I led the Free astray, till they became too free,  
 And now they've gone and foully freed themselves from me!  
 Truly, it is past help, the lowly human breed,  
 Craving the most outrageous freedom in its greed.  
 If all these Free hold nothing sacred any more,  
 Is it my ruin, too, they're really aiming for?  
 Denying God, I only fight against myself.  
 Soon, as a myth, I too shall end up on the shelf.

To Heav'n! We'll seek the Lord up there with due  
compliance;

United, we shall form a holy High Alliance!"

He soars aloft. And, kneeling at God's feet, begins:

"Lord, do not make me pay for all my wretched sins!

I join you in the fight!" God, generous, replies:

"For just this once we'll let your old trespasses be.

Go, wash your wicked sins off in Blasphemers' blood,

Return, and leave the rest to me, your gracious God!"

Joyous, he rushes off. The battle's almost lost,

For though assistance has gone to the pious host,

Oh, ignominy!—with the Faith it's nearly over.

The wicked follow up one triumph with another.

From star to star, insane with fury, *Bauer* springs,

And in his hand *The Trumpet* for a club he swings.

At him come charging all the four Evangelists,

But nothing daunts the boldest of the Atheists.

Though *Luke's* Bull levels angry horns and charges at him,

Though *Mark's* great Lion roars, there's nothing can affright  
him.

He puts them all to flight. Wild *Hegel* in his ire

Scorches the angel pinions with a brand of fire.

Foul *Voltaire's* flail still blazes brightly like a torch,

While raving *Ruge* thumps the Elders of the Church.

Now see how *Bauer* plucks a star from off its course

And sends it shooting at the fleeing pious force.

The Devil's pole-axed by a *Trumpet* blow at last;

*Michael* himself cannot withstand its mighty blast.

Next, furious *Hegel* seizes *Sirius* and throws

It straight at *Hengstenberg*: white as a sheet he goes.

See how the angel host, with wings a-smouldering, flies

Up through the misty clouds with frightened, piteous cries.

The Lambkin braves the Monster with a Cross held high;

The latter balls his fist and shakes it threateningly.

Even the Virgin Mary leaves her holy place,

To deeds of derring-do she spurs the angelic race.

"Up, against *Bauer*, up against the Titan, go!

He tried to apprehend me, I would have you know!"

However much she pleads, however sweet her glances,

The army of the Free ones steadily advances.

And now towards the Almighty's holy realm they storm,

God's hosts are impotent against the oncoming swarm.

Into a star the pious ass bumps with her rider;

Head over heels she goes, with *Brother Bag* astride her.  
*Bauer* at once swoops on him with a horrid shout,  
The fatal *Trumpet* ready aimed to snuff him out.  
*Ruge* grabs *Leo* of the Saale: with some force  
He stuffs a page of *Annals* in between his jaws.—  
But what's this floating down bathed in celestial light?  
What's making *Bauer* shake from head to foot with fright?  
It's just a little piece of parchment, strange to say.  
What might be written on it by the heavenly ray?  
It flutters down. At *Bauer's* feet it comes to rest.  
Shaking, he stoops and picks it up with heaving breast.—  
Why does the cold sweat on his brow spring so abundant?  
What does he murmur, stunned? He murmurs this—  
“Redundant!”  
Hardly has Heaven's word from Hell's own mouth rung out,  
Before “Redundant!” is the universal shout.  
The Free are horror-struck, the Angels filled with glee,  
The Free take flight, the Host pursues relentlessly.  
The Free are driven down to Earth in full confusion,  
That wicked folk shall all receive due retribution.

[F. W. ANDREÄ  
AND THE *HIGH NOBILITY OF GERMANY*]

I will not fail to draw the attention of the Catholic nobly-born members of the knighthood to a poem which, though written by a commoner, is perhaps for this very reason the more worthy of being preserved as a precious pearl, as a due tribute of bourgeois humility.

In the year of grace eighteen hundred and forty-two a booklet appeared in Erfurt published by F. W. Otto: *Das Wissenswürdigste der Heraldik oder Wappenkunde* by F. W. Andreä, with a dedication which reads as follows: "Respectfully dedicated to the entire *high nobility* of Germany, by the publisher."

"The Aristocracy by Right are loftiest in the Land,  
The Virtues of Their Forebears always ranked full high.  
Hereditary Worth has waxed and multiplied,  
In no way doth the Present yield before the Past.  
Thus Reverence greets Them humbly everywhere They go,  
On every State the richest blessings They bestow.

"A Coat of Arms conceals a Wealth of hidden Meaning,  
How the sublimest Deeds were done in ancient Times;  
How Sovereigns gave the Nobles all Their just Deserts  
In War as well as in the palmy Days of Peace.  
Thus, Coats of Arms as high as Royal Crowns are rated:  
Only exalted Deeds are therewith consecrated.

"With all Humility and Deference deeply felt  
For Glory thus resplendent down the Aeons of Time,  
I dedicate this Monument of Reverence  
To the most lofty Scions of Virtue-breeding stock.  
Pray, of a great Intention take this feeble token;  
It might yet tell you what lay in my heart unspoken."

Does the man not deserve to be knighted?

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[BERLIN MISCELLANY]

*Berlin*, August 19. I am writing to you today to report that there is really nothing to report from here. Heaven knows, it is now the silly season or gherkin time, as they say here. Nothing is happening, absolutely nothing! The Union of the Historical Christ gives no more signs of life than the Union of the Free<sup>167</sup>; although officially it exists, no student really knows where it exists or who belongs to it. It is probably the same as with the famous torchlight procession six months ago for the philosopher in the Leipziger Strasse,<sup>168</sup> in which, too, no student would afterwards admit having taken part, and of which it was already said the day before that they were unfortunately mostly "philistines". The Commissions of the Estates have not yet materialised either, in spite of the *Leipziger Zeitung*<sup>a</sup> which, with its passion for unhatched Prussian eggs, conducts interminable debates on whatever is to be placed before the Commissions.<sup>169</sup> But we console ourselves with the wisdom of our King,<sup>b</sup> and leave the unhatched eggs in peace. He is said to have brought with him a trade treaty and a new cartel convention, and that will certainly not be unhatched eggs! Far from bothering about that, we—I mean we Berliners—envy the Rhinelanders the great enjoyment that will be theirs in a few weeks, when not only our King, but many other persons of high rank, including the worthy King Ludwig of Bavaria, the poet on the throne, author of *Walkhallagenossen* and founder of Valhalla,<sup>170</sup> will attend the laying of the foundation stone of Cologne Cathe-

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<sup>a</sup> *Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Frederick William IV.—Ed.

dral, which is to be completed as an ornament for the German people. The *Walhallagenossen* caused a lively sensation in local educated circles, and the general, competent judgment pronounces without qualification that King Ludwig has added a new laurel branch to his crown. Terse as Tacitus', strong and elementally forceful, the King's style can be confident of imitation and yet will only rarely be equalled.

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## CENTRALISATION AND FREEDOM<sup>171</sup>

At first sight it seems incomprehensible that in France a ministry like Guizot's could last so long, that indeed it could come to power at all. Confronted by a Chamber with full power to appoint and remove ministers, by a free and influential press, by the freest institutions in Europe, by a concentrated public opinion strongly opposed to him, Guizot, Minister *de l'étranger*, has withstood this for almost two years, persecuted the press, defied public opinion, led the Chamber, dissolved it, convoked a new one, compromised France's honour in the eyes of the great powers, and achieved in full measure the unpopularity which he has been courting. And the man who has done all this, who has robbed the French people of two years of their history, can boast of having such a strong party in the Chamber that only a forced coalition of the most directly opposed opinions can endanger him.

Guizot's Ministry is the period of full bloom of the July government, the triumph of Louis Philippe, and the bitterest humiliation for all those who had expected the July revolution<sup>a</sup> to bring the liberation of Europe. The principles of popular sovereignty, of a free press, of an independent jury, of parliamentary government, have practically been destroyed in France. Guizot's Ministry has set the crown on the reactionary tendencies which have succeeded in reasserting themselves in France, and has brought openly into view the impotence of French liberalism in the face of Europe's legitimate authorities.

The fact is well established. Reaction in the whole of Europe rejoices over it. The liberal party has continually to hear it said

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<sup>a</sup> Of 1830.—Ed.

that France daily disavows her institutions, gives the lie to her history since 1789, elects Chambers the list of whose members is itself a lampoon on the July revolution, in short, that by every one of its actions the most liberal nation in Europe is betraying liberalism. And liberals, namely, the good-natured Germans, blush with shame and stammer a few uncouth excuses which they themselves do not take quite seriously, silently hope for a liberal Chamber, and secretly, quite stealthily, hope—for another July.

The fact can not only be admitted without prejudice to the principle of freedom, it must even be put in the forefront for the very sake of this principle. It has two causes; one of them has already often been put forward as an argument against the reactionaries by the bolder independent thinkers, namely, the half-heartedness and ambiguity of the French constitution, in which the principle of freedom is never explicitly formulated and implemented; the other is *centralisation*.

In spite of Cormenin's pamphlet,<sup>a</sup> in spite of his brilliant and eloquent defence of French centralisation, the latter remains the chief cause of the retrogression of French legislation. Cormenin really proves nothing at all, although almost everything in his book is correct and good. For he does not base centralisation on the general laws of reason, but excuses it on the grounds of the special nature of the French national spirit and of the course of history.

Those are grounds which we can accept for the time being, for we have first of all to furnish the proof that such centralisation is irrational and therefore the cause of the effects mentioned above.

Centralisation, in the extreme form in which it prevails in France at present, is the state overstepping its bounds, going beyond its essential nature. The state is bounded, on the one hand, by the individual and, on the other hand, by world history. Both of these are harmed by centralisation. By assuming a right which belongs only to history, the state destroys the freedom of the individual. History has eternally had and will always retain the right to dispose of the life, the happiness, the freedom of the individual, for it is the activity of mankind as a whole, it is the life of the species, and as such it is sovereign; no one can revolt against it, for it is absolute right. No one can complain against history, for whatever it allots one, one lives and shares in the development of mankind, which is more than any enjoyment. How ludicrous it would be if the subjects of a Nero or a Domitian were to complain that they had not been born in an age like ours,

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<sup>a</sup> Cormenin, *De la Centralisation*.—Ed.



when beheading or roasting alive does not happen so easily, or if the victims of medieval religious fanaticism were to reproach history because they did not live after the Reformation and under tolerant governments! As if without the suffering of some, the others could have made progress! Thus, the English workers, who at present have to suffer bitter hunger, have indeed the right to protest against Sir Robert Peel and the English constitution, but not against history, which is making them the standard-bearers and representatives of a new principle of right. The same thing does not hold good for the state. It is always a particular state and can never claim the right, which mankind as a whole naturally possesses in its activity and the development of history, to sacrifice the individual for the general.

Thus the centralised state, of course, commits an injustice when, as occurs in France and as Cormenin admits, it sacrifices the provinces to the centre and thus introduces an oligarchy, an aristocracy of locality which is no less unjust and irrational than the aristocracy of nobility and of money. Freedom is essentially conditioned by equality, and despite all *égalité devant la loi*, the difference between Parisians and provincials, as far as education, participation in popular sovereignty, and true, moral enjoyment of life are concerned, is nevertheless more than enough to obstruct the French institutions in their natural development towards complete freedom.

The history of centralisation in France, as everywhere else, goes parallel to that of absolutism. Louis XI was the founder of both; the Huguenot wars were the last significant attempt of the provinces to revolt against the hegemony of Paris, and from then on the supremacy of the capital over France has been generally recognised.<sup>172</sup> For as soon as centralisation of the state takes place in earnest, there is bound to be local centralisation, the hegemony of the centre. As long as absolutism lasted only Paris profited by it, the provinces had to put up with the costs of the state and His Majesty's arbitrariness. All culture, all *esprit*, all science from the whole of France was concentrated in Paris, existed for Paris; the press operated only in and for Paris; the money of the provinces, which the court drew towards itself, was squandered in and for Paris. This gave rise to that great disproportion in culture between Paris and the rest of the country which, with the fall of absolutism, developed in a form extremely disadvantageous for France. Centralisation alone made the revolution possible, in the way in which it eventually happened; but centralisation also had made the gulf between Paris and the rest of the country so great that Paris

felt little concern for the welfare of the provinces as long as it itself was not affected by the general oppression. The estates of the realm,<sup>173</sup> the representation of the oppressed *country*, not the city of Paris, began the work of revolution; only when the problems became matters of principle and the interests of the capital became involved did the latter take the initiative and dominate the course of events. But as a result the participation of the country slackened, and the country, and the representatives elected by it gave Napoleon by their apathy the opportunity to raise himself gradually to the imperial throne. Under the Restoration, when political parties developed, the same struggle between the country and the capital became evident; Paris soon achieved greater clarity of purpose and decided against the Bourbons and kingship by the grace of God; the country, with its lesser degree of education, put few liberals into the arena; it was largely apathetic and therefore favoured the existing regime or even fanatically supported the *ancien régime*. Hence the July revolution was made by Paris alone; the great mass of the indifferent were too indolent to rise against the capital and its new principle; the most uneducated regions of the country remained loyal to the Bourbons, but could do nothing to counter centralisation. Since then, however, almost every Chamber has allowed itself to be robbed of the gains of the July revolution one after another, and centralisation, besides other causes, was also responsible for this. For all parts of the country send their deputies to the Chambers and, in spite of controlled elections and bribery, each constituency demonstrates by its choice the degree of its political education. He who allows himself to be bribed and dictated to is certainly not himself free and resolute; hence he acts quite rightly when, by electing a ministerial deputy, he submits to the tutelage that falls to his lot. The contradiction between the July revolution and the Chambers of 1842 is the contradiction between the capital and the country. Through Paris, France can indeed make revolutions and create free institutions at a single stroke, but she cannot keep them. Anyone who is unable to understand the 1842 Chambers shows that he has confused Frenchmen and Parisians, that he has not realised the contradiction of centralisation.

Let us not be unjust! The contradiction from which centralisation suffers is undeniable; but let us also allow it the historical and rational right that is its due! Centralisation is—and this is its justification—the essence, the vital nerve, of the state. Every state must necessarily strive for centralisation; every state is centralised, from the absolute monarchy to the republic; America just as much

as Russia. No state can do without centralisation, the federal state no more than the developed central state; as long as states exist, each state will have a centre, each citizen will perform his civic functions only by virtue of centralisation. Under this centralisation, communal administration, everything that affects individual citizens or corporations, can quite well be left free, and even must be left free, since *because* centralisation is concentrated in a single centre, because everything here forms a single unity, its activity must necessarily be general, its competence and powers embracing everything that is of *general* validity, but leaving free everything that concerns only this or that particular individual. From this follows the right of the central power of the state to promulgate laws, to control the administration, to appoint state officials, etc.; from this follows at the same time the principle that judicial power must by no means be connected with the centre but must be in the hands of the people—courts of law with juries—and that, as already said, communal affairs, etc., do not come within the competence of the centre, and so on.

The central nature of the state does not by the way stipulate that some one person must be the central point, as in an absolute monarchy, but only that an individual occupies the central position, as in a republic the president may well do. For it should not be forgotten that the main thing is not the person in the centre, but the centre itself.

To return to our beginning. Centralisation is the principle underlying the state, yet centralisation necessarily compels the state to reach out beyond itself, to make itself—the particular—into something universal, ultimate and supreme, and to claim the authority and position that belongs only to history. The state is not, as it is held to be, the realisation of *absolute* freedom—otherwise the above dialectic of the state concept would be invalid—but merely the realisation of objective freedom. True *subjective* freedom, which has equal rights with absolute freedom, calls for a different form of realisation than the state.

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FREDERICK WILLIAM IV,  
KING OF PRUSSIA<sup>174</sup>

Among the European sovereigns whose personality attracts attention also outside their own country there are four of special interest: *Nicholas* of Russia, because of the directness and unconcealed frankness with which he strives towards despotism; *Louis Philippe*, who can be regarded as the Machiavelli of our time; *Victoria* of England, the perfect model of a constitutional queen; and *Frederick William IV*, whose frame of mind, which has been unmistakably and clearly revealed during the two years of his reign, is to be the subject of closer examination here.

What we have to say is not dictated by the hatred and desire for revenge of a party slighted and abhorred by him, and oppressed and ill-treated by his officials, nor by the bitter resentment engendered by the censorship, which uses freedom of the press to spread scandalous tales and Berlin city gossip. *Der deutsche Bote* is occupied with other matters. But in view of the dishonourable and base flattery which the newspapers daily lavish on the German sovereigns and peoples, it is absolutely essential that the rulers should for once be seen from a different point of view, and their actions and frame of mind judged as impartially as we judge those of any other person.

In the last years of the previous king,<sup>a</sup> reaction in the state administration began to join forces with clerical reaction. Owing to the development of opposition to absolute freedom, the orthodox state, like the orthodox church, found itself compelled to return to its initial premises and assert the Christian principle with all its

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<sup>a</sup> Frederick William III.—*Ed.*

consequences. Thus, Protestant orthodoxy reverted to Catholicism, a phase which finds its most consistent and worthy representatives in *Leo* and *Krummacher*, and the Protestant state to the consistent Christian-feudal monarchy in the form in which *Frederick William IV* seeks to establish it.

*Frederick William IV* is altogether a product of his time, a figure wholly and solely to be explained by the development of free thought and its struggle against Christianity. He represents the extreme consequence of the Prussian principle, which is seen in him in its latest garb but at the same time in its complete impotence in the face of free self-consciousness. With him the ideological development of the former Prussia has come to an end; a new version of it is not possible, and if *Frederick William* succeeds in carrying through his system in practice, Prussia must either adopt an entirely new principle—and this can only be the principle of free thought—or it must collapse, if it lacks the strength for such progress.

The state which *Frederick William IV* is striving to establish is, according to his own words, the Christian state. The form which Christianity assumes when it wishes to appear scientific is theology. The essence of theology, especially in our day, is the reconciliation and glossing over of absolute opposites. Even the most consistent Christian cannot fully emancipate himself from the circumstances of our time; the latter compels him to introduce modifications into Christianity. Christianity contains premises which, if developed, could lead to atheism. Hence arises that form of theology which has found its critic in *Bruno Bauer* and which with its inherent falsehood and hypocrisy permeates our whole life. In the sphere of the state, this theology has its counterpart in the present system of administration in Prussia. That *Frederick William IV* has a system is undeniable. It is a fully developed system of romanticism which is the necessary consequence of his point of view; for if one wants to organise a state from this point of view, one must have something more than a few scrappy, disconnected ideas at one's disposal. Hence, as a preliminary, the theological nature of this system would have to be elaborated.

By undertaking to put into effect the principle of legitimacy with all its consequences, the Prussian King not only allies himself with the historical school of law, but develops it even further, almost as far as *Haller's* "restoration".<sup>a</sup> First of all, in order to realise the Christian state, he has to imbue the rationalist, bu-

<sup>a</sup> A reference to the book: *K. Haller, Restauration der Staatswissenschaft....—Ed.*

reaucratic state, which has become almost heathen, with Christian ideas, give the cult a higher status, and seek to promote participation in it. Nor has he neglected to do so. Here we find the measures to increase church attendance in general and by officials in particular, stricter observance of Sunday, the planned tightening of the laws on divorce, the purging of the theological faculties which has already partially begun, the priority given at theology examinations to firm belief even if coupled with poor knowledge, the appointment primarily of believers to many official positions, and many other generally known facts. They may serve as proof of how intensely Frederick William IV is striving to re-introduce Christianity directly into the state, and to institute state legislation on the basis of the precepts of biblical morality. But these are only the first, most immediate measures. The system of the Christian state cannot rest content with this. The next step is the separation of the church from the state, a step that goes beyond the Protestant state. In the latter the King is *summus episcopus*<sup>a</sup> and combines in his person supreme ecclesiastical and state power; the final aim of this form of state is the fusion of state and church, as Hegel expressed it. But just as the whole of Protestantism is a concession to secularity, so also is the episcopate of the sovereign. It is a confirmation and justification of the papal primacy in that it recognises the need for a visible supreme head of the church; on the other hand, however, it declares the earthly, secular power, state power, to be absolutely supreme and subordinates ecclesiastical power to it. It is not an equation of the secular and the spiritual, but the subordination of the spiritual to the secular. For the sovereign was a sovereign before he became *summus episcopus*, and remains primarily the sovereign afterwards as well, without ever being invested with a spiritual character. The other aspect of the matter, of course, is that the sovereign now combines all power, earthly and heavenly, in his own person and, as an earthly God, is the consummation of the religious state.

Since, however, such subordination is contrary to the Christian spirit, it is absolutely necessary for a state that claims to be Christian to restore to the church its independence of the state. This reversion to Catholicism is now quite impossible; the absolute emancipation of the church is equally impossible to carry out without undermining the fundamental basis of the state; hence it is necessary to resort to an intermediate system. That is precisely

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<sup>a</sup> Head of the Evangelical Church.—Ed.

what Frederick William IV has already done in relation to the Catholic Church. As regards the Protestant Church, here also obvious facts reveal his views on this matter; in particular, one should mention the abolition of compulsory union and the freeing of the Old Lutherans from the oppression they had to suffer.<sup>175</sup> In the Protestant denomination a very special situation has now arisen. It has no visible supreme head, and in general no unity; it is divided into numerous sects, and therefore the Protestant state cannot give it freedom in any other way than by regarding the various sects as corporations, and thus affording them absolute freedom for their internal affairs. Nevertheless, the sovereign does not relinquish his episcopate, but reserves for himself the right of confirmation and sovereignty in general, whereas, on the other hand, he recognises Christianity as a power over himself and consequently must also yield to the church. Thus, not only do the contradictions in which the Protestant state develops remain in force, despite all apparent resolution of them, but there also arises an intermixture with the principles of the Catholic state, which is bound to lead to an astonishing confusion and lack of principle. And that is not theological.

By the action taken against the Archbishop of Cologne,<sup>a</sup> the Protestant state declared, through Altenstein and Frederick William III, that a devoted Catholic cannot be a useful citizen.<sup>176</sup> This thesis, confirmed by the whole history of the Middle Ages, is valid not only for the Protestant state, but for any state at all. A person who makes his whole being, his whole life, a preparation for heaven cannot have the interest in earthly affairs which the state demands from its citizens. The state claims to be everything to its citizens; it does not recognise any authority over itself and, in general, presents itself as an absolute power. But the Catholic recognises God and his institution, the church, as something absolute and can therefore never adopt the standpoint of the state without inner reservation. This contradiction cannot be resolved. Even the Catholic state must, in the opinion of the Catholics, subordinate itself to the church, otherwise the Catholic will disassociate himself from it; how much more, therefore, will he be at variance with the non-Catholic state? In this respect, the action taken by the previous government was perfectly consistent and well founded; the state can only allow the freedom of the Catholic denomination to be undiminished so long as the latter obeys the

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<sup>a</sup> Clemens August Freiherr von Droste-Vischering.— *Ed.*

existing laws.— This state of affairs could not satisfy the Christian King. But what was to be done? The Protestant state could not lag behind the Catholic Hohenstaufens, and in view of the height of consciousness which the state and church had attained, a definite solution was possible only by the subordination of one or the other, a subordination which for the submitting side would be tantamount to self-destruction. The problem had become one of principle, and in the face of principles the isolated case as such had to take second place. What did Frederick William IV do now? In true theological fashion, he ignored the impertinent, inconvenient principles, concentrated exclusively on the actual case in question, which divorced from principles became completely confused, and tried to dispose of it by means of a compromise. The curia stood firm, and therefore it was the state that was defeated. This is what the renowned glorious solution of the Cologne discord amounts to, reduced to its true content.

These same only superficially concealed contradictions which Frederick William IV evoked in the attitude of the state to the church, he tried to arouse also in the internal relations of the state. Here he could rely on the already existing theories of the historical school of law, and so he had a fairly easy task. The course of history had made the principle of absolute monarchy dominant in Germany, destroyed the rights of the old feudal estates, and elevated the King into a divinity in the state. Moreover, in the period between 1807 and 1812, the vestiges of the Middle Ages were resolutely attacked and for the most part swept away. And no matter how much the old was later restored, the legislation of that time and the Prussian Law drawn up under the influence of the Enlightenment remained the basis of Prussian legislation. Such a state of things was bound to be intolerable. Therefore Frederick William IV seized on all vestiges of the Middle Ages wherever they were to be found. The nobility with the right of primogeniture was shown special favour and their ranks strengthened by the investiture of new members on condition that they established the right of primogeniture. The burghers, as distinct from the nobility and peasants, were regarded and treated as a special social estate representing trade and industry. Separation of the corporations, the isolation of individual crafts and their approximation to the guild system were encouraged, etc. In general, from the outset, all the King's speeches and actions showed his special predilection for the system of corporations, and it is precisely this that is the best indication of his medieval standpoint. This coexistence of privileged associations,



which in their internal affairs can act with a certain freedom and independence, each of them being closely knit by similar interests, but which fight among themselves and try to outdo one another—this disintegration of the state forces to the extent of the complete collapse of the state, typical of the German Empire, is one of the most significant features of the Middle Ages. It goes without saying, however, that Frederick William IV does not intend to lead the Christian state to this pass. It is true that he believes himself called upon to restore the truly Christian state, but actually he wants only the theological appearance of the same, the brilliance and splendour of the Christian state but not its misery, oppression, disorder and self-destruction, in short, he wants a *juste-milieu* Middle Ages, just as a person like Leo wants from Catholicism only the resplendent cult, the church discipline, etc., but not the whole of Catholicism hook, line and sinker. Hence Frederick William is also not absolutely illiberal and despotic in his endeavours—God forbid—he wants to allow his Prussians all possible freedoms, but actually only in the form of unfreedom, monopoly, and privilege. He is not an out-and-out enemy of a free press, he will grant it, but again as a monopoly primarily of the learned professions. He does not wish to abolish representation or refuse it, he merely objects to representation of the citizen as such; he is aiming at representation of the *social estates* as already partially carried out in the Prussian provincial diets.<sup>177</sup> In short, he does not recognise any universal, civic, or human rights, he admits only corporate rights, monopolies, privileges. He will bestow a multitude of these, as many as he can without his absolute power being restricted by positive legal provisions. Perhaps he will go even further. It is possible that already now, despite the Königsberg and Breslau assurances,<sup>178</sup> he has the secret intention—when he has carried his theological policy far enough—to crown his labours by inaugurating a medieval constitution based on the social estates of the realm, and thereby bind the hands of his successors, who may possibly have other views. That would be consistent, but whether his theological standpoint would permit it remains to be seen.

We have seen how vacillating and unfounded, how inconsistent this system is already in itself; its introduction in practice must inevitably give rise to new vacillations and inconsistencies. The cold Prussian bureaucratic state, the system of control, the strident state machine, do not want to know anything about splendid, shining, trustful romanticism. The nation as a whole is still at too low a level of political development to be able to see through the

system of the Christian King. Nevertheless, hatred of the privileges of the nobility, and of the claims of the clergy of all denominations, is too deep-rooted for Frederick William not to meet with failure here if he acts quite openly. Hence the cautious system of taking soundings that he has hitherto practised, by which he first explored public opinion and then always left himself sufficient time to withdraw any too obnoxious measure. Hence also the method of putting his ministers into the forefront and disavowing them if they acted too forcefully. The remarkable thing is that a Prussian minister should tolerate this and not offer his resignation. It has already happened to Rochow, and it will shortly be Herr Eichhorn's turn, although quite recently the King awarded him a title of honour and applauded his actions. Without such theological devices, Frederick William IV would long ago have lost the affection of the people, which he has managed to retain so far only because of his frank, jovial nature, his great kindness and affability, and his unrestrained wit, which is said not to spare even crowned heads. Moreover, he takes great care not to flaunt the obnoxious or even unavoidably bad aspects of his system; on the contrary, he speaks of it as though it were nothing but splendour, glory and freedom, and he lets himself go only on topics where his system gives the appearance of being more liberal than the existing Prussian system of tutelage; where, however, he would appear illiberal, he wisely restrains himself. Furthermore, while always applying to ordinary constitutionalism such flattering epithets as superficial and vulgar he has nevertheless mastered its terminology and uses it very skilfully in his speeches—should one say to express his ideas or conceal them? That is exactly how the modern theologians of compromise behave, who are likewise fond of using political terminology, imagining that by so doing they are adapting themselves to the demands of the time. Bruno Bauer bluntly calls this hypocrisy.

As for the financial administration under Frederick William IV, he has not been able to keep to the kind of civil list which his father established for himself, who laid down *by law* that 2½ million talers annually should be allocated to the King and his household out of the revenue from the domains, and that the remainder, together with other revenues, should be used for state requirements. Even if the King's private income is taken into account it can be reckoned that he spends more than 2½ million—yet this sum is also supposed to cover the maintenance of the other princes. In addition, Bülow-Cummerow has proved that the so-called financial accounting of the Prussian state is

absolutely illusory.<sup>a</sup> In general, it remains a complete mystery how the state revenues are administered. The much-talked-of reduction of taxes hardly deserves mention; it could have been carried out long ago under the previous King had he not feared that he would be compelled to raise them again.

I think I have now said enough about Frederick William IV. In view of his undoubtedly kind-hearted nature, it stands to reason that in matters not related to his theory, he honestly does what public opinion demands and what is really good. The question still remains whether he will ever be able to put his system into effect. To this, fortunately, the reply can only be in the negative. Since last year, since the time when allegedly greater freedom was accorded to the press, which at the present moment has again become the most unfree, the Prussian people has achieved an advance which is out of all proportion to the insignificance of that measure. The oppression of the censorship in Prussia shackles such an extraordinary mass of forces that the smallest relief evokes an incomparably powerful reaction on their part. Prussian public opinion is centring more and more round two questions: representative government and, especially, freedom of the press. The latter, whatever the attitude of the King, will be wrung from him as a preliminary, and once this is achieved it must be followed within a year by a constitution. But should a representative system be established, it is quite impossible to foresee what course Prussia will then take. One of the first consequences will be the annulment of the alliance with Russia, if the King has not already been compelled by then to abandon this consequence of his principle. However, there is much more that could follow, and Prussia's present situation closely resembles that of France before ... but I refrain from any premature conclusions.

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<sup>a</sup> Bülow-Cummerow, *Preussen, seine Verfassung, seine Verwaltung, sein Verhältnis zu Deutschland*.—Ed.

## THE ENGLISH VIEW OF THE INTERNAL CRISES <sup>179</sup>

*London*, November 29. If one engages for a time in a quiet study of English conditions, if one comes to understand clearly the weak foundation on which the entire artificial edifice of England's social and political well-being rests, and then suddenly finds oneself amidst the hustle and bustle of English life, one is astonished at the remarkable calm and confidence with which everyone here looks to the future. The ruling classes, whether middle class or aristocracy, whether Whigs or Tories, have now ruled the country for so long that the emergence of any other party seems to them an impossibility. No matter how much one may point out to them their sins, their inconsistency, their vacillating policy, their blindness and obduracy, and the precarious state of the country which is the outcome of their principles, they remain unshaken in their assurance and confident in their ability to lead the country to a better position. And if a revolution in England is impossible, as they at least assert, they have indeed little to fear for their rule. If Chartism has the patience to wait until it has won a majority in the House of Commons, it will have to go on for many a year to come holding meetings and demanding the six points of the People's Charter<sup>180</sup>; the middle class will never renounce its occupation of the House of Commons by agreeing to universal suffrage, since it would immediately be outvoted by the huge number of the unpropertied as the inevitable consequence of giving way on this point. Therefore Chartism has not yet been able to gain any hold among educated people in England and will remain unable to do so for some time yet. When people here speak of Chartists and radicals, they almost always have in mind the lower strata of

society, the mass of proletarians, and it is true that the party's few educated spokesmen are lost among the masses.

Moreover, irrespective of political interests, the middle class can only be Whig or Tory, never Chartist. Its principle is the preservation of the *status quo*; in England's present condition, "legal progress" and universal suffrage would inevitably result in a revolution. It is therefore quite natural that the practical Englishman, for whom politics is a matter of arithmetic or even a commercial affair, pays no attention at all to the power of Chartism, which is quietly growing to formidable proportions, since it cannot be expressed in numbers, except perhaps in such as, in relation to the government and Parliament, would be noughts *after* the decimal point. But there are things which are beyond numerical calculation, and it is here that the super-cleverness of English Whiggery and Toryism will suffer a debacle, when the time comes.

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## THE INTERNAL CRISES

[*Rheinische Zeitung* No. 343, December 9, 1842]

*London*, November 30. Is a revolution in England possible or even probable? This is the question on which the future of England depends. Put it to an Englishman and he will give you a thousand excellent reasons to prove that there can be no question at all of a revolution. He will tell you that at the moment certainly England is in a critical situation, but thanks to her wealth, her industry and her institutions, she has the ways and means to extricate herself without violent upheavals, that her constitution is sufficiently flexible to withstand the heaviest blows caused by the struggle over principles and can, without danger to its foundations, submit to all the changes forced on it by circumstances. He will tell you that even the lowest class of the nation is well aware that it only stands to lose by a revolution, since every disturbance of the public order can only result in a slow-down in business and hence general unemployment and starvation. In short, he will offer you so many clear and convincing reasons that finally you will believe things are really not so very bad in England, and that people on the Continent are indulging in all kinds of fantasies about the situation of this state, which will burst like soap-bubbles in face of obvious reality and a closer acquaintance with the facts. And this is the only possible opinion if one adopts the national English standpoint of the most immediate practice, of material interests, i. e., if one ignores the motivating idea, forgets the basis because of the surface appearance, and fails to see the wood for the trees. There is one thing that is self-evident in Germany, but which the obstinate Briton cannot be made to understand, namely, that the so-called material interests can never operate in history as

independent, guiding aims, but always, consciously or unconsciously, serve a principle which controls the threads of historical progress. It is therefore impossible that a state like England, which by virtue of its political exclusiveness and self-sufficiency has finally come to lag some centuries behind the Continent, a state which sees only arbitrary rule in freedom and is up to the neck in the Middle Ages, that such a state should not eventually come into conflict with the intellectual progress that has been made in the meantime. Or is that not the picture of the political situation in England? Is there any other country in the world where feudalism retains such enduring power and where it remains immune from attack not only in actual fact, but also in public opinion? Is the much-vaunted English freedom anything but the purely formal right to act or not to act, as one sees fit, within the existing legal limits? And what laws they are! A chaos of confused, mutually contradictory regulations, which have reduced jurisprudence to pure sophistry, which are never observed by courts of law since they are not in accord with our times; regulations which allow an honest man to be branded as a criminal for the most innocent behaviour, as long as public opinion and its sense of justice sanctioned it. Is not the House of Commons a corporation alien to the people, elected by means of wholesale bribery? Does not Parliament continually trample underfoot the will of the people? Has public opinion on general questions the slightest influence on the government? Is not its power restricted merely to isolated cases, to control over the courts of law and administration? These are all things which even the most obdurate Englishman cannot totally deny, and can such a state of things persist?

But let us leave aside questions of principle. In England, at any rate among the parties which are now contending for power, among the Whigs and Tories, people know nothing of struggles over principles and are concerned only with conflicts of material interests. It is only fair, therefore, to do justice to this aspect as well. England is by nature a poor country which, apart from her geographical position, her iron and coal mines and some lush pasture-land, has no fertility or other natural riches. She is, therefore, entirely dependent on trade, shipping and industry, and through them she has succeeded in rising to her present heights. By the very nature of things, however, a country which has adopted this course can remain at the heights it has reached only by constantly increasing industrial output; any halt here would be a step backward.

Further, a natural consequence of the premises of the industrial state is that, in order to protect the source of its wealth, it has to keep out the industrial products of other countries by means of prohibitive import duties. But since the home industry raises the prices of its products in step with the import duties on foreign products, this makes it necessary also to increase import duties constantly, in order that foreign competition shall continue to be eliminated, in accordance with the accepted principle. Hence the result would be a two-sided process going on to infinity, and this alone reveals the contradiction inherent in the concept of the industrial state. But we do not need these philosophical categories to show the contradictions in which England is enmeshed. Other people besides the English industrialists have something to say on the question of the two kinds of increase—production and import duties—that we have just considered. In the first place, there are the foreign countries, which have their own industry and do not need to turn themselves into an outlet for English products; and then there are the English consumers, who refuse to reconcile themselves to this endless increase in import duties. That is precisely how matters stand as regards the development of the industrial state in England. Foreign countries do not want English products since they themselves produce what they need, while English consumers unanimously demand the abolition of the protective tariffs. From the above, it is clear that England is caught in a twofold dilemma which the industrial state as such is incapable of solving; this is also confirmed by direct observation of the existing state of affairs.

First of all, on the question of import duties, it is admitted even in England that the lower grades of almost all types of goods are produced better and more cheaply by German and French factories; the same holds good for numerous other commodities where the English lag behind the Continent. If the system of protective tariffs were abolished, England would immediately be flooded with them, and English industry would thereby be dealt a fatal blow. On the other hand, the export of machinery from England is freely permitted at present, and since England so far has no rivals in the manufacture of machinery, the Continent, with the help of English machines, is becoming increasingly capable of competing against England. Further, the system of protective tariffs has undermined England's state revenue, and for this reason alone the tariffs must be abolished. Is there any way out of this situation for the industrial state?



[*Rheinische Zeitung* No. 344, December 10, 1842]

As regards the market for English products, Germany and France have stated sufficiently clearly that they are no longer ready to sacrifice their own industry to please England. German industry especially has in any case made such progress that it has nothing to fear from English industry. The continental market is lost for England. Only America and her own colonies remain for her, and only in the latter is she safeguarded against foreign competition by her navigation laws.<sup>181</sup> But the colonies are far from being large enough to consume all the products of England's immense industry, while everywhere else English industry is being increasingly ousted by the German and French. The blame for this, of course, does not lie with English industry, but with the system of protective tariffs, which has made the prices of all prime necessities, and with them wages, disproportionately high. But these wages also make the prices of English products extremely high compared with those of continental industry. Thus, England cannot escape the necessity of restricting her industry. But this is as little realisable as the transition from the system of protective tariffs to free trade. For although industry makes a country rich, it also creates a class of unpropertied, absolutely poor people, a class which lives from hand to mouth, which multiplies rapidly, and which cannot afterwards be abolished, because it can never acquire stable possession of property. And a third, almost a half, of all English people belong to this class. The slightest stagnation in trade deprives a considerable part of this class of their bread, a large-scale trade crisis leaves the whole class without bread. When such a situation occurs, what is there left for these people to do but to revolt? By its numbers, this class has become the most powerful in England, and woe betide the wealthy Englishmen when it becomes conscious of this fact.

So far it is not conscious of the fact. The English proletariat is only just becoming aware of his power, and the fruits of this awareness were the disturbances of last summer.<sup>182</sup> The nature of these disturbances was quite misunderstood on the Continent. At any rate, people wondered whether the matter might not take a serious turn. But there was no question of that for anyone who saw the events on the spot. In the first place, the whole thing was based on an illusion; because a few factory owners wanted to reduce wages, all the workers in the cotton, coal and iron areas thought that their position was endangered, which was not the case at all. Moreover, the whole affair was unprepared, unorgan-

ised and without leadership. The strikers had no definite aim, still less were they united on the nature and method of the action to be taken. Hence, at the slightest resistance on the part of the authorities they became irresolute and unable to overcome their respect for the law. When the Chartists took over the leadership of the movement and proclaimed the People's Charter<sup>a</sup> to the assembled crowds, it was already too late. The only guiding idea vaguely present in the minds of the workers, and of the Chartists as well, with whom it had, in effect, originated, was that of revolution by legal means—in itself a contradiction, a practical impossibility—in their efforts to achieve which they failed. The very first measure jointly undertaken by all—stopping the factories—was forcible and illegal. In view of the inconsistent character of the whole undertaking, it would have been suppressed at the very outset if the administration, for whom it came as a complete surprise, had not been equally irresolute and resourceless. Nevertheless, insignificant military and police forces sufficed to hold the people in check. In Manchester one saw thousands of workers trapped in the squares by four or five dragoons, each of whom blocked one of the exits. The “legal revolution” had paralysed everything. Thus the whole thing fizzled out; every worker returned to work as soon as his savings were used up and he had no more to eat. However, the dispossessed have gained something useful from these events: the realisation that a revolution by peaceful means is impossible and that only a forcible abolition of the existing unnatural conditions, a radical overthrow of the nobility and industrial aristocracy, can improve the material position of the proletarians. They are still held back from this violent revolution by the Englishman's inherent respect for the law; but in view of England's position described above there cannot fail to be a general lack of food among the workers before long, and then fear of death from starvation will be stronger than fear of the law. This revolution is inevitable for England, but as in everything that happens there, it will be interests and not principles that will begin and carry through the revolution; principles can develop only from interests, that is to say, the revolution will be social, not political.

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<sup>a</sup> The words “People's Charter” are in English in the original.—Ed.

## THE POSITION OF THE POLITICAL PARTIES

*From Lancashire, December 19.* Complicated as the present situation in England seems if one sticks, as the Englishman does, to what is most immediate and close at hand, the external practical aspect, it is nevertheless simple if one reduces externals to the underlying content. In England there exist only three parties of any importance: the landed aristocracy, the moneyed aristocracy, and radical democracy. The first, the Tory party, is by its nature and historical development the purely medieval, consistent, reactionary party, that of the old nobility, which fraternises with the "historical" school of law in Germany<sup>183</sup> and forms the pillar of the Christian state. The kernel of the second party—the Whigs—consists of the merchants and manufacturers, the majority of whom form the so-called middle class. This middle class—which includes everyone who is a gentleman, i. e., has a decent income without being excessively wealthy—is, however, a middle class only compared with the wealthy nobility and capitalists; in relation to the workers its position is that of an aristocracy. In a country like England, which lives only by industry and therefore has a multitude of workers, people will be much more conscious of this than, for example, in Germany, where the middle class comprises the craftsmen and peasants, and where such an extensive class of factory workers is unknown. As a result, the Whig party will be forced into the ambiguous position of the *juste-milieu* as soon as the working class begins to be conscious of itself. And this is taking place now. The working class is daily becoming more and more imbued with the radical-democratic principles of Chartism and is increasingly coming to recognise

them as the expression of its collective consciousness. However, at present this party is only in process of formation and therefore cannot yet act with full vigour.

Needless to say, in addition to these three main parties there are all kinds of transitional shades, and at the moment two of them are of some importance, although devoid of any basic principles. The first stands halfway between Whiggism and Toryism; its representatives are Peel and Russell, and it is sure of a majority in the House of Commons in the near future and therefore of forming the government. The other, the "radical" shade, is halfway between Whiggism and Chartism; it is represented by half-a-dozen Members of Parliament and a few periodicals, in particular *The Examiner*, and its principles, although not formally expressed, are the basis of the National Anti-Corn Law League.<sup>a</sup> With the further development of Chartism the first group is bound to gain in importance, since it represents the unity of Whig and Tory principles against Chartism, a unity which the latter expressly stresses. As a result, the second group is bound to come to nothing. The position of these parties in relation to one another is shown most clearly in their attitude to the Corn Laws.<sup>184</sup> The Tories will not budge an inch. The nobility knows that its power, apart from the constitutional sphere of the House of Lords, lies mainly in its wealth. With free import of corn, the nobility would be forced to conclude new contracts with the tenant farmers on less advantageous terms. All its wealth is in landed property, the value of which bears a fixed relation to rent and falls with the latter. Rents are now so high that even with the present import tariff the tenant farmers are being ruined; free import of corn would bring down rents, and with them the value of landed property, by a third. Sufficient reason for the aristocracy to hold fast to its long-standing right, which ruins agriculture and reduces the poor in the country to starvation. The Whigs, always a perfect *juste-milieu*, have proposed a fixed import tariff of 8 shillings per quarter; this is just low enough to let in foreign corn and spoil the market for the tenant farmer, and just high enough to deprive the tenants of any grounds for demanding new terms of lease and to establish in the country an average price for bread just as high as it is at present. Thus the wisdom of the *juste-milieu* is ruining the country even more surely than the obduracy of consistent reaction. On this question, the "radicals" are truly radical for once and are

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<sup>a</sup> Here and below the name of the League is in English in the original.—  
Ed.

demanding free import of corn. But *The Examiner* only summoned up the courage to do so eight days ago, while the Anti-Corn Law League from the outset confined itself so emphatically to the struggle against the existing Corn Laws and the sliding-scale<sup>a</sup> that up to the last moment it continued to support the Whigs. Gradually, however, absolutely free import of corn and "free trade" in general have become the battle-cry of the radicals, and the Whigs obligingly shout with them for "free trade", which they understand to mean "*juste-milieu*" import tariffs. It goes without saying that the Chartists are totally opposed to import tariffs on corn. But what will come of all this? That corn imports are bound to become free is as certain as that the Tories are bound to be overthrown, by peaceful or by forcible means. One can only argue about the manner in which this change will come about. Probably the very next session of Parliament will bring Peel's renunciation of the sliding-scale and, with it, of full-blown Toryism. The nobility will give way on everything that does not compel it to lower its rent charges, but no further. In any case, the Peel-Russell coalition, the Parliamentary centre, has the most immediate chance of forming a government, and by its *juste-milieu* measures it will delay a decision on the corn question as long as possible. How long, however, depends not on it, but on the people.

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<sup>a</sup> Here and below the term "sliding-scale" is in English in the original.—Ed.

## THE CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASS IN ENGLAND

*From Lancashire, December 20.* The condition of the working class in England is becoming daily more precarious. At the moment, true, it does not seem to be so bad; most people in the textile districts have work; for every 10 workers in Manchester there is perhaps only one unemployed, the proportion is probably the same in Bolton and Birmingham, and when the English worker is employed he is satisfied. And he can well be satisfied, at any rate the textile worker, if he compares his lot with the fate of his comrades in Germany and France. The worker there earns just enough to allow him to live on bread and potatoes; he is lucky if he can buy meat once a week. Here he eats beef every day and gets a more nourishing joint for his money than the richest man in Germany. He drinks tea twice a day and still has enough money left over to be able to drink a glass of porter at midday and brandy and water in the evening. This is how most of the Manchester workers live who work a twelve-hour day. But how long will it last? The slightest fluctuation in trade leaves thousands of workers destitute; their modest savings are soon used up and then they are in danger of starving to death. And a crisis of this kind is bound to occur again in a few years' time. The same expanded production which is now giving work to "paupers" and is counting on the Chinese market is bound to create a huge mass of commodities and a slump in sales, which will again result in general destitution among the workers. For the moment the textile workers are in the best position. In the pits the coal-miners have to perform the heaviest and most unhealthy work for low wages. As a result this section of the working class harbours far more wrath against the wealthy than other working men, and for this reason is especially noted for robbery, assaults against richer people, etc. Thus, here in Manchester there is real fear of the

"Bolton people"<sup>a</sup> who also proved to be the most determined of all during the summer disturbances.<sup>185</sup> The iron-workers have a similar reputation, as in general do all those engaged in hard physical labour. If all these are only just able to exist now, what will become of them if there is the slightest slump in business? True, the workers have organised their own mutual benefit funds, which are augmented by weekly contributions and are intended to support the unemployed; but these only suffice when the factories are working well, for even then there are always enough destitute. When unemployment becomes general, even this source of relief dries up. At the moment the scapegoat is Scotland, where the factories are coming to a standstill, for when English industry expands, there is always some region or other which suffers. Unemployment is increasing daily all round Glasgow. In Paisley, a relatively small town, there were 7,000 unemployed a fortnight ago; now there are already 10,000. The grants from mutual benefit funds, small enough in any case, have been cut by half, because funds are running out. At a meeting of the noblemen and gentlemen of the county it was decided to organise subscriptions which are expected to yield £3,000; but this method, too, is already outworn and the gentlemen themselves secretly admit that they do not expect to collect more than £400. What all this boils down to is that England with her industry has burdened herself not only with a large class of the unpropertied, but among these always a considerable class of paupers which she cannot get rid of. These people have to rough it on their own; the state abandons them, even pushes them away. Who can blame them, if the men have recourse to robbery or burglary, the women to theft and prostitution? But the state does not care whether starvation is bitter or sweet; it locks these people up in prison or sends them to penal settlements, and when it releases them it has the satisfaction of having converted people without work into people without morals. And the curious thing about the whole story is that the sagacious Whig and the "radical" are still unable to understand where Chartism comes from with the country in such a state, and how the Chartists can possibly imagine they have even the slightest chance in England.

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<sup>a</sup> The words "Bolton people" are in English in the original.—*Ed.*

## THE CORN LAWS

*From Lancashire*, December 22. The end of the existing Corn Laws is rapidly approaching. The people are in a real fury about the "corn tax", and no matter what the Tories do, they cannot withstand the pressure of the exasperated masses. Sir Robert Peel has prorogued Parliament until February 2—six weeks for the opposition to fan the anger still more. When the new session opens, Peel will have to state his position on the sliding-scale<sup>a</sup> at the very outset; it is generally believed that he has at least begun to waver in his attitude towards it. If he decides to drop it, the more extreme Tories will undoubtedly resign from the government and make room for the moderate Whigs, and then the Peel-Russell coalition will have come into being. In any case, the aristocracy will defend itself stubbornly, and I, for my part, do not think it can be induced to agree voluntarily to the free import of corn. The English nobility allowed the Reform Bill and Catholic emancipation to go through, but the effort that this cost it would be nothing compared with that which abolition of the Corn Laws would entail.<sup>186</sup> What is a weakening of the aristocracy's influence at parliamentary elections compared with a 30 per cent reduction in the property of the whole English nobility? And if even the two above-mentioned Bills have evoked such struggles, if the Reform Bill was passed only with the aid of popular risings and stones thrown at the windows of the aristocracy, cannot the nobility be

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<sup>a</sup> This term is in English in the original.— *Ed.*



relied upon to test whether the people has enough courage and strength to ensure that its will is carried out? The summer disturbances certainly showed the nobility how ineffectual the English people is when it revolts.<sup>a</sup> I am firmly convinced that this time the aristocracy will remain adamant until the knife is at its throat. There can be no doubt, however, that the people will not go on much longer paying the aristocracy a penny (10 Prussian pfennigs) on every pound of bread it eats. The Anti-Corn Law League<sup>b</sup> has seen to that. Its activity has been tremendous; I intend to write a more detailed report about it.<sup>187</sup> Suffice it to say that one of the most important results due partly to the Corn Laws, partly to the League, is the freeing of the tenant farmers from the moral influence of their aristocratic landlords. Up to now, no one has been so indifferent to political issues as the English tenant farmers, i. e., the entire agricultural section of the nation. As a matter of course, the landlord was a Tory and evicted every tenant who voted against the Tories at the parliamentary elections. The result was that the 252 Members of Parliament which the agricultural districts in the United Kingdom have to elect were, as a rule, almost all Tories. Now, however, due to the effect of the Corn Laws and the publications of the League, distributed in hundreds of thousands of copies, the tenant farmer has been awakened to political consciousness. He has realised that his interests are not identical with those of the landlord, but are directly opposed to them, and that to no one have the Corn Laws been more unfavourable than to himself. Hence a considerable change has taken place among tenant farmers. The majority of them are now Whigs, and since the landlords may now find it difficult to exert a decisive influence on the tenant farmers' vote at the elections, the 252 seats held by the Tories will probably soon pass to the same number of Whigs. Even if this change-over only affected half the seats, it would already alter the character of the House of Commons considerably, since as a result the Whigs would be assured of a majority there for good. And that is *bound* to happen. Particularly if the Corn Laws were repealed, for then the tenant farmer would become completely independent of the landlord, because tenancy agreements would have to be concluded under quite new conditions after the repeal. The aristocracy thought that it had achieved a remarkably clever stroke of business by passing the Corn Laws; but the money it has obtained as a

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<sup>a</sup> See this volume, pp. 373-74.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> The name of the League is in English in the original.— *Ed.*

result by no means outweighs the disadvantage which these laws have caused it. And this disadvantage lies precisely in the fact that from now on the aristocracy is no longer the representative of agriculture, but of its own selfish interests.

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## LETTERS

August 1838-August 1842

1838

1

TO MARIE ENGELS

IN BARMEN

Bremen,<sup>188</sup> Aug. 28, 1838

Dear Marie,

As soon as I saw your letter I realised at once that it was from you although I don't know your handwriting. Because the letter is just like you—written in a terrible hurry, everything in a lovely confusion, sermons that are not a bit seriously meant: how are you, your health, news about Emilchen<sup>a</sup> and Adelinchen,<sup>b</sup> accidents, all mixed up together. We had an accident here too, a house painter—the second in a week—fell from the scaffolding and died immediately.

It is a great surprise to hear that Emilchen and Adelinchen are leaving. The Treviranuses at any rate were quite astonished; they all thought that Karl<sup>c</sup> was bringing them up.

August 29

It's a very good thing that you want to go to Xanten and you should really go there if Mother<sup>d</sup> promised Auntie<sup>e</sup> and Grandmother<sup>f</sup> that you would. You must arrange to go there during the grape season, for then you will be able to eat all you can manage. We have grapes in our garden here too, but they are

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<sup>a</sup> Emilie Engels.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Adeline Engels.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Karl Engels.—*Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> Elisabeth Engels.—*Ed.*

<sup>e</sup> Friderike von Griesheim.—*Ed.*

<sup>f</sup> Franciska van Haar.—*Ed.*

not ripe yet. But we have apples which are ripe—Paradise apples; they are much more delicious than those on the big tree in Caspar's<sup>a</sup> yard, the one they have now cut down.

Just think, Marie, we've got a broody hen here with seven chicks hardly eight days old and when there's nothing to do at the office, we go down to the yard and catch flies, gnats and spiders and then the old hen comes and takes them out of our hands and feeds them to the chicks. But there's a black chick, the size of a canary, which gobbles up the flies out of our hands. And all these little creatures will become hens with croups and have feathers growing on their feet. I wager that you would be delighted with this hen and her chicks. You are a chicken yourself, just like them. You must tell Mother that next year she too should place some eggs under a hen. There are also pigeons here, not only at the 'Treviranuses' but also at the Leupolds', crested pigeons and pouters, which are called crown pigeons (because they have a crest on their fronts which is called a crown here). The crested ones are particularly handsome. We—Eberlein and I—feed these every day. They don't eat vetch, which doesn't grow here, but they will eat peas or very small beech nuts, which are no bigger than peas.

You should see some time, when the market is full in the morning, what remarkable costumes the peasant women wear. Their caps and straw hats are especially remarkable. If I can only get a quiet look at one of them some time, I'll try and draw her and send it to you. The girls wear very small red caps over their hair, which is coiled up in a bun, while old women have big close-fitting winged bonnets which hang over their foreheads, or big velvet caps trimmed with black frilled lace in front. It looks quite odd.

The window of my room looks out on an alley which is uncanny. If I'm still up late of an evening, round about eleven o'clock, things begin to get noisy in the alley and the cats squeal, the dogs bark, the ghosts laugh and howl and rattle the windows of the house opposite. But it's all quite natural because the lamplighter lives in the alley and he goes on his rounds at eleven o'clock.

Now I have written two full pages and if I wanted to do what you do, I would now write: "Now you will probably be satisfied because I have told you so much. Next time I shall tell you just as much." This is the way you do it; you write me two pages, with

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<sup>a</sup> Caspar Engels.—*Ed.*

the lines set very far apart, and you leave the other two pages quite empty. But so that you can see that I don't do the same as you and do not give tit for tat, I shall do my best to fill up four closely written pages for you.

This morning a barber came round and Herr Pastor<sup>a</sup> wanted me to have a shave for he said I looked quite revolting. But I do not do so. Father<sup>b</sup> said that I should leave my razors locked up until I need them and he left a fortnight ago today and my beard certainly cannot have grown so much in that time. And now I shall not shave until I have a moustache as black as a raven. And you know, Mother told Father to give me a razor to take with me and Father answered that would be tempting me to start shaving, and he would buy me some himself in Manchester, but I don't use them on principle.

I have just come back from the parade which takes place every day on the Domshof. There the great Hanseatic army, composed of about 40 soldiers and 25 bandsmen as well as 6 to 8 officers, does its exercises, and (if I leave out the drum major) they all have as much moustache between them as one Prussian hussar. Most of them have no beard at all; others just a suspicion of one. The parade lasts the whole of two minutes. The soldiers arrive, line up, present arms and go off again. But the music is good (very good, wonderful, beautiful, say the Bremen people). Yesterday one of these Hanseatic soldiers, who had deserted, was brought in. This fellow was a Jew and was taking religious instruction with Pastor Treviranus and wanted to be baptised. Then he deserted, without leaving the town, but wrote a letter to Pastor Treviranus saying he was in Brinkum and had been persuaded by a relative to go there. He asked the Pastor to intercede for him so that his punishment might be mitigated. The Pastor wanted to do this too, when the fellow was suddenly arrested near Bremen yesterday and it came out where he was. He will now probably get a stretch or sixty strokes, for the soldiers always get whipped here.

No Jews at all live in Bremen, only a couple of Jews with permits in the suburbs, but none can move into the town.

It has been raining again all day long today. Yesterday week it did not rain at all for once, otherwise it has rained every day even though often only a little. It was very hot on Sunday and yesterday too the air was somewhat oppressive although the sky was frequently overcast, but as for today, really it's unbearable. You

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<sup>a</sup> Georg Gottfried Treviranus.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Friedrich Engels.— *Ed.*

get soaking wet as soon as you put your nose out of doors. What is it like in your place? Now I am going to write to Mother.—Have you made it up again with the Kampermanns, old geese?

Adieu, Marie.

Your brother

*Friedrich*

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2

TO FRIEDRICH AND WILHELM GRAEBER

IN ELBERFELD

[Bremen] September 1 [1838]

To the Graeber brothers, of Barmen, now in Elberfeld. Acknowledging receipt of the esteemed letter of your Herr F. Graeber, I am taking the liberty to send you a few lines. Thunder and lightning, things are looking up. We will now begin right away with the plastic arts. Namely with my fellow lodger by the name of George (pronounced as in English) Gorrissen, the greatest Hamburg fop that ever existed. Take the mean between the two drawings you see here, place it on a slim trunk and long legs, give the eyes a real boorish look, a speech exactly like Kirchner's, only in the Hamburg dialect, and you have the most complete picture of this lout that you can get. I wish I could only draw him as well as last night when I drew him on a board, and it was so like him that everybody recognised him, even the maids. Even a painter<sup>a</sup> who lives in our house and otherwise doesn't think much of anything found it very good.—This G. Gorrissen is the most boorish fellow on earth; he is busy with some new nonsense every day and is inexhaustible in commonplace and boring ideas. The fellow already has on his conscience at least twenty hours that he has bored me.



<sup>a</sup> G. W. Feistkorn.—*Ed.*

The other day I bought myself Jacob Grimm's defence; it is extraordinarily good and is written with a rare power. I read no less than seven pamphlets about the Cologne affair in *one* bookshop.<sup>189</sup>—N. B. I have read things here and come across expressions—I am getting good practice especially in literature—which one would never<sup>a</sup> be allowed to print in our parts, quite liberal ideas, etc., arguments about the old Hanoverian he-goat,<sup>b</sup> really wonderful.



There are some sheets with very fine satirical drawings here.—One I saw was rather badly drawn but the faces are very characteristic. A tailor on a goat is being stopped by his master and the cobblers are looking on. What happens is expressed in the text underneath:

"Old master, don't stop my charger!"

But about that next time, for I cannot now get this [...] because the Principal<sup>c</sup> is sitting here. Otherwise he's a terribly nice fellow, oh so good, you can't imagine.

Excuse me for writing so badly, I have three bottles of beer under my belt, hurrah, and I cannot write much more because this must go to the post at once. It is already striking half-past three and letters must be there by four o'clock. Good gracious, thunder and lightning, you can see that I've got some beer inside me. [...] <sup>d</sup>

Please have the goodness to scribble me something in reply right away; Wurm knows my address, and you can give it to him. Oh dear, what shall I write? Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. What a lamentable state! The old man, i. e., the Principal, is just going out and I am all mixed up, I don't know what I'm writing. There are all sorts of noises going on in my head. Give my greetings to P. Jonghaus and F. Plümacher, and tell them to write, and I will bore them shortly with my scribbling too. Can you read my scrawl?



Roland, the knight  
of Bremen

<sup>a</sup> From here up to the words "I've got some beer inside me", Engels writes in red ink across the first page, which is written in black ink.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Ernst August.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> One sentence is indecipherable because the paper is damaged.—*Ed.*



What will you give me for a pound of muddlement? I have heaps in store. Oh dear.

Your devoted

Your Honour's devoted

*F. Engels*

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3

TO MARIE ENGELS

IN BARMEN

[Bremen] Sept. 11 [1838]

Dear Marie,

"Hoping to receive another *four-page* letter from you, I remain, etc." Yes, you little goose, you shall have four pages but they are according to the saying that with the same measure as you measure will it be measured unto you,<sup>a</sup> and even that is too much for you. For I manage to get as much on a small page like this as you do on a big one, and I forbid such a waste of paper in future; when Fatty writes so spread out, that's a different matter. Do you understand me, little Mamsell?—If you don't go to Xanten this year, you must say:

Console yourself with Job

And anoint the monk with syrup.

I can't help it, they say here in Bremen. You can imagine to yourselves that you have already been there, and don't you, Marie, know how Hermann<sup>b</sup> went on when he had a glass of wine? He drank it very slowly so as to have the pleasure of it for a long time. So you should say to yourselves: If we were at Xanten now, we would not be able to be glad that we were still to go there, but now we have a whole hopeful year ahead of us and we can be glad to our fill. See, that's the political way, Socrates and Eulenspiegel would say just the same thing. Remember this for the future. You see, I can lecture you just as well as you me. And when you write

<sup>a</sup> Cf. Matthew 7:2.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Hermann Engels.—*Ed.*

to me again, don't begin every paragraph with "Just imagine". How did you get such a noble habit? How can you say "I don't know what else to write about" when you have not yet told me what kind of school report you and Anna<sup>a</sup> have and who worked out your programme this year. Fatty must also have cracked a joke or two during the eight weeks I've been away, couldn't you perhaps have written to me about that? How much else may have happened that I cannot know anything about? Tell me, what kind of excuse is "I don't know what else to write about". I don't know what to write about either. When I begin a line, I don't yet know what to put in the following one, but something always comes to me, and I hope that what I write to you will be useful and of no little profit to you. But when you have filled two pages with lines wide apart, you immediately think you have performed a colossal Herculean labour, but what about me? When I have finished this letter to you, I must still write three others and they must be ready for posting tomorrow or the day after. And I have not much time, for the *Panchita* is being sent off to Havana this afternoon and so I have to copy letters instead of writing some of my own. I am expecting a letter from Strücker at midday today and then he'll be wanting an answer too, and I can't write exactly the same thing to one as I have written to the other. So, you see that it would be right if you wrote me six pages and should not complain if I only wrote you one-sixth of a page? However, this lecture is already as long as your whole letter and so that you can see that I can also write about other things I will now make so free as to tell you that if I have brushes before this letter goes off, I will enclose a few drawings of Bremen peasant fashions.— But now you are right, I don't know what else to write about, but I just want to see if I get anything more to do. The four pages will be filled, and quite honestly too. What is very unpleasant is that in the evenings the city gates are closed when it gets dark and whoever wants to go out or come in has to pay a toll and it now starts at seven o'clock, when you have to pay two groats, and this increases as it gets later. You pay three groats after nine and six groats at ten and twelve groats at eleven. If you are on horseback you have to pay even more. I too have had to pay toll once or twice.— The Consul<sup>b</sup> is at this moment talking to Herr Grave about the letters which have to be written this afternoon. I am listening with the greatest excitement like a rascal who sees the jury return and is waiting to hear

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<sup>a</sup> Anna Engels.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Heinrich Leupold.— *Ed.*

"Guilty" or "Not guilty". Once Grave starts writing, before I know where I am I have six, seven, eight or even more letters to copy, each of which may be of one, two or perhaps three pages. During the time I have been here I've already copied forty pages, forty pages in a huge copy-book. Another letter for Baltimore is lying in front of me now, and look—the four pages are full, it is 11.30 and I shall go to the post under the pretext of collecting the Consul's letters but really to see if there is a letter from Strücker. Adieu, dear Marie, I'm looking forward to four big pages.

Your brother  
Friedrich

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## 4

TO FRIEDRICH AND WILHELM GRAEBER  
IN BARMEN<sup>a</sup>

[Bremen, September 17-18, 1838]

September 17. First the black ink, then the red ink from the beginning again.<sup>b</sup>

*Carissimi! In vestras epistolas haec vobis sit respondentia. Ego enim quum longiter latine non scripsi, vobis paucum scribero, sed in germanico-italiano-latino. Quae quum ita sint,*<sup>c</sup> you will not get one more word in Latin, but only pure, unalloyed, unadulterated, perfect German. And now to deal at once with a matter of considerable importance, I want to tell you that my Spanish romance has been a failure; the fellow seems to be an anti-romantic and he looks like one too. But a poem of my own—*The Bedouin*<sup>d</sup>—a copy of which I enclose, was inserted in a different paper; only the fellow went and changed the last verse and so created the most hopeless confusion. He does not seem to have understood "Your desert robes do not belong with our Parisian

<sup>a</sup> The back of the letter bears the inscription: "Herr Friedrich Graeber. c/o Herr Pastor Graeber. Barmen. Post-paid."—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> The letter of September 17 is written in black ink while that of September 18 is written in red ink, across the text of the first letter.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> My dearest ones, let this be an answer to your letters. As I haven't written in Latin for a long time, I shall write you only a little, but in German-Italian-Latin. This being so....—*Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> See this volume, pp. 3-4.—*Ed.*

coats and vests, nor with our literature your song", because it appears to be baroque. The main idea is to contrast the Bedouin, even in their present condition, and the audience, who are quite alien to these people. For this reason the contrast must not be expressed only by the bare description given in the two clearly distinguishable parts, but comes really to life only at the end through the contrast and the conclusion drawn in the last verse. There are also a number of other details expressed in the poem: 1) Delicate irony at the expense of Kotzebue and his supporters with Schiller counterposed as the good principle for our theatre; 2) grief over the present condition of the Bedouin as contrasted with their former condition. These two incidentals run parallel in the two main contrasts. Take the last verse away, and the whole thing falls apart. But if the editor wishes to make the conclusion less striking and ends with: "They jump at money's beck and call, and not at Nature's primal urge. Their eyes are blank, they're silent, all, except for one who sings a dirge", then, first of all, this ending is feeble because it consists of previously used rhetorical phrases, and secondly, it destroys my main idea by replacing it with the subsidiary one—sorrow over the present condition of the Bedouin and the contrast with their former condition. So he has done the following damage: he has completely destroyed 1) the main idea, 2) the cohesion of the poem. However, this will cost the fellow an additional groat ( $=\frac{1}{2}$  silver groschen) for he will get an answer from me in the form of a sermon. By the way, I wish I had never written the poem. I have completely failed to express the idea in a clear, pleasant form. Str.'s<sup>a</sup> fine phrases are simply phrases. *Dattelland*<sup>b</sup> and Bled-el-Djerid are one and the same thing, so one idea is expressed twice with the same words, and what dissonance—"schallend Lachen zollt" and "Mund gewandt"! It gives one a peculiar feeling to see one's verses in print like this. They have become something strange and one sees them with a much clearer eye than when they are handwritten.

I had a good laugh when I saw myself thus made public, but I soon lost any desire to laugh. As soon as I saw the changes I became very angry and raged in a most barbaric fashion.—*Satis autem de hac re locuti sumus!*<sup>c</sup>

I found a quite peculiar book this morning in an antiquarian's shop—an extract from the *Acta Sanctorum*, unfortunately only for

<sup>a</sup> This probably means Strücker, Engels' comrade.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Land of date-palms.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> But we have said enough about this!—*Ed.*

the first half of the year, with portraits, lives of the saints and prayers, but all very short. It cost me twelve groats, six silver groschen, and I paid the same for Wieland's *Diogenes von Sinope, oder Σωκράτης μαινόμενος*.<sup>a</sup>

I doubt my ability and my productivity as a poet more and more every day since I read Goethe's two essays *Für junge Dichter*<sup>b</sup> in which I find myself described as aptly as could be, and from which it has become clear to me that my rhyming achieves nothing for art. All the same, I want to go on rhyming because, as Goethe says, it is "a pleasant addition" and I shall also probably get a poem or two published in some journal because other fellows also do so who are just as big if not bigger asses than I am, and because my efforts will neither raise nor lower German literature. But when I read a really good poem then fury seizes my soul to think that I couldn't have done that. *Satis autem de hac re locuti sumus!*

My *cari amici*, how much I miss you! When I remember how I often entered your room and there sat Fritz, so comfortable behind the stove, with his short pipe in his mouth, and Wilm rustled around the room in his long dressing-gown, could not smoke anything but four-pfennig cigars and cracked jokes which shook the whole room, and then the mighty Feldmann rose like *ζανδὸς Μενελάος*<sup>c</sup> and entered, and then Wurm came in in his long coat and with his stick in his hand, and then we all caroused and all hell was let loose—and now we have to make do with letters—it's outrageous. But that you write to me a lot from Berlin too is *constat* and *naturaliter*; letters there only take a day longer than to Barmen. You know my address, but it doesn't matter if you don't for I have struck up such a close acquaintance with our postman that he always delivers my letters to the office. But still, *honoris causa*, you might put St. Martini Kirchhof No. 2 on the envelope if necessary. This friendship with the postman comes from our names being similar, his is Engelke.—Letter-writing is a bit hard for me today. The day before yesterday I sent off a letter to Wurm at Bilk and today I posted one to Strücker—the first was eight pages long, the second seven, and now you too want your ration. If you receive this letter before you go to Cologne, please do the following for me. When you get there will you find Streitzeuggasse and go to Everaert's the printers at number 51 and buy me *Volksbücher*. I have *Siegfried*, *Eulenspiegel* and *Helena*. The

<sup>a</sup> The raging Socrates.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> The reference is to Goethe's articles "Für junge Dichter" and "Noch ein Wort für junge Dichter".—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> Fair Menelaus.—Ed.

ones I need most are *Octavianus*, *Die Schildbürger* (incomplete in the Leipzig edition), *Die Haimonskinder*, *Dr. Faust* and any of the others which are illustrated with woodcuts. If there is anything mystical there buy it as well, especially the *Sibyllenweissagungen*. You can go up to two or three talers in any case. Then send the books on to me by express post, tell me how much they come to and I shall send you a letter of credit drawn on my Old Man, who will gladly pay it. Or, better still, you can send the books to my Old Man, to whom I'll explain the whole business and he can give them to me as a Christmas gift or as he likes.—A new subject of study for me is Jacob Böhme. He is a dark but deep soul. But most of it must be studied terribly hard if one wants to understand any of it. He is rich in poetic ideas and a very allegorical man, his speech is quite original, for he gives all words a different meaning from the usual one. Instead of "essence" [*Wesen*], "substance" [*Wesenheit*], he says "torment" [*Quat*]. He calls God a "non-cause" [*Ungrund*] and a "cause" [*Grund*] because He has no cause or beginning of His existence, but is Himself the cause of His own and all other life. So far I have been able to find only three of his books—admittedly enough to begin with.—But here I want to insert my poem about the Bedouin.

Now the bell rings, and suddenly  
The silken curtain swift ascends,  
And all in hushed expectancy  
Wait for the evening to commence.  
No Kotzebue commands the scene  
To set the merry audience roaring.  
No Schiller of the earnest mien  
Steps forth, his golden words outpouring.  
Sons of the desert, proud and free,  
Walk on to greet us, face to face;  
But pride is vanished utterly,  
And freedom lost without a trace.  
They jump at money's beck and call  
(As once that lad from dune to dune  
Bounded for joy). They're silent, all,  
Save one who sings a dirge-like tune.  
The audience, amazed and awed  
By what these acrobats can do.  
Applauds them, just as it applauds  
The trumperies of Kotzebue.  
Fleet nomads of the desert lands,  
You've braved the sun's fierce noontide rays  
Through harsh Morocco's burning sands,

Through valleys where the date-palms sway.  
 And through the garden paradise  
 Of Bled-el-Djerid once you swept.  
 You turned your wits to bold forays.  
 Your steeds to battle proudly stepped.  
 You sat there, where moon lustres spill  
 By rare springs in a palm-tree grove,  
 And lovely lips with gracious skill  
 A fairy-story garland wove.  
 Sleeping in narrow tents you lay  
 In love's warm arms, with dreams all round,  
 Till sunrise ushered in the day  
 And camels made their bellowing sound.  
 Go home again, exotic guests!  
 Your desert robes do not belong  
 With our Parisian coats and vests,  
 Nor with our literature your song!

[September] 18th

*Cur me poematibus exanimas tuis,*<sup>a</sup> you will be shouting. But I am going to torture you still more with them or rather because of them. Guilelmus<sup>b</sup> has still got an exercise book of my verse, just as I wrote it. I'm now asking for this exercise book back and you can send it in the following way: you can cut out all the blank paper and you can then enclose a few sheets with every letter you write: it won't increase the postage. If need be you can also add one or two bits of reading matter if you pack it cunningly and press the letter well, for instance, laying it for a night between a couple of dictionaries before you send it, so they won't notice anything.—See that Blank gets the sheet I've enclosed for him. I am getting a terribly extensive correspondence, with you in Berlin, with Wurm in Bonn, and similarly with Barmen and Elberfeld. But if I didn't have it, how would I kill the endless time I have to spend at the office without being allowed to read? The day before yesterday I spent with the Old Man,<sup>c</sup> *id est principalis*—his wife is called the Old Woman [*Altsche*] (the elk, *alce* in Italian, pronounced just like that)—in the country where his family lives, and I enjoyed it very much. The Old Man is an excellent fellow, he always scolds his boys in Polish. You *Ledshiaks*, you *Kashubs*, he shouts. On the way back I tried to give a philistine who was also there some idea of the beauty of Low German, but saw it was impossible. A philistine like that is really an unhappy soul yet

<sup>a</sup> Why do you torture me with your poems?—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Wilhelm Graeber.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*

over-happy nonetheless in his stupidity, which he regards as the greatest wisdom. I went to the theatre the other evening. They were playing *Hamlet*, but in a quite horrifying manner. So I would rather say nothing at all about it.—It's good that you are going to Berlin. There will be more art there than you are likely to get at any other university except Munich; the poetry of nature, on the other hand, is lacking—sand, sand, sand! It is far better here. The roads outside the town are mostly very interesting and very charming with their groups of various trees. But the mountains, the mountains, that's what you miss. What is also lacking in Berlin is the poetry of student life, which is at its best in Bonn, and to which the wandering about in the poetic surroundings contributes not a little. Well, you too will be going to Bonn one day. My dear Wilhelm, I would madly love to answer your witty letter with one equally witty, if it were not for the fact that I don't feel at all witty and especially at the moment I am lacking precisely in that desire which one cannot give oneself and without which everything is forced. But I feel as if for me the end were near, as if my head no longer held a single idea, as if my life were being stolen away. The tree of my mind of its leaves is stripped, my witticisms too fine are clipped, the kernel out of the shell has been nipped. And my *Makamas*<sup>190</sup> hardly merit the name, while yours robbed Rückert of all his fame; those here written with gout are smitten, they limp, they totter, fall, nay, have fallen to the bottom of the pit of oblivion, not climbed the peaks of readers' opinion. Oh doom, here I sit in my room, and even if I hammered my head sore, only water would come out with a roar. That helps not a louse, it does not bring wit into the house. When I went to bed last night I banged my head and it sounded just like when you knock against a bucket of water and the water splashes against the other side. I had to laugh at the way my nose was properly rubbed in the truth. Yes, water, water! My room is full of spooks. Last night I heard a death-watch beetle in the wall. In the alley near me there is a noise of ducks, cats, dogs, hussies and people. And incidentally I expect a letter from you just as long if not longer than this one, *et id post notas*—let there be no mistake about it.

The most marvellous hymn book in existence is undoubtedly the one used here.<sup>a</sup> It contains all the famous names in German poetry: Goethe (the song, *Der Du von dem Himmel bist*<sup>b</sup>), Schiller (*Drei Worte des Glaubens*), Kotzebue and many others. Also songs against cow-pox and all kinds of other nonsense. It is sheer

<sup>a</sup> *Christliches Gesangbuch zur Beförderung öffentlicher und häuslicher Andacht.*—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Initial words from Goethe's poem *Wandrer's Nachtlid.*—Ed.

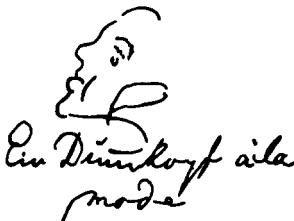


barbarism unequalled anywhere. One must see it to believe it. It is an appalling spoiling of all our beautiful songs, a crime which Knapp also made himself guilty of in the *Treasury of Songs*.<sup>a</sup>—The occasion of our sending a cargo of hams to the West Indies reminds me of an extremely interesting story. Somebody once sent a cargo of hams to Havana. The letter with the bill did not arrive till later, and the recipient, who had already noticed that the cargo was 12 hams short, saw reckoned up in the bill: "Loss through rats—12 pieces." But those rats were the young office lads who had helped themselves to the hams. That's the end of the story.—While I take the liberty to fill the remaining space with artistic renderings of outward appearances chosen at random (Dr. He), I must confess that I shall hardly be able to tell you much about my trip for I promised both Strücker and Wurm they would hear about it first. I even fear that I shall have to write about it to them twice over, and to go through all that tedious stuff three times, mixed up with all kinds of other nonsense, would really be too much. But if Wurm cares to send you the exercise book, which he is hardly likely to receive before the end of the year, that's all right with me. Otherwise I can't do anything for you until you go to Bonn yourselves.

Your most humble  
Servant



A genius à la mode



A fathead à la mode

Greetings to P. Jonghaus. He can enclose a letter with yours. I would have written to him too but the fellow is certainly away.

Reply soon. Your Berlin address!!!!!!

Friedrich Engels

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1913, and in full in the book: F. Engels,  
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<sup>a</sup> A. Knapp, *Evangelischer Liederschatz für Kirche und Haus*.—Ed.

## 5

TO MARIE ENGELS  
IN BARMEN

Bremen, Oct. 9, 1838

Dear Marie,

At last four full pages! Well, I shall have to praise you till you can no longer bear it, as they say. Riding is now over unfortunately, so I am mostly at home on Sundays, but I enjoy myself quite a lot. Either I listen to somebody playing or singing or I write, and in the evening we do all kinds of crazy things. The day before yesterday, which, as you know, was Sunday, we put a ring in a cup of flour and then played the well-known game of trying to get it out with your mouth. We all had a turn—the Pastor's wife,<sup>a</sup> the girls, the painter<sup>b</sup> and I too, while the Pastor<sup>c</sup> sat in the corner on the sofa and watched the fun through a cloud of cigar smoke. The Pastor's wife couldn't stop laughing as she tried to get it out and covered herself with flour over and over again, and when the painter's turn came, he blew with all his might so that the flour puffed out right and left and descended like a cloud on his green and red dressing-gown. Afterwards we threw flour in each other's faces. I blackened my face with cork, at which they all laughed, and when I started to laugh, that made them laugh all the more and all the louder. Then I laughed, ha ha ha ha ha, so loudly that all the others followed suit with he he he he he and ha ha ha ha ha, until it was just like in the story where the Jew has to dance in the bramble bush, and at last they all begged me to stop for heaven's sake.

You are still a real goose if you let that Jettchen Troost bore you. Why don't you tell her to go away?

Now the goose is starting to lecture me; that is touching. Tell me, goose, don't you know the saying—I shall behave to you as you behave to me? Don't you know that no matter how small you write, I still write twice as small? But let's settle the matter once and for all. If you write me four pages then you shall get four pages back and there's an end of it. Besides, if you only knew how many letters I've already written this week and how many I still have to write, you would have pity on me and be satisfied with two pages. Ask Strücker some time how much I've written to him. Ask Wurm some time—but he's not there, so I shall tell you—at least

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<sup>a</sup> Mathilde Treviranus.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> G. W. Feistkorn.— *Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Georg Gottfried Treviranus.— *Ed.*

twelve pages just like these and as much again across the page in red ink. But he writes just as much to me in reply. And I have also to write to Mother, Hermann,<sup>a</sup> August,<sup>b</sup> Rudolf,<sup>c</sup> what do you think that adds up to? I think that as you can read the other letters you'll be fair and only expect half as much from me as you write to me.— You say that I praise Anna<sup>d</sup> to the skies, no, *so god over nit, dat do ek nit*,<sup>e</sup> but if she writes me four pages and you only write three, isn't she better than you? Apart from all this I'll gladly admit that you are a loyal soul and write to me most diligently. But you must not presume to start such rows and quarrels with me and imagine all the right is on your side when you really ought to be on your knees begging forgiveness.— You complain about the shoulder-brace, but oh, my little goose, hold yourself straight and then they won't put one on you.— We had the same weather here as you describe but now it's horrible; it rains and drizzles continuously, sometimes it pours down and then we have a bit of blue sky every 24 hours and a ray of sunshine every half-year.

You want me to write what I would like for Christmas? Well, you needn't make me what I've already got and you know what I haven't got, so what shall I write? Embroider a cover for a cigar box or—I don't know what, but you can keep nagging Mother a little every two or three days to send me the Goethe for Christmas Day. I really need it very badly, for you can hardly read anything without there being some reference to Goethe. Who was this man Goethe? Herr Riepe: Children, he was...!

Your drawing of the poultry-yard I could comprehend quite easily and it is very practical—cats or polecats can't get in and the hens can't get out.

Last Friday I went to the theatre. They were playing *Nachtlager in Granada*,<sup>f</sup> an opera which is very nice. Tonight they are giving *Die Zauberflöte*.<sup>g</sup> I must go to it. I really must manage to see what it is like. I hope it will be really good.

*October 10.* I went to the theatre. I liked *Die Zauberflöte* very much. I should like you to be able to come and see it with me some time, I bet you would like it very much.— Yes, Marie, what shall I write about now? Shall I grumble a bit for want of anything

<sup>a</sup> Hermann Engels.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> August Engels, Engels' cousin.— *Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Rudolf Engels.— *Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> Anna Engels.— *Ed.*

<sup>e</sup> But not so good, I don't do that.— *Ed.*

<sup>f</sup> An opera by Kreutzer.— *Ed.*

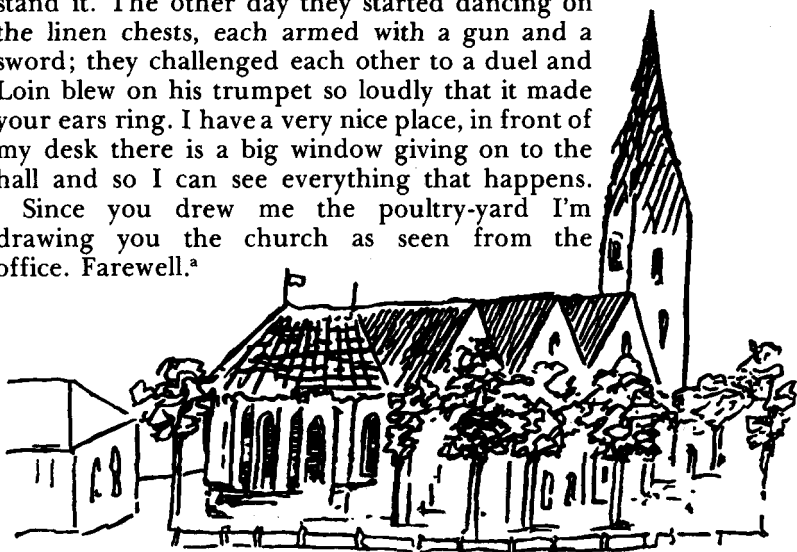
<sup>g</sup> Mozart's *The Magic Flute*.— *Ed.*

better? I can't think of anything better and you will certainly be satisfied if the four pages are filled, no matter what is in them. Here in Bremen the merchants' houses are all built in a very remarkable way. They are not built with their long sides facing the street like ours but with their short sides, so that the roofs are very close together, and the hall is very large and high, just like a small church.



They have hatches above and below, one on top of the other, which are closed by trapdoors and through which a hoist can move up and down. Up in the attic is the store-room and coffee, linen, sugar, whale-oil, etc., are brought up by the hoist. All halls have thus two rows of windows one above the other.—The Consul's wife has now moved into town again with her four small children; they make an awful uproar. Luckily two of them, Elisabeth and Loin (really Ludwig), go to school, so one does not have to listen to their noise all day long. But when Loin and Siegfried are together they make such a row that you just can't stand it. The other day they started dancing on the linen chests, each armed with a gun and a sword; they challenged each other to a duel and Loin blew on his trumpet so loudly that it made your ears ring. I have a very nice place, in front of my desk there is a big window giving on to the hall and so I can see everything that happens.

Since you drew me the poultry-yard I'm drawing you the church as seen from the office. Farewell.<sup>a</sup>



Your brother

*Friedrich*

<sup>a</sup> This word is in English in the original.—Ed.

## 6

## TO MARIE ENGELS

IN BARMEN<sup>a</sup>

Bremen, Nov. 13, 1838

Dear Marie,

Both your letters gave me very great pleasure and I will see what I can do, time and space permitting, to tell you something. It is now past three o'clock and the letter must be posted by four. But I really don't know anything much to tell you. Nothing out of the ordinary happens here, apart from the fact that the Bremen people have mounted their two splendid cannon at the main guardhouse again, that instead of saying "footstool" they say "footboard" here, that very many people are now wearing macintoshes here, that it was immensely cold last night and ice-ferns were formed on the window-panes and that the sun is now shining, and the like. Something else occurs to me that you should mention to Mother, namely, that I wrote to the Graebers at the end of September saying that when they went to Cologne they should send me *Volksbücher* and get the money from Father.<sup>b</sup> But as they never got to Cologne, they have written to their cousin, so if he sends some *per mezzo* Pastor Graeber it would be fine, and I'm sure Father would do me the favour of settling the bill for me. If he doesn't send any that will be all right too and you won't be bothered with it. I would have written about this before now, but was only given noteworthy information of the correct procedure today. Wilhelm Graeber also writes to me—and this is certainly something for you—that there are no lavatories properly so-called in Berlin, only commodes, and these have to be hired separately and cost five silver groschen a month; as the sons of a pastor, however, they are exempted from this as from other taxes. They also tell me a great deal about their walking tour through the Harz Mountains and up the Blocksberg, and how they travelled from Magdeburg to Berlin with a very tall Guards N. C. O. If you come to visit me some time I shall read you the whole story as well as that of the lovely Dorothee, which happened in Siebertal, in the Harz country, where a very, very rich man fell in love with a little

<sup>a</sup> The back of the letter bears the inscription: "Fräulein Elise Engels. c/o Herr Friedrich Engels and Co., Barmen."—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> See this volume, pp. 394-95.—*Ed.*

girl of seven and gave her father a ring, telling him that he would come back and marry her when the ring fitted her, and how, when he did come back after ten years, the girl had already been dead for a year, and the gentleman himself also died of sheer boredom, about which Fritz Graeber composed a moving song, etc. But now the page is almost full and I shall just copy another letter which must go with it, and take them both to the post. Are you writing to Ida<sup>a</sup>? Herr Holler took a great liking to Julchen<sup>b</sup> in Mannheim, but Karl<sup>c</sup> was very cross because he visited her so often. But don't tell that to anyone else. Adieu, dear Marie.

Yours,

*Friedrich*

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7

TO MARIE ENGELS

IN BARMEN

[Bremen, end of December 1838]

Dear Marie,

Well, you really are making a good thing out of being ill, lying in bed most of the time, you lazy-bones. You'll have to get out of that habit. You must be up and about by the time you get this letter, do you hear? Thank you for the nice cigar-box cover. I can assure you that it has met with the most complete approval, not only for the choice of pattern, but also for the execution, from that most severe of critics, Herr G. W. Feistkorn, painter. Marie Treviranus also embroidered one for me but she took it back again and is now going to send it to Herr Pastor Hessel in Münster am Stein near Kreuznach, to whom she also promised one. She is making me a basket for cigars instead. The Pastor's

<sup>a</sup> Ida Engels.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Julie Engels.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Karl Engels.—*Ed.*

wife<sup>a</sup> has crocheted a purse for me, and Leupold's boys got a rifle that fires caps, as well as swords, and the Old Man<sup>b</sup> keeps calling them—Old Soldiers, *Kashubs*! I can't make out that riddle of yours about the pond but I'll ask you one myself. Do you know what a *Ledshiak* is? (I don't know myself. It's a term of abuse which the Old Man uses very often.)<sup>c</sup> If you can't find the answer then hold this up against a mirror and then you will be able to read it. I have just heard that there has been an addition to the Leupold family—a little girl.

I should also like to tell you that I have now started composing and am working on chorals. But it is terribly difficult. The measure and the sharps and the chords give one a lot of trouble. I haven't got very far yet but I am sending you a specimen. It's the first two lines of *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*.<sup>d</sup>



I have not yet been able to do it for more than two voices, for four voices is still too hard. I hope I have not made any mistakes in the score, so try and play it some time.

Adieu, dear Marie.

Your brother

*Friedrich*

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<sup>a</sup> Mathilde Treviranus.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> The bracketed sentence is in mirror writing in the original.—*Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> First line of a hymn by Martin Luther.—*Ed.*

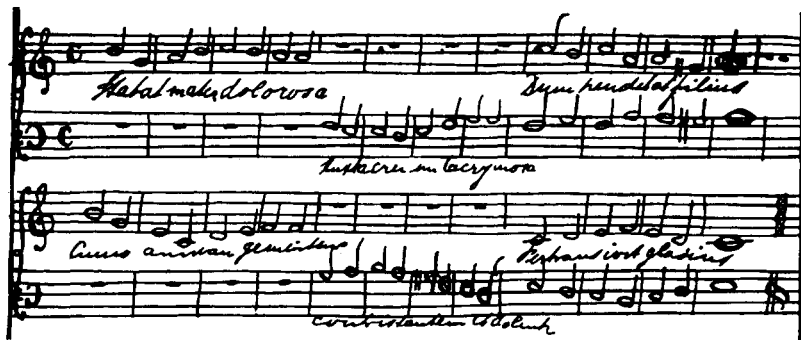
## TO MARIE ENGELS

IN BARMEN

[Bremen] Jan. 7, 39

Dear Marie,

I hope you have now had that tooth extracted or that it was not necessary.— The riddle about the pond is very nice but you ought to be able to solve it yourself. Listen, composing is hard work; you have to pay attention to so many things—the harmony of the chords and the right progression, and that gives a lot of trouble. I'll see if I can't send you something again next time. I am now working on another choral, in which the bass and soprano voices alternate. Have a look at this.



The accompaniment is still missing, and I'll probably make some changes too. It is obvious that most of it, except the fourth line, has been stolen from the Hymn Book. The text is the well-



known Latin *Stabat mater dolorosa juxta crucem lacrymosa Dum pendebat filius.*

The Pastor<sup>a</sup> killed a pig in the wash-house at midday today. At first his wife<sup>b</sup> would not have anything to do with the whole business, but he said he wanted to make a gift of it to her, so she had to take it. And the pig didn't scream at all. Once it was dead all the females in the family came in. But the old granny would not let anyone take her place stirring the blood and it looked quite strange. They will be making the sausage tomorrow, that is really the thing for her.

You say you saw a monkey and that it was you. Do you know that on the wafer with which you sealed your little letter there was written: *Je dis la vérité?*

It also has a mirror drawn on it.

Tell Mother that she should not write "Treviranus", she can leave out the Herr Pastor from the address altogether, the postman knows where I live anyway, as I fetch the letters from the post every day; besides, he might be tempted not to bring my letters to the office but to me at the 'Treviranus' and there I only get them a couple of hours later when I come home.

Strücker wrote me that on the Sunday before New Year Hermann<sup>c</sup> acted all sorts of things, including a waiter, etc. He must write to me about it.—Strücker was full of praise for his skill, saying that Hermann played the part of the waiter as well as if he had worked in a restaurant for three years. Is he growing a lot?

Tell Mother not to show my composition to Schornstein or he will say again—that is the end of everything. You see, I learn everything that happens. Next time I am in Barmen again I shall become the consul for Bremen like the Old Man.<sup>d</sup>

*Addiós mi hermana.<sup>e</sup>*

Yours,

*Friedrich*

---

<sup>a</sup> Georg Gottfried Treviranus.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Mathilde Treviranus.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Hermann Engels.—*Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*

<sup>e</sup> Good-bye, my sister.—*Ed.*

Please excuse all the mistakes I have made in the bass part. I am not used to writing music. In case you could not read the last line but one, I am writing it out again for you.



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## 9

## TO FRIEDRICH GRAEBER

[Bremen, January 20, 1839]

To Fritz Graeber

*Florida*

I

The Spirit of Earth speaks:

Three hundred years have rolled by since the hour  
When the proud white folk came from far away  
Across the seas, where their great cities tower.

The islands soon became the strong men's prey;  
I lifted up my clenched fist from the ocean  
To see how far their arrogant feet might stray.

Woods clothed the land and flowers grew in profusion;  
Through the deep valleys wandered by the score  
My faithful tribesmen of the brown-skinned nation.

The Eternal Father mild saw fit to pour  
Abundant blessings down. The White Men came;  
Their ship, its course erratic, neared the shore.

The land seemed fair to them. They made their claim,  
And seized it, like the islands, in their greed,  
Sowing among my people serfdom's shame.

The borders marked by furrows they denied,  
And with their quadrants measured out my Hand,  
Drawing strange lines across from side to side.

Ere long had passed, they swarmed across the land;  
Only one finger did they fear to try.

Who ventured there was doomed to meet his end.

Upon this one remaining finger, I  
Have placed a ring my brown-skinned folk compose.  
They stand with spears poised, ready to let fly.

And if their shields in compact, serried rows  
Fail me, if White Man's arrogance breaks the ring,  
This Hand, with White and Brown, I then propose  
To plunge into the waters weltering.

## II

The Seminole speaks:

Peace to my brethren I shall not proclaim;  
War be my first word, battle be my last.

And when your eyes blaze up in sudden flame,  
As forest fire is fanned by hurricane's blast,  
Then shall I say that you were truly right  
To call me Word's Sun, that Night flees fast.

E'en as your hunter's lust flamed at the plight  
Of innocent creatures that you forced to flee  
From arrow following arrow in swift flight,

So would the White Men hunt you ruthlessly.  
But let your speeding arrows make it clear  
That they're the quarry, and the hunters—we.

They envy us our red skins; and in fear  
That their revolting white may be discerned,  
They swathe themselves in many-coloured gear.

Our country they have named the floral strand,  
For flowers here in great profusion grow.  
But blue, or white, or yellow, through the land  
Into red raiment soon they all must go,  
Bespattered with the White Man's own red blood.  
Flamingo bird shall not more crimson glow.

As slaves, we proved to be of little good.  
They brought the cowardly Blacks across the sea:  
They'll learn the strength and courage of our brood!

Come then, White Man, if your desire it be,  
And you shall get the homage that's your due.  
From every bed of reeds, from every tree,  
Seminole arrows wait to ambush you!

## III

The White Man speaks:

Well, then! And so for the last time I will  
Offer my brow to cruel Destiny  
And freely turn to face the murderous steel!

O vengeful Fate, you are well known to me!  
Always you've turned my joy in life to gall.  
You think I ever knew Love's ecstasy?

Mocking, she broke my heart, whom I did fall  
In love with. Thenceforth, seeking consolation,  
I fought for Freedom. Kings themselves have all

Trembled before our League. In trepidation,  
Princes have seen how German youth can stand  
As one. In seven years of expiation

I've fully paid my debt in iron bonds.  
In a swift ship they bring me o'er the sea  
To Liberty—but on an alien strand.

The coastline beckons! But at a cliff's foot, see!—  
The ship is wrecked. The folk on board all spring  
Into the foaming waves. A plank bears me

Safely to shore, though bruised and shivering.  
For the first time, my luck goes favourably.  
In sand-choked seas the rest lie weltering.

But can I not escape my destiny?  
The savages surround me, bind my limbs.  
They seek to gain revenge by killing me.

For me, new Freedom, so I hoped, begins.  
But Freedom fighters seek my murder here.  
So must I expiate my brothers' sins.

But what comes floating to the beach down there?  
A crucifix! In my Redeemer's eye  
Such tenderness! I miss His Word so dear.

As I lie here upon the hot sands dying,  
He comes to me with bounteous clemency.  
While I complain, God, with Hell's fury vying,  
Has now Himself become a corpse for me!

Here is my contribution to the next little party. I saw that there had been one at our place again and I was very sorry that I didn't send anything in for it. Now in reply to your letter.—Aha! Why don't you read the newspaper? If you did you would have seen what was and what was not printed about the business. It's not my fault if you make a fool of yourself. The paper only contained official reports issued by the Senate and they were really what was to be expected. Plümacher's comedy must be very good. I have written asking for it twice, but he has not uttered a word about it. As far as Jonghaus and his love are concerned, I have something to settle with him about that. You fellows always let yourselves be put off writing by "this and that". Tell me, can't you write to me for half an hour each day after you get a letter from me? Then you'd be finished in three days. I have all these letters to write—five of them—and I write much closer than you do and still I have them finished in four or five days. Yes, it's terrible. You can have eight days, but on the ninth day after you receive my letter you must post your reply. There's no other way. If I have made other arrangements with Wurm I herewith change them. You have eight days, otherwise the penalties that Wurm is threatened with come into force—no verses and you'll be kept waiting just as long as I am.



Postman: Herr Consul, a letter for you!  
 Consul: Aha! Good.

Engels: Nothing for me?  
 Postman: No.

Here is a woodcut, *à la Volksbücher*, which shows you plainly how I'm on the look-out for you, that is, for your letters. I thought I would have got my letters off today (Sunday, Jan. 20) but it's

striking half past four and the post goes at five today. So my plans have gone awry again. Well, it has its good side anyway for now I can shit in peace and then write to you in peace. I have not yet been able to start a letter to Peter Jonghaus. Damn, there's somebody sitting in the lavatory and I am bursting.

It's remarkable that if you consider our greatest writers, they always seem to go in pairs, one complementing the other as, for example, Klopstock and Lessing, Goethe and Schiller, Tieck and Uhland. But now Rückert is quite on his own and I'm curious whether he is going to be joined by anybody or whether he'll die off first; it almost looks like it. As a love poet, he could be paired with Heine, but unfortunately the two of them are otherwise so heterogeneous that you can't possibly unite them. Klopstock and Wieland are at least contrasts, but Rückert and Heine have not the slightest other similarity and each stands absolutely on his own. The Berlin party of Young Germany<sup>191</sup> are a fine lot indeed! They want to transform our time into one of "conditions and subtle relations", which is as much as to say: we write something for the whole world, and to fill up the pages we describe things that don't exist, and we call them "conditions", or we dish up a hotch-potch and that goes under the name of "subtle relations". This Theodor Mundt scribbles up something for the whole world about Demoiselle Taglioni, who "dances Goethe", embellishes it with fine phrases from Goethe, Heine, Rahel<sup>a</sup> and Stieglitz and talks the most priceless nonsense about Bettina,<sup>b</sup> but all in so ultramodern a fashion that it must be a delight for any empty-headed dandy or a young, vain, lascivious lady to read the like. This Kühne, Mundt's agent in Leipzig, is editor of the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* and it now looks like a lady whose figure was built for a crinoline and who is now stuck into a modern dress so that at every step you can see her charming bandy legs through the clinging dress. It is exquisite! And this chap Heinrich Laube! He daubs without stopping about characters that don't exist, writes travel stories<sup>c</sup> which are nothing of the sort, nonsense upon nonsense; it's terrible. I don't know what is going to happen to German literature. We have three men of talent: Karl Beck, Ferd. Freiligrath and Julius Mosen. The last is certainly a Jew and in his *Ahasver*, he makes the Wandering Jew defy Christianity on all accounts. Gutzkow, who is amongst the most reasonable of all,

<sup>a</sup> Rahel Varnhagen von Ense.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Bettina von Arnim.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Laube's collections of short stories entitled *Reisenovellen* and *Neue Reisenovellen*.—*Ed.*

reproaches him because, he says, Ahasuerus is a mean character, a real haggling Jew<sup>192</sup>; Theodor Creizenach, likewise a *juif*, has now laid hold of Gutzkow in the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*<sup>193</sup> in the most violent way, but Gutzkow stands too high above him. This Creizenach, a run-of-the-mill hack writer, praises Ahasuerus to high heavens as a crushed worm and abuses Christ as a self-willed, proud God Almighty; he also says that in the *Volksbuch*, it is true, Ahasuerus is nothing but a vulgar fellow, but that in the blotting-paper books of the fair pedlars Faust also is not much more than a common sorcerer, whereas Goethe has endowed him with the psychology of several "centuries". This last is clear to be nonsense (if I'm not mistaken, that is quite a Latin construction), but I am concerned with it only because of the *Volksbücher*. Of course, if Theodor Creizenach damns them they must be very, very bad indeed, nevertheless I make bold to say that there is more depth and poetry in the *Volksbuch* Ahasuerus than in the whole of Th. Creizenach plus all his worthy companions.

I am now at work on a number of epigrams and I'm sending you those I have finished.

## The periodicals

### 1. *Telegraph*<sup>a</sup>

You call yourself a quick writer, so who can doubt quick-written stuff is what your pages are filled with?

### 2. *Morgenblatt*<sup>b</sup>

If you read me through in the morning, by evening you'll have forgotten whether it was blank or printed pages you saw.

### 3. *Abend-Zeitung*

If you cannot sleep at night, just take in your hand this paper and lovely slumber will come to you soon.

### 4. *Literatur-Blatt*

These leaves are the most critical in the whole literary forest. But how dry they are. The wind blows them down.

<sup>a</sup> *Telegraph für Deutschland*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> *Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser*.—Ed.

I can't think of any more at the moment and so must stop now. As I have just noticed, I really must hurry up if I am to get the letters off tomorrow, malefactor that I am. We shall be having company any moment now, and tomorrow there will be an awful lot of running about and copying, so that it will not be out of place to write very fast.

I am now reading *Kaiser und Papst* by Duller, a novel in four volumes. Duller has an undeserved reputation. His Wittelsbach romances, many of which are included in Hüllstett's book, are terribly bad.<sup>194</sup> He wanted to imitate a popular style but became familiar. His *Loyola* is an abominable mix-up of all the good and bad elements of a historical novel warmed up in the sauce of a bad style. His *Leben Grabbes* is horribly distorted and one-sided.<sup>195</sup> The novel I am reading is better; some of the characters are well described, others at least not too badly, isolated situations are pretty well handled, and the people he has invented are interesting. But to judge by the first volume, he is quite lacking in any sense of proportion in the importance given to the secondary characters, and in any new, original views on history. It is nothing to him to kill off his best-drawn character at the end of the first volume, and besides he has a great preference for peculiar kinds of death. Thus, one of the characters dies of rage at the very moment when he is about to plunge his dagger into his enemy's breast, and this same enemy is standing on the edge of the crater of Etna, where he wants to poison himself, when a crevasse opens in the mountain and he is buried in a stream of lava. The volume ends after a description of the following scene: The waves of the ocean close over the sun's head, parting and all.<sup>a</sup> A very piquant, but thoroughly trite and silly ending. That must also be the end of my letter.

Addio, adieu, adiós, adeus.<sup>b</sup>

Yours,  
Friedrich Engels

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<sup>a</sup> E. Duller, *Kaiser und Papst*, Erster Theil, S. 284.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Good-bye (in Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese).—Ed.



## 10

## TO FRIEDRICH GRAEBER

[Bremen, February 19, 1839]

*Et Tu, Brute? Friderice Graeber, hoc est res quam nunquam de te crediderim! Tu jocas ad cartas? passionalliter? O Tempores o moria! Res dignissima memoria! Unde est tua gloria?*<sup>a</sup> Where is your honour and your Christianity? *Est itum ad Diabolum! Quis est, qui te seduxit? Nonne verbum meum fruxit* (has borne fruit)? *O fili mi, verte,*<sup>b</sup> otherwise I'll beat you with rod and switch, *cartas abandona, fac multa bona, et vitam agas integram, partem recuperabis optimam! Vides amorem meum, ut spiritum faulenzendeum egi ad linguam latinam et dic obstupatus: quinam fecit Angelum ita tollum, nonsensitatis vollum, plenum et, plus ancora much: hoc fecit*<sup>c</sup> excessive card-playing. Recollect yourself, you evil-doer, think what is the purpose of your existence! Robber, think of how you are sinning against everything sacred and profane! Cards! They are cut from the skin of the devil. O you terrible people. I think of you only with tears or gnashing of teeth. Ha, I am filled with inspiration. On the nineteenth day of the second month of 1839, on the day when midday is at twelve o'clock, a storm seized me and carried me afar and there I saw them playing cards, and then it was time to eat. To be continued.

And behold, there arose from the Orient a dreadful thunderstorm, so that the windows rattled and the hailstones came beating down, but still they went on playing. Thereat a quarrel arose and the King of the Orient marched into battle against the Prince of the Occident and midnight echoed with the cries of the combatants. And the Prince of the Sea rose up against the lands in the Orient and a battle took place in front of his town, the like of which was never before seen by men. But they went on playing. And seven spirits came down from heaven. The first wore a long coat and his beard came down to his chest. He was called Faust. And the second spirit had a venerable fringe of grey hair round his bald head and he called out "Woe, woe, woe!" He was called

<sup>a</sup> And you, too, Brutus? Friedrich Graeber, this is a thing I should never have believed of you. You play cards? passionately? O times, O customs! Thing most worthy of being remembered. Where is your honour?—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Gone to the devil! Who is it that has led you astray? Have my words borne no fruit? O my son, turn back.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Leave the cards, do much good, and if you live a pure life you will win back the best part. You see my love in that I have driven the spirit of idleness to Latin, and say in stupefaction: who then has made the angel so mad, so full of folly and other things? This has been done by....—*Ed.*

Lear. And the third spirit was of great stature and enormous to behold and his name was Wallenstein. And the fourth spirit was like the children of Anak<sup>a</sup> and he carried a cudgel like to the cedars of Lebanon. He was called Hercules. And the fifth was made of iron through and through and his name was written on his brow—Siegfried—and by his side strode a mighty warrior whose sword gleamed like lightning. He was the sixth and his name was Roland. And the seventh spirit carried a turban on the point of his sword and swung a banner over his head on which was written—*Mio Cid*. And the seven spirits knocked on the door of the players, but they paid no heed. And behold, there arose from midnight a great brightness which spread over the whole earth like an eagle, and when it was gone I saw the players no more. But written in black letters on the door was וְיָרֵץ<sup>b</sup> And I was struck dumb.

If my letter to Wilhelm<sup>196</sup> was not sufficient proof of my madness, I hope that it will not occur to any of you now to doubt it. If this is not the case, I am willing to give you even more convincing proof.



Future of the five card-players

I have just seen in the *Telegraph* a review of the poems of Winkler, the Barmen missionary.<sup>197</sup> They are trounced terribly and a mass of extracts are given which have a distinct missionary flavour. If the paper comes to Barmen, that will be the end of Gutzkow's reputation there, which is already low. These extracts are really infinitely revolting—Pol is an angel by comparison. Lord Jesus, heal the issue of blood of my sins (an allusion to the

<sup>a</sup> *Sons of Anak*—aboriginal giants reported in the Old Testament to have inhabited Southern Palestine.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Berlin!—*Ed.*

well-known story in the Gospel<sup>a</sup>) and a lot more like this. I am despairing more and more about Barmen. It is finished as far as literary matters are concerned. What is printed there is, at best, piffle, with the exception of the sermons. Religious things are usually nonsense. Truly, it is not without justification that Barmen and Elberfeld are cried down as obscurantist and mystic. Bremen has the same reputation and resembles them in many ways. Philistinism linked with religious zealotry, with, moreover, in Bremen's case, a vile constitution, hinders any uplifting of the spirit, and one of the most outstanding hindrances is F. W. Krummacker.—Blank is complaining so terribly about the Elberfeld preachers, especially Kohl and Hermann, that I should like to know whether he is right. He attacks them for their dryness more than anything else, with the sole exception of Krummacker.—What the missionary writes about love is extremely comical. Look, I shall give you something like it.

#### The Pietist Declares His Love

Respected maiden, after struggling hard and long  
 Against all worldly joys, because their lure was strong,  
 I come to Thee to ask if Thou wouldst not wish me  
 In honour bound Thy lawful wedded Spouse to be.  
 Although I love Thee not—that were too much to ask—  
 I love in Thee the Lord, who—

No—it won't do. You can't go making satires on things like this without dragging in the most sacred things behind which these people hide themselves. I should like to see a marriage in which the man does not love his wife but Christ in his wife; and is it not an obvious question there whether he also sleeps with Christ in his wife? Where can you find nonsense like this in the Bible? In the Song of Songs it says—"How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!"<sup>b</sup> But, to be sure, any defence whatever of sensuousness is attacked nowadays in spite of David, Solomon and God knows whom. I can get terribly annoyed over this kind of thing. In addition, these fellows pride themselves on having the true teaching and they damn anybody who does not so much doubt what is in the Bible, as interpret it in a different way from them. It is a pretty business. If anyone should dare to say that this or that verse is an interpolation, then they'll soon go for you. Gustav Schwab is the finest chap in the world, and even orthodox,

<sup>a</sup> Luke 8:43.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> The Song of Solomon 7:6.—*Ed.*

but the mystics do not think anything of him because he is not always playing them religious songs in the style of: You say I am a Christian, and in one of his poems hints at a possible understanding between rationalists and mystics.<sup>a</sup> As far as religious poetry is concerned, it is at an end for the time being until someone comes along who can give it a new impetus. With both Catholics and Protestants everything goes on in the same old humdrum way. The Catholics compose hymns about the Virgin Mary, the Protestants sing the old songs with the most prosaic words in the world. These horrible abstractions—sanctification, conversion, justification and lord knows what *loci communes*<sup>b</sup> and hackneyed flourishes. Out of anger at present-day religious poetry, out of very piety, that is, one might well go over to the devil. Is our time so shabby that it is impossible for anyone to set religious poetry on to new paths? Incidentally, I think that the most contemporary kind is that which I have used in my *Sturm* and *Florida*,<sup>c</sup> concerning which I ask you for the most detailed review on pain of not-receiving-any-more-poems. It is inexcusable of Wurm to hold on to the letters.

Yours,

*Friedrich Engels*

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# 11

## TO HERMANN ENGELS

### IN BARMEN

Bremen, March 11,<sup>d</sup> 1839

Dear Hermann,

I request Your Honour not to plague me in future with beginnings of letters such as you learned from Herr Riepe and only permit myself for the moment to remark that it is winter with

<sup>a</sup> In the original letter follow the words: Von Tieck.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Platitudes.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> See this volume, pp. 407-09.—*Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> The original is mistakenly dated February 11.—*Ed.*

us every morning and summer every midday. For in the morning the temperature is minus five degrees, while it is plus ten degrees at midday. I continue to practise my singing and composing regularly. Here is a sample of the latter:



You can sing *The Blind Man* to that melody or you can leave it. March 12.<sup>a</sup> I'm very glad that you will soon be getting your dog. What is the breed of the mother and what does the animal look

*Der Bremer Stadtbote.*



Walking in front of the *Bremer Stadtbote* is a man who looks like this

like? His Antiquity, Herr Leupold, is now arriving at the office and I will have to strike a more serious tone, as the great Shakespeare says. A new newspaper has just come out called the *Bremer Stadtbote*,<sup>b</sup> edited by Albertus Meyer, who is a very great blockhead. He used to lecture on the happiness of peoples, child education, and other topics, and when he wanted to get his lectures printed the worthy authorities would not agree, saying it would be far too nonsensical. He has the nature of a china merchant and has been in conflict with the *Unterhaltungsblatt*<sup>c</sup>

ever since his first issue. The way they go for each other would make you die laughing. Continuation in letter to Marie.

Your loving brother

*Friedrich Engels*

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<sup>a</sup> The original is mistakenly dated February 12.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> The *Bremen Courier*.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> *Bremisches Unterhaltungsblatt*.—Ed.

## 12

## TO MARIE ENGELS

## IN BARMEN

Bremen, March 12, 1839

Dear Marie,

(Continuation of my letter to Hermann.) The *Stadtbote* is full of absolute nonsense and I am writing poems about it at the office which ridicule it by always praising it to the skies, just incoherent twaddle, and I send it to the paper signed Th. Hildebrandt and they print it in all innocence. I have got one in my desk at this very moment which I am going to send in. It runs like this:

Book Wisdom<sup>a</sup>

He is not wise who from his reading draws  
Nothing but floods of useless erudition.  
For all his learning, life's mysterious laws  
Are a closed book beyond his comprehension.  
He who acquires a thorough textbook grounding  
In Botany, won't hear the grass that grows.  
Nor will he ever teach true understanding  
Who tells you all the dogma that he knows.  
Oh, no! the germ lies hid in man's own heart.  
Who seeks the art of life must look within.  
Burning the midnight oil will not impart  
The secret of emotion's discipline.  
The man is lost who hears his own heart's voice  
And spurns it, wilfully misapprehending.  
Of all your words so noble and so wise  
The most profound is human understanding.

So it goes, on and on, all mockery. Usually, when I am not quite sure what to send, I get hold of the *Bote* and scrape something together from that. The other day I sat Karl Leupold at my desk

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<sup>a</sup> See this volume, p. 6.—*Ed.*

and dictated to him a rude letter to the *Bote*,<sup>198</sup> which they received and printed with the most fantastically stupid comments. But I must go out now. So I remain

Your loving brother

*Friedrich*

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13

TO FRIEDRICH GRAEBER

[Bremen] April 8 (*nisi erro*<sup>a</sup>), 1839

My dearest Fritz,

This letter—yes, you think you are going to be greatly amused by it, but no, not so much. You, who not only by making me wait so long, but by desecrating the holiest mysteries which ever remained hidden from the human genius, have clouded my visions, angered and enraged me, must suffer a special punishment. You shall be bored, and how? With an essay. And about what? About that much-talked-about sheep—contemporary literature.

What did we have before 1830? theodor Hell and his associates, Willibald Alexis, an aged Goethe and an aged Tieck, *c'est tout*. Then, like a thunderclap, came the July revolution, the most splendid expression of the people's will since the war of liberation. Goethe dies, Tieck goes to seed more and more, Hell goes to sleep, Wolfgang Menzel goes on writing stodgy criticism, but a new spirit arises in literature—with Grün and Lenau above all among the poets. Rückert acquires a new verve, Immermann acquires importance, Platen the same, but that is not enough. Heine and Börne were already fully formed characters before the July revolution, but only now are they acquiring importance and upon them is arising a new generation, which turns to its account the lives and literatures of all peoples, Gutzkow leading. In 1830, Gutzkow was still a student and worked first of all for Menzel on the *Literatur-Blatt*, but not for long; they did not agree in their views. Menzel turned churlish; Gutzkow wrote the notorious *Wally* (*die Zweiflerin*), and Menzel made a terrible uproar about it, accusing Gutzkow of himself holding the views expressed by Wally

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<sup>a</sup> If I am not mistaken—*Ed.*

in the novel, and actually succeeded in getting the harmless book banned.<sup>199</sup> Gutzkow was joined by the admittedly unimportant Mundt, who in order to make money started all kinds of undertakings, publishing other people's articles *cum suis*.<sup>a</sup> Beurmann, a shrewd chap and fine observer, soon joined them, and then Ludolf Wienbarg and F. Gustav Kühne, and for these five writers (*nisi erro, anno 1835*) Wienbarg invented the name *Junges Deutschland*.<sup>200</sup> Opposing them was Menzel, who would have done better to stay at home, since it was for that very reason that Gutzkow demolished him, and then the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung*, which sees idolatry in every allegory and original sin in every expression of sensuousness (perhaps Hengstenberg was so named on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*,<sup>b</sup> i.e., perhaps he is gelded, castrated, a eunuch?<sup>c</sup>). These noble people accused Young Germany of wanting the emancipation of women and the restoration of the flesh and wanting as a side-line to overthrow a couple of kingdoms and become Pope and Emperor in one person. Of all these charges, only the one concerning the emancipation of women (in the Goethean sense) had any grounds, and it could only be brought against Gutzkow, who later disavowed the idea (as high-spirited, youthful over-haste). Through their standing by one another, their aims became more and more sharply defined; it was the "ideas of the time" which came to consciousness in them. These ideas of the century (so Kühne and Mundt said) are not anything demagogic or anti-Christian as they are made out to be, but are based on the natural right of every man and extend to everything in the present conditions which conflicts with it. Thus these ideas include: above all, participation by the people in the administration of the state, that is, constitutional matters; further, emancipation of the Jews, abolition of all religious compulsion, of all hereditary aristocracy, etc. Who can have anything against that? The *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* and Menzel have it on their consciences that they have so cried down the honour of Young Germany. As early as 1836-37, among these writers, who were bound together by unity of purpose, but not by any special association, the idea was clear and definite; by the high quality of their writing they won for themselves the recognition of the other, mostly wretched, writers and attracted all the young talents to

<sup>a</sup> Along with his own.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Grove from not being light; ancient Roman etymologists derived words often by contrast and not by resemblance.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> A play on the name Hengstenberg, *Hengst* meaning "stallion".—*Ed.*



themselves. Their poets are Anastasius Grün and Karl Beck; their critics are, first and foremost, Gutzkow, Kühne, Laube and, among the younger ones, Ludwig Wihl, Levin Schücking and others; they also try their hand at the novel, drama, etc. Recently, however, differences have arisen between Gutzkow and Mundt along with Kühne and Laube. Both have supporters—Gutzkow the younger people like Wihl, Schücking and others, Mundt only a few of the younger ones. Beurmann is keeping fairly neutral, so is the young, very talented Dingelstedt, but they incline very much towards Gutzkow. As a result of the quarrel Mundt has lost all his credit, and that of Kühne has fallen considerably because he is so contemptible that he denigrates everything Gutzkow writes. Gutzkow, on the other hand, behaves very nobly and dwells only on the great love between Mundt and Kühne, who engage in mutual praise. Gutzkow's latest article in the *Jahrbuch der Literatur* shows that he is a quite extraordinarily honourable fellow.<sup>201</sup>

We have very few active writers apart from Young Germany. The Swabian school<sup>202</sup> has been passive ever since 1820. The Austrians Zedlitz and Grillparzer are of little interest because they write in such a strange fashion (Zedlitz Spanish style, Grillparzer antique); among the lyric poets Lenau inclines towards Young Germany despite his ecclesiastical material, Frankl is an agreeable Uhland in miniature, K. E. Ebert is quite Bohemianised. The Saxons—Hell, Heller, Herloßsohn, Morvell, Wachsmann, Tromlitz—oh my God, they lack wit; the Marteau lot<sup>203</sup> and the Berliners (to whom you do not belong) are vile, the Rhinelanders—Lewald is by far the best writer of entertainment literature; his *Europa* is readable, but the reviews in it are terrible—Hub, Schnezler and Co. are not worth much, Freiligrath will yet turn to Young Germany one day, you'll see, Duller too, if he does not go to the dogs before then, and Rückert stands there like an old father and stretches out his hands in benediction over everyone.

April 9. So there is the moving essay. What shall I, poor devil, do now? Go on swotting on my own? Don't feel like it. Turn loyal? The devil if I will! Stick to Saxon mediocrity—*ugittugitt* (oh God, oh God—local expression of disgust). So I must become a Young German, or rather, I am one already, body and soul, I cannot sleep at night, all because of the ideas of the century. When I am at the post-office and look at the Prussian coat of arms, I am seized with the spirit of freedom. Every time I look at a newspaper I hunt for advances or freedom. They get into my poems and mock at the obscurantists in monk's cowls and in ermine. But with their fine phrases—world-weariness, world-historic, the anguish of

the Jews, etc.—I will have no truck, for they are already outdated. And I'm telling you, Fritz, when you become a pastor you can be as orthodox as you like, but if ever you become a pietist who rails against Young Germany and regards the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* as his oracle, then, truly, I'm telling you you'll have me to deal with. You must become a pastor in Gemark<sup>a</sup> and drive out the damned, consumptive, sit-by-the-fire pietism which Krummacher has brought to such a bloom. Of course they will call you a heretic, but let one of them come and prove by the Bible or by reason that you are wrong. Meanwhile, Blank is a wicked rationalist and throws the whole of Christianity overboard, what will it lead to? Well, I have never been a pietist. I have been a mystic for a while, but those are *tempi passati*. I am now an honest, and in comparison with others very liberal, super-naturalist. How long I shall remain such I don't know, but I hope to remain one, even though inclining now more, now less towards rationalism. All this will have to be settled. *Adios, Friderice*, write more quickly and write a lot. *Tuus*.<sup>b</sup>

*Do hêst de mî dubbelt*.<sup>c</sup>

*Friedrich Engels Friedrich Engels*

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14

TO MARIE ENGELS

IN BARMEN

Bremen, April 10, 1839

Dear Marie,

Pardon me for not writing to you for so long. Now I'll tell you something nice. On Good Friday, the local Burgomaster, His Magnificence Dr. Groening, died and the election of a new one took place a week ago. The Right Honourable Senator Dr. J. D. Noltenius got the appointment and last Friday there was a big procession for his installation. First came the eight gentlemen

<sup>a</sup> A district in Barmen.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Yours.— *Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> There you have me doubled.— *Ed.*

servants, two of whom are at the service of every Burgomaster, each wearing short porcelain-white breeches, fine hose and bright red frock-coats, swords at their sides, and tricorns on their heads. Following them came the Burgomasters with His Magnificence Dr. Smidt, the shrewdest of them all and as good as King of Bremen, well to the fore; then Herr Dr. Duntze, who was muffled up to his chin in fur and who always takes a thermometer with him to the meetings of the Senate. Then the senators, preachers and citizens, some 600-800 people, perhaps more, who all went into a house or several houses where they ate,<sup>a</sup> that is, they were all given macaroons, cigars and wine, ate as much as they could hold and crammed their pockets full. Youngsters gathered before the doors and made a din, and when anyone came out they all shouted after him, "*hêt îst, hêt îst!*"<sup>b</sup> They also did this to Alderman Hase, who turned round majestically and said: "I am Herr Alderman Hase." Then they shouted: "*Ollermann Håse hêt îst, Ollermann Håse hêt îst!*" And you can imagine how this strut of the Bremen state set the struts of his own body in motion in order to save himself. Last Saturday a new senator was elected in Dr. Noltenius' place; Dr. Mohr received the honour and his tuck-in took place on Monday. It is the custom on these occasions that one of the new senator's relatives has to drink the pig [*das Schwein trinken*], i. e., he has to drink himself under the table, which difficult task was carried out by Herr H. A. Heineken, a broker, to the satisfaction of all. For a great poet says:

To enjoy the weariness of life with melancholy  
Is virtue and conception.<sup>c</sup>

*Marie*: "But Friedrich, how can you write such stupid stuff? There's neither rhyme nor reason in it." *Friedrich*: "I can't help it."<sup>d</sup> I have to fill the page somehow—aha, I've just remembered something. Last Sunday I went out riding with Neviandt and Roth, and Neviandt brought along a little Englishman, the size of Anna.<sup>e</sup> We were hardly outside the town before the Englishman got hold of a whip and walloped the horse, so that it lashed out

<sup>a</sup> *Wo geist (nicht Geist) wurde*. A play on the words *Geist*, which means "spirit", and *geist*, a dialectal word meaning "eaten".—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Has eaten, has eaten!—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Paraphrased lines from Hans Adolf von Thümmel, Hofmarschall of the Hessen Electorate.—*Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> Written in English in the original.—*Ed.*

<sup>e</sup> Anna Engels.—*Ed.*

with forelegs and hindlegs. He remains sitting on it calmly, the animal jumps about in all directions, but he isn't thrown. Then he dismounts to pick up his whip, which he had dropped, and, oh, magnificent stupidity, leaves the horse all by itself, and the horse wastes no time to think before doing a bunk. He runs after it, Neviandt dismounts and goes after him, but returns unsuccessful, John and the horse are gone. We ride to Horn, have a drop, and have scarcely started back before Mr. John comes galloping up *pleine carrière*.<sup>a</sup> The horse had been stopped on the way, he had mounted, ridden it back to the stable and got himself a new whip. So we turn round. Neviandt and I have rather wild horses and as we begin to trot a little Mr. John shoots past me at a mad gallop. My horse gets a fancy and goes off in high style. I twigged what it was up to, calmly let it run and tried to slow it down now and again, but when I'd just got it out of its mad rush, John shot past me and it was worse than ever. Waving his hat he kept shouting: "My horse runs better than yours, hurrah!"<sup>b</sup> Finally his horse pulled up in front of a cart and behold, my Norma also stopped. If only the silly horses knew that their riders enjoy it when they rush off like that. I wasn't in the least afraid and managed quite well. Adieu.

Yours,

Friedrich

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15

TO FRIEDRICH GRAEBER

IN BERLIN

[Bremen, about April 23-May 1, 1839]

Fritz Graeber, I am very busy at present with philosophy and critical theology. When you get to be eighteen years of age and become acquainted with Strauss, the rationalists and the *Kirchen-*

<sup>a</sup> At full speed.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Written in English in the original.—Ed.

*Zeitung*<sup>a</sup> then you must either read everything without thinking or begin to doubt your Wuppertal faith. I cannot understand how the orthodox preachers can be so orthodox since there are some quite obvious contradictions in the Bible. How can you square the two genealogies of Joseph, Mary's husband, the different accounts of the institution of the Eucharist ("this is my blood"; this is "the new testament in my blood"<sup>b</sup>), of the men possessed by the devil (one says simply that the devil left him, the other that he entered into the swine), the statement that the mother of Jesus went out to look for her son, whom she believed to be mad, although she had conceived him miraculously, etc., with the authenticity, the literal authenticity of the Evangelists? And the discrepancy in the "Our Father", in the sequence of the miracles, John's peculiarly deep interpretation, through which, however, the form of the narrative is obviously obscured—what about that? *Christi ipsissima verba*<sup>c</sup> of which the orthodox boast come out differently in every gospel. Not to speak of the Old Testament. But nobody tells you this in dear old Barmen; there one is taught according to quite different principles. And on what does the old orthodoxy base itself? On nothing but—the old routine. Where does the Bible demand literal belief in its teachings, in its accounts? Where does a *single* apostle declare that everything he says is directly inspired? This is not surrendering reason in obedience to Christ, as the orthodox people affirm; no, it is a killing of the divine in man to replace it with the dead letter. I am therefore just as good a super-naturalist as I was before, but I have cast off orthodoxy. Thus I cannot now or ever believe that a rationalist who seeks with all his heart to do as much good as possible, should be eternally damned. That is at odds with the Bible itself, for it is written that no one is damned on account of original sin but only because of his own sins. But if a person resists original sin with all his might and does what he can, then his actual sins are only a necessary consequence of original sin and therefore they cannot damn him.

April 24. Ha, ha, ha! Do you know who wrote the article in the *Telegraph*? The author is the writer of these lines,<sup>d</sup> but I advise you not to say anything about it, I could get into a hell of a lot of trouble. I know about Kohl, Ball and Hermann almost exclusively from reviews by W. Blank and Strücker, which I copied almost

<sup>a</sup> *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Mark 14:24; Luke 22:20.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> Christ's very own words.—Ed.

<sup>d</sup> See this volume, pp. 7-25.—Ed.

word for word. But that Kohl talks nonsense<sup>a</sup> and Hermann is a feeble pietist, I know from my own ears. D. is *Dürholt*, office boy at Wittenstein's in Unterbarmen. For the rest I am pleased with myself for not having said anything in the article that I cannot prove. There is only one thing which annoys me: I haven't presented *Stier* in as important a light as I ought to have done. He is not to be disregarded as a theologian. Aren't you astonished at my knowledge of the characters, especially of Krummacher and Döring (what I said about his sermon I heard from P. Jonghaus), and of literature? The remarks about Freiligrath must have been really good, otherwise Gutzkow would have cut them out. But the style is atrocious.—By the way, the article seems to have caused a sensation. I put all five of you under obligation on your word of honour not to tell anyone that I am the author. Understood? As far as abuse is concerned, I heaped most of it on you and Wilhelm because I had the letters to you right in front of me when the urge to abuse somebody overcame me. F. Plümacher especially must *not* get to know that I wrote the article. What a lad that Ball is though! He is to preach on Good Friday, does not feel like studying and so learns by heart a sermon he finds in the *Menschenfreund* and gives that. Krummacher is in church, the sermon seems familiar to him, and it finally occurs to him that he had preached that sermon himself on Good Friday 1832. Other people, who have read the sermon, also recognise it. Ball is called upon to account for it and must confess. *Signum est, Ballum non tantum abhorrere a Krummachero, ut Tu quidem dixisti.*<sup>b</sup> I am very much obliged to you for the detailed review of *Faust*. The treatment of this piece certainly bears the stamp of that wretch Raupach.<sup>204</sup> This low cur pokes his nose into everything and ruins not only Schiller by using his images and ideas over and over again in his tragedies, but also Goethe by maltreating him. I doubt very much if my poems will have a big sale; more likely they'll have a stinking one, since they are going for waste paper and bumf. I could not read what you wrote in red ink, so shall send you neither 5 silver groschen nor cigars. This time you will get either the canzone or part of the comedy which I have begun but not finished. Now I must go to my singing lesson. Adieu.

---

<sup>a</sup> In the German there is a pun on the name Kohl and the verb *kohlen*—to talk nonsense.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> This is an indication that Ball has not such an aversion for Krummacher as you indeed said.—*Ed.*

April 27

FRAGMENTS OF A TRAGICOMEDY  
*HORNED SIEGFRIED*

## I

The Palace of King Sieghard

Council Meeting

*Sieghard*

So you are gathered here again,  
Strong members of our wide domain,  
Around our lofty royal throne,  
And all are present, save our son.  
He's in the woods on the rampage;  
It's time he learned to be his age.  
He comes not to this cabinet  
Where morning, noon and night we sweat.  
Instead of hearing wise men's words,  
He goes and listens to the birds;  
Instead of studying state affairs,  
He's after wrestling bouts with bears.  
The only thing he wants us for  
Is to demand we start a war.  
We would have yielded to his plea  
Had God, in His sagacity,  
Not given us to realise  
Such rashness would be most unwise.  
Why let the country go to pot  
By humouring the silly clot?

*Councillor*

All that Your Majesty has said  
Hits it, as usual, on the head.  
But grant your simple servant leave  
To speak and say what I believe.  
The ways of men are manifold;  
The boy is but eighteen years old.  
He has the urge to hunt and fight;  
Wisdom will come with time all right.

Young courage ever seeks to roam,  
But Wisdom quietly stays at home.  
Young courage all too soon is tamed,  
Its pride and strength are quickly lamed.  
Then it returns to Wisdom's door  
And there finds happiness once more.  
So let him, with your royal compliance,  
Go fight with dragons and with giants.  
The years will catch him up and get  
The better of him anyway;  
And so will life: they'll teach him yet.  
He will heed Wisdom's words one day.

*Siegfried (entering)*

And must I bid farewell,  
O Forest, to your trees?  
No king's fare can excel  
Your sylvan luxuries.  
Where but in wooded valleys  
Can wild game run so free?  
This very golden palace  
Envies your greenery.  
You'd scold me, Sire, as I can see  
For roaming far afield once more.  
Must I endure such misery  
Each time I chase the fleeting boar?  
Since sports and hunting both are banned,  
Give me a charger and a sword  
That I may fare to some far land,  
As I so often have implored.

*Sieghard*

Do you persist in this obsession?  
When will you ever show some sense?  
Clearly, you'll never learn discretion  
Until you curb your insolence.  
But since 'tis best to be compliant  
And let you have your will, it seems—  
Go: let the cudgel of some giant  
Awake you from your foolish dreams.  
Take sword and steed, and get you hence.  
Don't come back till you've learnt some sense.



*Siegfried*

What do I hear? A sword and steed!  
Why ask for helm and coat of mail?  
Why ask for pages? All I need  
Is bold intent that cannot fail.  
Swift through the forest's wild ravine  
The boisterous mountain torrent roars;  
And, laying low the helpless pine,  
He cuts himself his lonely course.  
Like to that mountain stream I'll be,  
Taking my course alone and free.

*Councillor*

Sire, be not heavy in your heart  
That our young hero must depart.  
The torrent comes to level ground,  
And trees no longer crash all round.  
Across the plain it finds its way  
To fecundate the thirsty land.  
The torrent's fury turns to play  
And ends by sinking in the sand.

*Siegfried*

Must I needs tarry longer  
These castle walls about?  
A trusty blade hangs yonder,  
A charger neighs without.  
Come, you stone pillar, yield  
That shining blade so true.  
I hasten far afield.  
Father, farewell to you!

(Exit.)

## II

## A Forge in the Forest

Enter Siegfried. Enter the Master Smith

*Master Smith*

This is the mighty forge that makes  
That lovely thing, the Long Short Story.  
With poems, it fills the Almanacks  
In all its celebrated glory.

And here we hammer magazines  
Where verse and criticism unite.  
The fire-glow of our smithy shines  
Unceasing, morning, noon and night.  
But first, take food, and wine, and rest.  
Apprentice, pray escort our guest.

*(Exit Siegfried with Apprentice.)*

*Master Smith*

Now, Journeymen, I'm right behind you.  
To work, and raise a goodly din!  
Strike on the anvil true, and mind you  
Beat those novellas long and thin!  
Heat up those lyrics in the forge;  
On living fire let them gorge,  
Then turn them out in one big mess—  
The public's maw is bottomless.  
And if there isn't iron enough,  
A tip from one who knows his stuff;  
Three heroes of Scott's, three women of Goethe's,  
A knight from Fouqué with his steely-hard strength,  
Are more than sufficient for twelve story writers  
To spin out novellas of suitable length.  
For lyrics, Uhland's verse affords  
A treasure-store of flowery words.  
So hammer with a right good zest:  
Who turns the most out is the best!

*Siegfried (returning)*

Master, my thanks! The wine was good.  
I quaffed twelve measures from the wood.

*Master*

(Damned scoundrell!) Kind of you to say  
How much you liked my good Rhine wine.  
Please be so kind to step this way  
And meet this gallant team of mine.  
Now here we have the very best;  
He churns out tales, at my behest,  
Both lewd and moral; his praises sang  
None other than the great Wolfgang  
Menzel, who in Stuttgart sits;  
His name, it is Herr von Tromlitz.

And here is one almost as good;  
 He also is of noble blood:  
 The "C" of Wachsmann—a big one, mind—  
 His equal would be hard to find.  
 There's not a single almanack  
 In which he hasn't left his tracks.  
 Composing tales at breathless pace  
 He flings them in the public's face.  
 A man of sweated toil is he,  
 He hasn't done a thing for verse,  
 But thanks to him, as most agree,  
 The public's taste was never worse.  
 Taste I regard with trepidation,  
 For taste could mean our ruination.  
 Third, Robert Heller: famous due to  
 A shine as on 1 plate of pewter.  
 The public think it's silver plate;  
 We don't mind if they learn too late.  
 He sets himself a slower pace  
 And strives for characterisation.  
 He's dealt a right smack in the face  
 To mystics—his abomination.  
 You know, the 4 Evangelists  
 Were only silly pietists.  
 He's brought them down a peg or two,  
 And stripped a halo off or two,  
 And made them tea-time fare for us.  
 Just read *The Sisters of Lazarus*.  
 He also writes with grace and charm,  
 His prickly *Roses*<sup>a</sup> will confirm.  
 Now here is one whose chief attainment  
 Is in scholastic entertainment.  
 Friedrich Nork, hair-splitter, poet,  
 The greatest—thinks the world should know it.  
 He tells his lies in lovely songs  
 And proves, from Oriental tongues,  
 That you're an Ass, Elijah the sun,  
 And East was where all speech began.  
 But don't look for anything sensibly logical,  
 Thoroughly reasoned or etymological.  
 Next is honest Herloßsohn,

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to the journal *Rosen. Eine Zeitschrift für die gebildete Welt.*—Ed.

Truly deserving of a throne:  
 A novelist and lyric-writer,  
 Piffle's panegyric-writer.  
 His *Comet Star*<sup>a</sup> is something rare,  
 And read by nitwits everywhere.  
 Next, under Winkler's guiding hand,  
 The *Abend-Zeitung's* noble band.  
 Von Grosscreutz, Faber, and Thuringus—  
 What magic thrills those names can bring us!  
 But what more need have I to praise?  
 The public, with its curious ways,  
 Has long since raised them heaven-high  
 To join the stars up in the sky.  
 There are some others, absentees;  
 They're gathering deadwood from the trees.  
 No need to name the apprentice swarm:  
 They're all still rather weak of arm.  
 I hope they will, in time, make good,  
 Given one drop of novelist's blood.

*Siegfried*

Good Master Smith, who may you be?

*Master*

Saxon literature's spirit you see  
 Incarnate in my nothingness.  
 If you would know what I can do,  
 Observe this arm's sinewiness  
 And how I hammer hard and true.  
 You look a likely lad, no shirker.  
 Why don't you join us for a spell?

*Siegfried*

Done, Master! It would suit me well  
 To join you as a common worker.

*Master*

You can be one of Theodor Hell's.  
 Go, try your hand at 2 nouvelles.

*Siegfried*

Ha! With bare fists I brought  
 The oak-trees to the ground;

---

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to the newspaper *Der Komet. Ein Unterhaltungsblatt für die gebildete Lesewelt.*—Ed.

Before my fierce onslaught,  
 The savage bear went down;  
 Wrestling the bull in rut,  
 I brought him to his knees;  
 Why, then, should I not  
 Swing at this art with ease?  
 No learner's tasks for me—  
 No, not at any price!  
 Apprentice I won't be.  
 Here is my masterpiece.  
 Hand me those bars, there. Neatly  
 I've snapped them, every one.  
 They're pulverised completely,  
 My blacksmith's work is done!

*Theodor Hell*

Here, steady! What's the big idea?  
 I'll hit you like that iron, d'you hear!

*Siegfried*

Why make that babbling sound?  
 Why take it all so ill?  
 Stop rolling on the ground.  
 Stand up, man, if you will!

*Theodor Hell*

Oh, help, oh, help!

*Master*

Young journeyman,  
 You strike your fellow hands, I see.  
 Quick march! Get moving—understand?  
 Unless you want your hide well tanned.

*Siegfried*

You're clearly just the man for me!

(Throws him down.)

*Master*

Ah, woe, woe! etc.

(Siegfried is sent into the forest, slays the dragon and, on returning, the Master; scatters the journeyman in all directions, and goes away.)

III

In the Forest

*Siegfried*

O'er yonder, where that coppice grows,  
I hear two men exchanging blows.  
They're drawing near—such foolish pother;  
They'll never silence one another!  
I thought them giants in all their strength  
With lances of a pine-tree's length,  
Not two Professors, all skin and bones,  
Pelting each other with learned tomes.

*(Enter Leo and Michelet.)*

*Leo*

Stand up and fight, Hegelian whelp!

*Michelet*

Not with you, Bigot—you're past all help!

*Leo*

Here, take the Bible—smack on the head!

*Michelet*

Take Hegel, miserable drip, instead!

*Leo*

Blasphemer, I throw your Hegel back!

*Michelet*

This Bible will give you a pain in the neck!

*Leo*

What more do you want, you old corpse in the attic!

*Michelet*

You mean yourself, unbridled fanatic!

*Siegfried*

Pray tell me how this quarrel began.

*Leo*

Why, that foul-mouthed Hegelian  
Would get the Bible in disgrace.  
He really must be taught his place.

*Michelet*

Unpolished boor, and liar too,  
He won't let Hegel have his due!

*Siegfried*

And so you throw at one another  
The very books that cause the bother?

*Leo*

It's all the same. No Christian he.

*Michelet*

As good and better, believe you me.  
It's arrant nonsense, what he says.

*Siegfried*

Why don't you go your separate ways?  
Who started off this quarrel here?

*Leo*

I did. I say so without fear.  
I fought for God and in God's name.

*Siegfried*

Well, then, the horse you rode was lame.  
*He* will never kill Christianity,  
*You* won't rescue it from calamity.  
Let him pursue his chosen bent:  
*You* may teach something different.  
No more the Almighty's name misuse  
In your blind rage and wild abuse.  
Now you go this way, you go that,  
And stop exchanging tit for tat!

*(Exeunt Leo and Michelet in different directions.)*

*Siegfried*

Although they're peaceful, learned men,  
I've never seen such fierce defiance;

They fight with all their might and main,  
 Though schooled in many a noble science.  
 But hunger plagues me now, and so  
 Down to the valley I shall go  
 To look for house or castle there,  
 Or failing them, my trusty bow  
 Will furnish me with ample fare.

---

That is as far as I've got. I have left out the bits of narration and only copied out the introduction and the satires. This is the last piece. Now it is the turn of the King of Bavaria<sup>a</sup> to be dealt with—but here it comes to a standstill. The thing lacks complexity and rounding off. Please ask Wurm to see about the poems for the *Musenalmanach*.<sup>b</sup> I must finish now, the post is going.

Yours,

Friedrich Engels

May 1, 39

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16

TO MARIE ENGELS

IN BARMEN

[Bremen] April 28, 1839

Dear Marie,

You too are only going to get a little from me today so that I can get on to my comedy which I want to send you.<sup>c</sup> It is quite true that the gentlemen ate six crates of macaroons. You can believe it or not, just as you like, but there were about 600 people.

Serves you right that you've got nettle-rash. Your fingers are always itching because you want to do something silly. Now you've got something to itch about. You are an old itching machine, and always will be.

---

<sup>a</sup> Ludwig I.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> *Deutscher Musenalmanach*.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> The comedy given below was written later on separate sheets of paper.—*Ed.*



And I advise you not to leave any empty spaces in your letter, otherwise I'll fill them with caricatures so as not to get out of practice.

Dios,<sup>a</sup> my dear Marie.



Dios, my dear Marie. Your brother  
Friedrich

This scrawl is called stenography.

The Dressing-up. Comedy in 1 act, for Marie

### Scene 1

(The living-room. Mother is sitting by the table and helping Emil<sup>b</sup> and Hedwig.<sup>c</sup> Marie is sitting by the stove reading; Rudolf<sup>d</sup> is running about annoying everybody.)

**Mother:** Marie, stop reading. That's not a book for you. All the stuff you read, it can't be good for you.

**Marie:** Oh Mother. Just this one story, then you can have the book back.

**Emil:** Mother, what does the word *Kewatroze* mean?

**Mother:** Oh, you mean *quatorze*—fourteen. You learnt that a long time ago. You mustn't always forget everything again. Hedwig! Really, the child is running up to Marie and fighting with Rudolf. Hedwig, will you do your work? You're all naughty today.

(Enter Anna<sup>e</sup> and Laura Kampermann.)

**Anna:** There. Mother, we've done our work and now we are going upstairs to dress up. That's what we're going to do.

**Mother:** All right, but don't make too much noise.

<sup>a</sup> Farewell.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Emil Engels.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> Hedwig Engels.—Ed.

<sup>d</sup> Rudolf Engels.—Ed.

<sup>e</sup> Anna Engels.—Ed.

*Hedwig:* Mother, I can't get this sum right.  
*Mother:* Oh, just think a bit. I already did it with you once. Don't be so scatter-brained!  
*Hedwig (starts to cry):* But I still can't get it right.  
*Anna:* Mother, do you want to dress up as well?  
*Mother:* What did you say? Go away. Leave me in peace. Always Mother this and Mother that. It's unbearable.  
*Anna:* Tell me, Mother, do you want to?  
*Mother:* Yes, yes. Go on, away, with you.

*(Exeunt Anna and Laura with shouts of delight.)*

*Marie:* Here is the book, Mother. I've finished the story. I want to dress up too. Tell me, what shall I put on?  
*Mother:* Oh, I've just been telling Anna to be quiet, are you starting now?  
*Rudolf (falls down and shouts):* Oh Mother, o-oh Mother.  
*Mother:* What's the matter? *(Goes to him.)*  
*Emil:* Mother, what does this sentence mean?  
*Hedwig:* Mother, here's a very funny figure.  
*Mother:* Will you be quiet? All of you going on at once. I can't bear it!  
*Emil:* Mother, tell me. Won't you help me? Oh Mother, Mother, I must go to the A. B. C.<sup>a</sup>  
*Mother:* Then go.  
*Marie:* Is it true, Mother, that you want to dress up?  
*Mother:* Nonsense. Does it still hurt, Rudolf?  
*Hedwig:* Yes, Mother. He has a big bruise on his head. What is this figure, Mother?  
*Marie:* But you must dress up.

*(Enter Anna.)*

*Anna:* Mother, Laura is in the A. B. C. and Emil is standing outside brawling and banging on the door.  
*Mother:* You too? I've got no time now.

*(Enter Luise.)*

*Luise:* Madam, Wendel is going to Gemark.<sup>b</sup> Have you got anything for him?

<sup>a</sup> Euphemism for W. C.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> A district in Barmen.—*Ed.*

**Mother:** Yes, let me think. Be quiet, all of you. Rudolf, stop whining.

**Marie:** Anna, didn't Mother say she wanted to dress up too?

**Anna:** Yes, Mother, you did.

**Mother:** Will you all be quiet. Out you go.

**Emil (enters crying):** Oh Mother, Laura wouldn't let me into the lavatory and so I've ... I've done something in....

**All:** He's done something in his trousers!

**Mother:** That's all I needed. Can't we have a moment's peace? All of you shouting at once. (*Takes a horsewhip.*) There, Emil, one, two, three, Anna, Marie, out with you. Tell Wendel to come himself.

*(Enter two masked figures, a man and a woman.)*

**Mother:** What's this? Here's something else now.

*(The man runs to Mother and takes the horsewhip gently away from her. All leap about for joy. The woman stands near Mother and places a pince-nez on her nose.)*

**Mother:** Nonsense! But you can't help laughing at it. (*Enter Wendel.*) Wendel, here's a letter for the post. And this for the Cleners. Here's the money for Hühnerbein the tailor. That's all. (*Exit Wendel. Mother sits down wearing the pince-nez.*) Emil, you go first and get washed.

*(The masked figures seize Emil, who is standing there with his mouth open, and chase him out of the room with shouts and blows.)*

**Hedwig:** Oh Mother, now I see I've done two more sums than I am supposed to. Hurray!

**Marie:** Listen, Mother. Will you dress up now too?

**Mother:** Oh, nonsense!

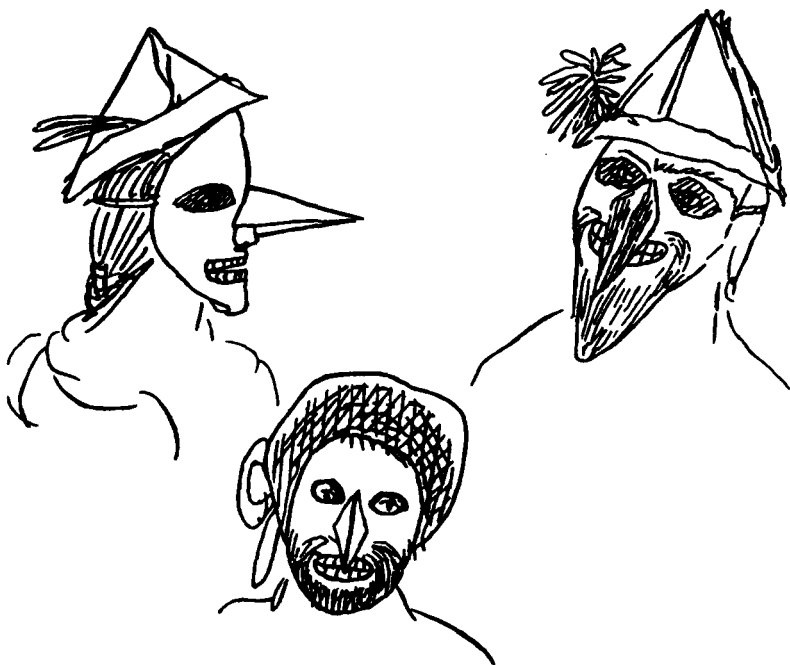
**Marie:** But listen, Mother, I want to tell you something.

*(Says something in Mother's ear.)*

**Mother:** No, it's impossible.

**Marie:** No, it's not. You'll see. (*Exeunt all.*)

*(Two hours later. Hedwig is wearing Rudolf's clothes and Rudolf is wearing Hedwig's, and both are wearing masks which they undo for each other. The others follow one after the other, all very curiously disguised.)*



- Hermann*<sup>a</sup>: Oh August,<sup>b</sup> I have surely got the longest nose! Look, boy, I even have a beard like the one our Fritz once had!
- August*: But I have such nice green cheeks and a grey beard, and my nose is also much redder!
- Marie*: Look, Laura, I'm a nice boy, aren't I? You are such a tiny thing under the hat, I am much bigger than you are, and my fancy paper hat is also bigger!

*(Enter Mother in an old dressing-gown with Father's fur dressing-gown over it, and a peaked nightcap on top of her bonnet, and the pince-nez on her nose.)*

<sup>a</sup> Hermann Engels.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> August Engels.—Ed.

*All shout:* Oh Mother, Mother.

*Hermann:* August, that's not my mother.

*Mother:* Will you be quiet, boy, and sit down at the table, all of you, until he comes.

(Pause. Enter Father, looks round astonished until at last all take their masks off and the children run about shouting and screaming for joy. Finale: a gigantic feast.)

I could have gone on with it but time will not allow. The post goes in half an hour, so I'll close.

Your brother  
*Friedrich*

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## 17

## TO WILHELM GRAEBER

IN BERLIN

[Bremen, about April 28-30, 1839]

*Guglielmo carissimo!* τὴν σοῦ ἐπιστόλην εὖρηκα ἐν τοῖς τῶν ἐτέρων, καὶ ἡδὺ μὲν ἦν ἐμοὶ τὸ αὐτοῦ ῥῆμα. Τὸ δὲ δικαστήριον τῶν πέντε στουριώσων, καὶ τὴν αὐτῶν κρίσιν οὐ δύναμαι γινώσκειν ἢ αὐθεντικὴν ἢ κομπετέντην.—'Ἐστὶν γὰρ χάρις ὑπ' ἐμοῦ, εἰ δίδωμι ποιήματα ἐν ταῖς εἰς ὑμᾶς ἐπιστολαῖς.<sup>a</sup>

Since you don't wish to criticise *St. Hanor, Florida* and *Sturm*, you don't deserve to get any more verses. Your assertion *debilitatis ingenii abhorret ab usata tua veriloquentia. Meam quidem mentem ad juvenilem Germaniam se inclinare, haud nocebit libertati; haec enim classis scriptorum non est, ut schola romantica, demagogia, et cett, societas clausa, sed ideas saeculi nostri, emancipationem judaeorum servorumque, constitutionalismum generalem aliasque bonas ideas in succum et san-*

<sup>a</sup> My very dear Wilhelm, I found your letter amongst those of the others and its words were sweet to me. But I cannot accept as either authentic or competent the judgment and the sentence passed by the five students.—For it is an act of kindness on my part when I enclose poems in my letters to you.—*Ed.*

*guinem populi Teutonici intrare volunt tentantque. Quae quum ideae haud procul sint a directione animi mei, cur me separare? Non enim est, quod tu dicis*<sup>a</sup>: surrendering oneself to a tendency, *sed*<sup>b</sup>: joining it; *sequitur*<sup>c</sup> a continuation in my room, and, in writing a polyglottic letter, I will take now the English language,<sup>d</sup> *ma no, il mio bello Italiano, dolce e soave, come il zefiro, con parole, somiglianti alle fiori del più bel giardino, y el Español, lengua como el viento en los árboles, e o Portuguez, como as olas da mar em riba de flores e prados, et le Français, comme le murmure vîte d'un font, très amusant, en de hollandsche taal, gelijk den damp uijt eener pijp Tobak, zeer gemoedlijk*<sup>e</sup>: but our beloved German—that is all at once.

Like to the long, long waves of the sea is the language of  
Homer;

Aeschylus into the valley hurls one rock after another.

Tongue of the Romans—thus mighty Caesar addresses the  
legions,

Grasping the words that lie in profusion like angular boulders  
Scattered around; from them there soars a Cyclopean building;  
Whereas the new Italian tongue is graceful and charming,  
Setting the poet in the middle of Earth's most beautiful garden;  
Petrarch filled cornucopias; Ariosto wove his bay-wreath.

Language of Spain: oh, hear how aloft in the leaves of the tree-top  
Reigns the tremendous wind, and tremendous songs of the  
ancients

Swell and resound in its roar, and the grapes that hang from the  
vine-branch

Climbing the trunk of the tree, all swing to and fro in the leafage.

<sup>a</sup> Of intellectual weakness is in contradiction to your customary veracity. It will do no harm to liberty if my mind inclines towards Young Germany, for this is not a group of writers, like the romantic, demagogic and other schools, not a closed society; what they want and work for, is that the ideas of our century—the emancipation of the Jews and of the slaves, general constitutionalism and other good ideas—shall become part of the flesh and blood of the German people. Since these ideas are not far from the trend of my own mind, why should I hold aloof? For it is not as you say.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> But.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Follows.—*Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> The original (after *sequitur*) is written in English.—*Ed.*

<sup>e</sup> But no, my beautiful Italian, lovely and pure as the zephyr, with words like flowers from the loveliest of gardens, and Spanish, a language like the wind in the trees, and Portuguese, like the rustling of the sea on a shore of flowers and meadows, and French, like the quick murmur of a fountain, very amusing, and Dutch, like the smoke from a pipe of tobacco, very cosy.—*Ed.*

Portugal's language—the murmur of waves on the flower-studded  
coastline,  
Where in the reeds may be heard how Syrinx sighs with the  
Zephyr.

Hark to the tongue of the Franks: it runs, an exuberant streamlet,  
Merrily taking its course and smoothing the obstinate sandstone  
Under the rippling flow of its chattering, garrulous wavelets.  
Language of England, all this time weather-beaten and grass-grown  
Monument of great giants, that the brambles covered for all that,  
Round it screams and howls the storm that would topple it over.  
Ah, but the German tongue, it booms like the surf of the breakers  
Washing the jagged-edged coral that carries the fairest of islands;  
Towards it thunder the long, long waves of the music of Homer;  
There, too, crash the gigantic rocks that Aeschylus tumbled;  
There you will see the Commander-in-Chief's Cyclopean building;  
There you will see the fragrant garden of beautiful flowers;  
Mighty the sounds that swell from the midst of the leaves in the  
tree-top;

Syrinx is heard in the reeds, and the rivulets polish the sandstone;  
Many a giant building stands with the wind screaming round it:  
Such is the German language, eternal and woven with wonders.

I wrote down these hexameters *ex tempore*, and I hope they'll  
make the nonsense on the previous page, out of which they came,  
more bearable to you. But discuss them as something extemporaneous.

April 29. To proceed with your letter in consistent continuation,  
the weather is marvellous today so that you, *posito caso aequalitatis  
temporalis*,<sup>a</sup> are probably and rightly cutting all your lectures today.  
I wish I were with you.—I have probably already written to you  
that I have been venting my wit on the *Bremer Stadtbote*<sup>b</sup> under the  
name of Theodor Hildebrand; I have given it up now with the  
following letter.

Dear Bremen Courier,

Please don't be offended

If I've made you the laughing-stock of town.

Remember, friend, that folk have always tended

To ridicule what's patently unsound.

Your sunshine days have very nearly ended

In the three months that you've been trotting round.

<sup>a</sup> Assuming similarity of weather.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> See this volume, p. 5.—*Ed.*

Have you been saying things you didn't ought,  
To give yourself such food for afterthought?

My poems cost little effort when I did them;  
The donkey work was almost wholly done.  
I took your articles and parodied them;  
The subject-matter came from you alone.  
Simply subtract the rhyme-schemes and the rhythm—  
The image that remains is all your own.  
Rage, if you like, at your respectful and  
Obedient servant,

Theodor Hildebrand<sup>a</sup>

You, too, should begin to write a little, either in verse or in prose, and then send things to the *Berliner Conversationsblatt*, if it still exists, or to the *Gesellschafter*. Later, you take it up more seriously, write short stories, which you get printed in magazines, then by themselves, you get a reputation, are acclaimed as a gifted, witty narrator. I see you all again, Heuser a great composer, Wurm writing profound studies on Goethe and the developments of the time, Fritz becoming a famous preacher, Jonghaus composing religious poems, you writing witty short stories and critical essays, and me—becoming the town poet of Barmen to replace Lieutenant Simons of shabbily treated memory (in Cleve).—As a further piece of poetry for you, there is also the song on the sheet for the *Musen Almanach*,<sup>b</sup> which I don't feel like copying out again. Perhaps I'll write another one besides. Today (April 30), because of the magnificent weather, I sat in the garden from 7 in the morning to half past 8, smoked and read the *Lusiade*<sup>c</sup> until I had to go to the office. There's no better way of reading than in a garden on a clear spring morning, with a pipe in your mouth, and the rays of the sun on your back. This afternoon I'll continue this pursuit with the Old German Tristan, and his sweet reflections on love. Tonight I'm going to the *Ratskeller*<sup>d</sup> where our Herr Pastor<sup>e</sup> is treating us to the Rhine wine which he has

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<sup>a</sup> See this volume, p. 26.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> *Deutscher Musenalmanach*.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Luiz Vaz de Camões, *Os Lusíadas*.—*Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> Beer cellar under the town hall.—*Ed.*

<sup>e</sup> Georg Gottfried Treviranus.—*Ed.*



been given—in duty bound—by the new Burgomaster.<sup>a</sup> In such stupendous weather I always get an immense longing for the Rhine and its vineyards, but what can I do about it? Write a couple of verses at most. I am willing to bet that W. Blank has written telling you that [I] wrote the articles in the *Telegraph*<sup>b</sup> and



that's why you were all so angry about it. The scene is in Barmen and you can imagine what it is.—I have just had a letter from W. Blank in which he says that the article is causing a frantic uproar in Elberfeld. Dr. Runkel attacks it in the *Elberfelder Zeitung*, accusing me of falsehood.<sup>c</sup> I want to let him be given a hint that he should point out to me just one single falsehood, which he cannot, because everything I wrote was based on proven data which I have from eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses. Blank sent me the paper, which I at once dispatched to Gutzkow with the request to go on keeping my name secret. Krummacher declared recently in a sermon that the earth stands still and the sun rotates around it, and the fellow dares to trumpet this to the world on this April 21, 1839, and then he says that pietism does not lead the world back to the Middle Ages!<sup>d</sup> It is scandalous. He should be

<sup>a</sup> J. Daniel Noltenius.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> "Letters from Wuppertal". See this volume, pp. 7-25.— *Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> See this volume, pp. 27-28.— *Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> See this volume, p. 29.— *Ed.*

expelled, or one day he will yet become Pope before you know, and then may a saffron-yellow thunderstorm strike him dead. *Dios lo sabe*, God knows what will become of Wuppertal. *Adios*. Yours, expecting a speedy reply or not sending any more poems,

*Friedrich Engels*

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18

## TO MARIE ENGELS

IN BARMEN

Bremen, May 23, 1839

Dear Marie,

Now I ride out every Sunday in the country with R. Roth. Last Monday we went to Vegesack and Blumenthal and just when we wanted to have a look at the famous Bremer Schweiz (this is a very small strip of land with small sand-hills), an enormous pall of haze came down like a cloud and in five minutes it was almost quite dark, so that we were unable to enjoy the so-called beautiful view.— But on Whit Monday it is really lively in these parts. Everybody goes out of town and it is dead quiet in Bremen, but at the town gates you see procession after procession of carriages, riders and walkers. And such a dust, it is terrible. For the roads are covered with sand to a depth of half a yard and of course it all goes up into the air. A broker called Jan Krusbecker has just arrived and I'll draw him for you.



Jan Krusbecker

He looks exactly like this. He has eyes like rockets and an always half-melancholy, half-smiling air. Adieu.

Your brother

*Friedrich*

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19

TO WILHELM GRAEBER

IN BERLIN

[Bremen, May 24-June 15, 1839]

My dear William,<sup>a</sup>

Today is May 24, and still not a line from any of you. You are again qualifying for non-receipt of poems. I don't understand you. Nevertheless, you shall have contributions on present-day literature.

*Collected Works of Ludwig Börne*. Vols. 1 and 2. *Dramaturgische Blätter*.—Börne, the great fighter for freedom and justice, is concerned here with questions of aesthetics. And here too he is in his element; what he says is so precise and clear, coming from such a true feeling for beauty and demonstrated so convincingly, that there can be no question of contradiction. It is all flooded in a sea of the most exuberant wit, and here and there, the firm and sharp ideas of freedom rise out of it like rocks. Most of these reviews (for that is what the book is made up of) were written at the time when the plays discussed had just appeared, that is, at a time when critical judgments on them were still blindly and hesitatingly groping about. But Börne's vision penetrated to the innermost threads of the action. The most excellent are his criticisms of Schiller's *Tell*, an essay which for more than twenty

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<sup>a</sup> Written in English in the original.—Ed.

years has opposed the usual view without being refuted, precisely because it is irrefutable.<sup>205</sup>—Immermann's *Cardenio* and *Hofer*, Raupach's *Isidor und Olga*, Claren's *Wollmarkt*, with which other interests are connected, Houwald's *Leuchtturm* and *Bild*, his criticism of which is so devastating that nothing, absolutely nothing, remains, and Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. He reveals himself throughout as a great man who stirred up a controversy the consequences of which are still not to be foreseen, and these two volumes would already ensure Börne a place alongside Lessing. But he became a Lessing in a different field; may Karl Beck follow him as his Goethe!

*Nächte. Gepanzerte Lieder by Karl Beck*

I am a Sultan, driven by storms that blow,  
My warrior hosts are armoured forms of song,  
And grief has laid a turban on my brow  
With many mysteries its folds among.<sup>a</sup>

If such images are already contained in the second verse of a prologue, what will the book itself be like? If a youngster of twenty has such ideas, what kind of song will the mature man sing?—Karl Beck is a poetic talent without equal since Schiller. I find a remarkable affinity between Schiller's *Räuber* and Beck's *Nächte*, the same ardent spirit of freedom, the same unrestrained fantasy, the same youthful exuberance, the same mistakes. Schiller strove for freedom in the *Räuber*, which was an earnest warning to his servile age. But at that time such a striving could not yet take a definite form. In Young Germany, we now have a definite, systematic trend. Karl Beck comes forward and calls loudly to his age to recognise this trend, and to join it. *Benedictus, qui venit in nomine Domini!*<sup>b</sup>

*Der fahrende Poet. Poems by Karl Beck.* The first work of the young poet has hardly appeared before he presents us with a second, which in power of expression, wealth of ideas, lyrical verve and depth is not a whit inferior to the first, but infinitely surpasses it in excellence of form and in its classicism. What an advance from *Schöpfung* in the *Nächte* to the sonnets on Schiller and Goethe in *Der fahrende Poet*! Gutzkow thinks that the sonnet

<sup>a</sup> From Karl Beck's poem *Der Sultan*. See this volume, p. 41.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord.—*Ed.*

form is harmful to the effect of the work as a whole, but I would maintain that this Shakespearean sonnet is precisely the medium between the epic stanza and the individual poem which this peculiar type of poetry requires. Of course, it is not an epic poem but a purely lyrical one with a loose epic thread running through it, still looser than in Byron's *Childe Harold*. But it is a good thing for us Germans that Karl Beck was born.

*Blasedow und seine Söhne*. A comic novel by Karl Gutzkow. Vol. 1. This novel in 3 volumes is based on the idea of a modern Don Quixote—an idea which has already been frequently used but generally has been badly adapted, and by no means exhausted. The character of this modern Don Quixote (Blasedow, a country parson), as Gutzkow originally conceived him, was splendid, but something is clearly wanting in the execution. At any rate, this novel by the barely thirty-year-old Gutzkow (and which, moreover, is said to have been finished three years ago) is very inferior to Cervantes' presentation which, of course, is the work of a mature man. On the other hand, the secondary characters—Tobianus seems to correspond to Sancho Panza—the situations and the language are excellent.

So much for my reviews. I shall continue when you have written.—Do you know when your letters arrived? On June 15! And the ones before came on April 15! That makes exactly two months! Is that right? I herewith decree that, on pain of not being sent any more poems, Wurm's influence on the dispatch of letters be totally withdrawn. And if Wurm does not get his letter finished by the proper time, then send yours off without his. Isn't 14 days long enough to write me two quarto-size pages? It is scandalous. You put no date on your letter again, I don't think that's right, either.—The article in the *Telegraph*<sup>a</sup> is my own indisputable property, and pleased W. Blank enormously. It was also applauded very much in Barmen and, in addition, was quoted with praise in the Nuremberg *Athenäum*.<sup>206</sup> There may be individual exaggerations in it, but on the whole it gives a correct picture if seen from a reasonable standpoint. However, if read with the preconceived opinion that it is a jumbled botch, it must appear to be precisely that.—What you say about the comedy is *justum*.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> "Letters from Wuppertal". See this volume, pp. 7-25.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Correct.—Ed.

*Justus judex ultionis,  
Donum fac remissionis.<sup>a</sup>*

You have not made the slightest mention of the canzone. This to be rectified.



Candidates of *Musenalmanach*<sup>b</sup>

With regard to *Leo* and *Michelet*, I only know about the matter from *Leo's Hegelingen*<sup>207</sup> and a number of works written against it, and from these I have learned: 1) that, according to his own statements, *Leo* has abandoned all philosophy for the past 11 years and therefore cannot pass any judgment; 2) that only his extravagant and boastful brain made him believe he had a vocation for it; 3) that he attacked conclusions which, by the specific character of the *Hegelian* dialectic, necessarily follow from generally accepted premises instead of attacking the dialectic itself, and failing which he should have let these conclusions stand; 4) that he resorted only to coarse exclamations and indeed abuse to refute what was written against him; 5) that he regards himself as being far superior to his opponents, puffs himself up, and then on the very next page smirks with an infinite humility; 6) that he only attacks four persons, though by so doing he attacked the whole school, which cannot be separated from them, for although *Gans*, etc., may indeed have dissociated themselves from them on particular

<sup>a</sup> Upright judge who punishes, grant me indulgence.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> *Deutscher Musenalmanach*.—Ed.

points, they belonged so closely together that Leo was least of all capable of showing the points of difference between them to be important; 7) it is the spirit of the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung*, which anticipated Leo, that is dominant in his whole libellous attack; conclusion: Leo would have done better to keep his mouth shut. What were those "most bitter experiences" which forced Leo to break away? Had he not attacked them already in his pamphlet about Görres,<sup>a</sup> and even more violently than in his *Hegelingen*? Anyone with the requisite knowledge (has Leo got it?) may participate in a scientific controversy, but whoever wishes to indulge in condemnation had better take care. And did Leo do that? Does he not, along with Michelet, also condemn Marheineke, whose every word, as though he were under police surveillance, the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* scrutinises to see if it is orthodox. If he had been consistent in his conclusions, Leo would have had to damn a number of people beyond counting, but for that he lacked the courage. Whoever wishes to attack the Hegelian school must himself be a Hegel and create a new philosophy in its place. And despite Leo, the school is spreading from day to day. As for the attack of the Hirschberg Schubarth<sup>b</sup> on the political side of Hegelianism, doesn't this come like the verger's "Amen" to the popish Credo of the Lion of Halle, a lion which indeed does not disavow its cat-species? A *propos*, Leo is the only academic teacher in Germany who zealously defends the hereditary aristocracy. Leo also calls W. Menzel his friend!!!

Your true friend

*Friedrich Engels, Young German*

Weren't you at Gans' funeral? Why don't you write anything about him?

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<sup>a</sup> H. Leo, *Sendschreiben an J. Görres*.—Ed.

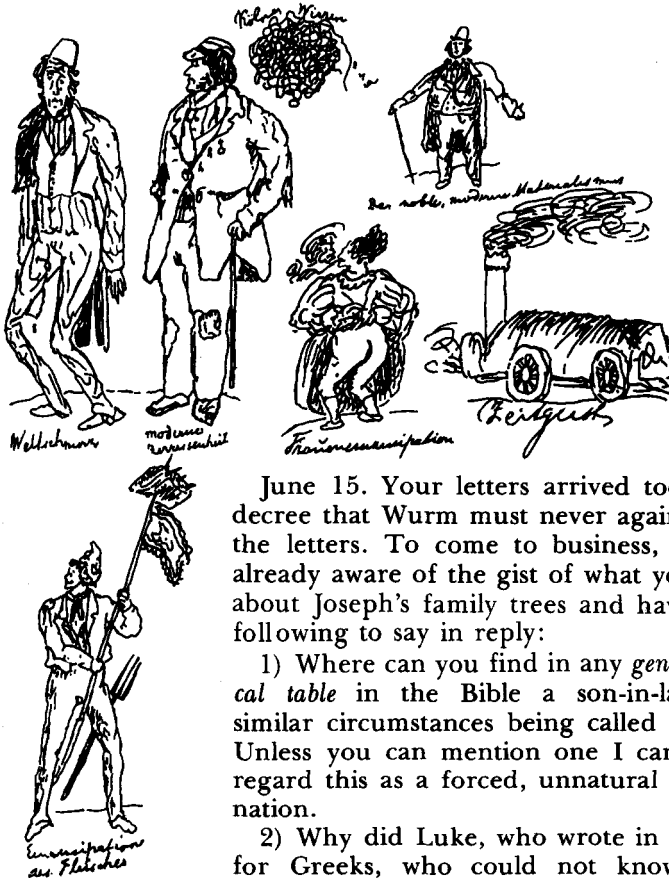
<sup>b</sup> K. Schubarth, *Ueber die Unvereinbarkeit der Hegel'schen Staatslehre*.—Ed.

## 20

TO FRIEDRICH GRAEBER  
IN BERLIN

[Bremen, June 15, 1839]

Fritz Graeber: Gentlemen, here you see modern characters and conditions.<sup>a</sup>



June 15. Your letters arrived today. I decree that Wurm must never again post the letters. To come to business, I was already aware of the gist of what you say about Joseph's family trees and have the following to say in reply:

1) Where can you find in any *genealogical table* in the Bible a son-in-law in similar circumstances being called a *son*? Unless you can mention one I can only regard this as a forced, unnatural explanation.

2) Why did Luke, who wrote in Greek for Greeks, who could not know this

<sup>a</sup> Cartoons (left to right): *Weltschmerz* (World-weariness), *Moderne Zerrissenheit* (Modern stress and strain), *Kölner Wirren* (Cologne discord),<sup>208</sup> *Der noble, moderne Materialismus* (The noble, modern materialism), *Frauenemancipation* (Emancipation of women), *Zeitgeist* (Spirit of the times), *Emancipation des Fleisches* (Emancipation of the flesh).—Ed.



Jewish custom, not expressly say for their benefit that it was as you state?

3) What is the point of Joseph's genealogical table at all? It is superfluous since all three synoptic gospels expressly declare that Joseph was not the father of Jesus.

4) Why does a man like Lavater not resort to this explanation, but rather let the contradiction stand? Finally, why does even Neander—who after all is more erudite than Strauss—say that this is an insoluble contradiction, responsibility for which should be laid on the Greek scholar who worked on Matthew's Hebrew manuscripts?

Furthermore, I do not propose to be dismissed so easily with my other points, which you call "miserable hair-splitting". The teaching of literal inspiration is carried by the Wuppertalers to such a degree that God is supposed to have invested each word with a particularly deep meaning, as I have heard often enough from the pulpit. I can well believe that Hengstenberg does not share this view, for it is obvious from the *Kirchen-Zeitung* that he has no clear opinions whatever, but at one moment concedes to one of the orthodox something which the next moment he holds up as a crime when it is said by a rationalist. But how far does the inspiration of the Bible go? Certainly not so far that one Evangelist can make Christ say "This is my blood"<sup>a</sup> and another "This cup is the new testament in my blood".<sup>b</sup> Why then did God who surely foresaw the dispute between Lutherans and Reformers not prevent this wretched conflict by such a very small intervention? If there is inspiration, then only two things are possible: either God did it deliberately *in order* to cause the conflict, something which I should not like to impute to God, or God overlooked it, which is ditto inadmissible. One cannot say that this dispute has brought forth any good, and it would be completely unwarranted and contrary to all probability to suppose that, after having divided the Christian Church for 300 years, it will have a good effect in the future. It is precisely the passage about the Lord's Supper which is important. And if there is a contradiction here, then all faith in the Bible is destroyed.

I want to tell you quite plainly that I have now reached a point where I can only regard as divine a teaching which can stand the test of reason. Who gives us the right to believe blindly the Bible? Only the authority of those who did so before us. Yes, the Koran

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<sup>a</sup> Mark 14:24.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Luke 22:20.—*Ed.*

is a more organic product than the Bible, for it demands belief in its entire, *continuous* content. But the Bible consists of numerous parts written by different authors, many of whom do not even *themselves make any claim* to godliness. Are we supposed to believe it against our reason, simply because our parents tell us to do so? The Bible teaches that rationalists will be eternally damned. Can you imagine that a man who has striven for union with God all his life (Börne, Spinoza, Kant), indeed that someone like Gutzkow, whose highest aim in life is to find the meeting point between positive Christianity and the culture of our time, that after death people like these should be banished from God for ever and ever and suffer God's wrath physically and mentally without end in the most fearful torments? We must not torment a fly for stealing our sugar, yet God is supposed to torment such men, whose errors are equally unconscious, ten thousand times more cruelly and for all eternity? Further, a rationalist who is sincere—does he sin by his doubting? Not at all. He would then have to suffer the most terrible pangs of conscience all his life; if he strives for truth, Christianity would have to overwhelm him with incontestable truth. Does this happen? Further, how ambiguous is the position of orthodoxy with regard to modern education? It is claimed that Christianity has brought education with it everywhere. And now all of a sudden, orthodoxy orders that education shall be brought to a halt in the middle of its progress. What is the point of all philosophy, for example, if we believe the Bible, which teaches that God cannot be known through reason? Yet, despite this, orthodoxy finds a little philosophy, only not too much of it, quite useful. If geology brings results different from what Mosaic primeval history teaches, then it is decried (see the miserable article in the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* entitled “Die Grenzen der Naturbetrachtung”<sup>a</sup>); if it brings results which seem to be the same as in the Bible, then it is appealed to. For example, it is appealed to if a geologist declares that the earth and the fossilised bones prove that there was once a great flood; but if another geologist finds evidence that these things belong to different ages and proves that these floods took place at different times in different places, then geology is damned. Is that honest? Furthermore: here we have the *Leben Jesu* by Strauss, an irrefutable book; why does not someone write a devastating refutation? Why is this truly honourable man decried? How many have come out against him in the manner of a Christian, like Neander, and he is not one

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<sup>a</sup> *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung*, March 20, 23 and 27, 1839.—*Ed.*

of the orthodox. Yes, truly, there are doubts, grave doubts, which I cannot refute. Then take the teaching about salvation. Why do we not draw from this the moral that if someone freely gives himself up for somebody else he should be punished? All of you would regard this as unjust; but shall what is unjust in the eyes of men be the highest justice in the eyes of God? Again, Christianity says: I free you from sin. That is what the rest of the world, the rationalist world, is also striving to bring about, and now Christianity steps in and forbids it to go on striving on the grounds that the path of the rationalists leads still further away from the goal. If Christianity could show us one single person whom it has made so free in this life that he no longer sins, then it would have some right to speak in this way; but until then, truly none at all. Again: Peter<sup>a</sup> speaks of the reasonable, pure milk of the Gospel.<sup>b</sup> I do not understand it. They tell me: This is enlightened reason. Now show me an enlightened reason to whom this is clear. So far I have not come across one; even to the angels it is a "high mystery".— You think too well of me, I hope, to attribute all this to a sacrilegious scepticism or to boastfulness. I know that I am going to get into the greatest unpleasantnesses through this, but what forces itself on me so convincingly, I cannot drive away, no matter how much I might like to. If I should perhaps have hurt your conviction by my strong language, then I ask your pardon from the bottom of my heart. I only spoke as I think and as things have forced themselves on me. It is with me as with Gutzkow; when I come across someone who arrogantly dismisses positive Christianity, then I defend this teaching, which derives from the deepest needs of human nature, the longing for salvation from sin through God's grace; but when it is a matter of defending the freedom of reason, then I protest against all compulsion.— I hope to live to see a radical transformation in the religious consciousness of the world — if only I was clear about it myself! Still, that will come in due course, if only I have time to develop undisturbed and in peace.

Man is born free, he is free!

Your true friend

*Friedrich Engels*

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<sup>a</sup> Paul in the original.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> 1 Peter 2:2.— *Ed.*

## 21

## TO FRIEDRICH GRAEBER

IN BERLIN

[Bremen, July 12-27, 1839]

Fritzo Graeber. *July 12.* Really, you could condescend to write to me. It will soon be five weeks since I received your last letter.—I chucked a mass of sceptical bricks at you when I last wrote; I would have understood the thing differently had I then been acquainted with Schleiermacher's teaching. For that is still a reasonable kind of Christianity. Everybody finds it clear even if one does not actually accept it, and one can recognise its value without feeling obliged to adopt it. I have already accepted the philosophical principles which I found in the teaching. But I am not quite clear about his theory of salvation and I will guard against accepting it immediately as a conviction so that I may not soon have to change again. But I will study it as soon as I have the time and the opportunity. If I had come into contact with this teaching before, I would never have become a rationalist, but where do you hear about things like this in our Muckertal<sup>a</sup>? I feel a blazing anger at this kind of thing, and will fight against pietism and literal belief as long as I can. What is this nonsense? What is rejected by science, the development of which now includes the whole of church history, should no longer exist in life either. Pietism may have been an historically justified element in the development of theology in former times. It obtained its lawful right, it lived and should not now refuse to make way for speculative theology. It is only out of this latter that any certainty can be developed. I cannot understand how one can still try to maintain literal belief in the Bible or defend the direct influence of God, since this cannot be proved anywhere.

*July 26.* So here you are. To business. It is quite remarkable how in your letter you cling to orthodoxy and yet manage to concede some points to a rationalising trend, thus providing me with a weapon. Joseph's family tree. To my first objection you reply: "Who knows whether we have not often read son instead of son-in-law or nephew in the genealogical tables in the Bible?" Are you not destroying the whole credibility of the biblical genealogical tables when you say this? I cannot at all understand how the law is supposed to prove anything here.—To my second objection you

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<sup>a</sup> Muckertal—valley of bigots; an allusion to Wuppertal.—*Ed.*

reply: "Luke wrote for Theophilus." Dear Fritz, what kind of inspiration is that which has such consideration for the level of knowledge possessed by the one into whose hands the book happens to come first? If there is not also consideration for all future readers, then I cannot acknowledge any inspiration at all. In general, you do not as yet seem to be clear about the concept of inspiration. 3) How Joseph's genealogical table demonstrates the fulfilment of the prophecy, I am incapable of understanding. On the contrary, the Evangelists should have been above all concerned not to present Jesus as the son of Joseph, to destroy this view, and not at all to honour Joseph by thus presenting his genealogical table.—"To say that Jesus was a son of Mary and that Mary was a daughter of Elijah would have been quite contrary to custom." Dear Fritz, can custom have the slightest influence here? Make sure whether by talking like this you are not once more going against your conception of inspiration. Really, I cannot regard your explanation as anything but so completely forced that if I were in your place I would rather conclude that one or the other was wrong.—"Insoluble doubts must confront Christianity, and yet we can arrive at certainty through God's mercy." I doubt this influence of God's mercy on the individual in the form in which you have it. I well know the feeling of happiness everyone has, rationalist or mystic alike, who places himself in a close, heartfelt relationship with God; but make yourself clear about it, think about it without using biblical phrases, and you will find that it is the consciousness that mankind is of divine origin, that you, as part of this mankind, can never be lost and that after all the countless struggles in this world, as in the next, you must return, divested of all that is mortal and sinful, to God's bosom; that is my conviction, and I am at rest with it. To this extent, I can also tell you that God's Spirit gives me testimony that I am a child of God and, as I have said, I cannot believe that you could say it in any other way. To be sure, you are much calmer about it, while I am still threshing around with all kinds of opinions and cannot let my conviction remain in its present undeveloped state; but because of that I can indeed acknowledge the difference quantitatively but not qualitatively.—I readily admit that I am a sinner and that I have a deep-rooted propensity to sin and I refrain completely from any justification by works. But I do not admit that this sinfulness lies in the will of man. I readily admit that though the possibility of sinning is not inherent in the idea of humanity, it *must necessarily be inherent* in its realisation. I am therefore certainly as penitent as anyone can possibly demand, but, my dear Fritz, no

thinking person can believe that my sins can be remitted by the merits of a third party. When I think about this independently of all authority, then I find, like the new theology, that the sinfulness of man lies in the necessarily imperfect realisation of the idea, that it must therefore be the striving of everyone to realise in himself the idea of humanity, i.e., to make himself the equal of God in spiritual perfection. That is something quite subjective. How can the orthodox theory of salvation, which posits a third, something objective, accomplish this subjective development? I admit that I deserve to be punished, and if God wishes to punish me, let Him do so, but eternal banishment even of the least part of the Spirit from God—this I find it quite impossible to conceive or to believe. It is, of course, true that it is God's mercy that He accepts us. Everything God does is mercy, but everything He does is likewise necessity. The unity of these contradictions constitutes an essential part of the essence of God. What you say later about God not being able to deny Himself, etc., sounds to me as if you wanted to evade my question. Can you believe that a man who strives for union with God ought to be rejected by God for all eternity? Can you? You can't, so you beat about the bush. Is it not very base to believe that God would inflict further punishment for past wickedness, in addition to that already contained in the wicked deed itself? Alongside eternal punishment you must also set eternal sin, and alongside eternal sin eternal possibility of believing and, therefore, of being saved. The teaching of eternal damnation is terribly inconsistent. Furthermore: historical belief is for you a great essential of belief, without it belief is unthinkable. But you will not deny that there are people for whom it is *quite impossible* to have this historical belief. And should God require such people to do the impossible? Dear Fritz, just think—this would be nonsense and God's reason is certainly higher than ours, but still not of a different kind, for otherwise it would no longer be reason. The biblical dogmas also are to be understood by using reason.—Not to be able to doubt, you say, is freedom of the mind? It is the greatest enslavement of the mind. He only is free who has overcome every doubt concerning his conviction. And I am not even demanding that *you* refute me. I challenge all orthodox theology to refute me. Christian scholarship is now all of 1,800 years old and has been unable to bring forward any counter-arguments against rationalism, and has only repulsed a few of its attacks; nay, it shies away from the fight in the purely scientific field and prefers to drag the personalities of its opponents in the mud—what is a man to say to that? Indeed, is orthodox Christian

teaching capable of being purely scientific? I say no. What more can it do than engage in a little classifying, explaining, disputing? I advise you to read some time *Darstellung und Kritik des modernen Pietismus* by Dr. C. Märklin, Stuttgart, 1839. If you can refute it (that is, not what is positive, but what is negative in it), you will be the world's leading theologian.—“The simple Christian can rest quite content with this; he knows that he is a child of God, and it is not necessary for him to be able to give answers to all apparent contradictions.” Neither the simple Christian nor Hengstenberg can give answers to the “apparent contradictions”, for they are real contradictions; but truly, whoever rests content and prides himself on his faith, has in reality no basis whatever for his faith. True, feeling can confirm, but it can most certainly not furnish a basis—that would be like wanting to smell with one's ears. What makes Hengstenberg so detestable to me is the really scandalous editing of the *Kirchen-Zeitung*.<sup>a</sup> Nearly all the contributors remain anonymous and the editor, therefore, has to be responsible for them; but if somebody who has been attacked in the paper takes him to task, then Herr Hengstenberg denies all knowledge of the matter, will not reveal the name of the author, but also disclaims all responsibility. This has already happened to many a poor devil who has been attacked by God knows what miserable lout in the *Kirchen-Zeitung* and the only answer he got from Hengstenberg when he approached him about it was that it was not *he* who wrote the article. The *Kirchen-Zeitung* still enjoys a big reputation among the pietist preachers because they do not read anything opposed to it, and so it keeps going. I have not read the latest issues, otherwise I would quote you examples. You cannot imagine how abominably the *Kirchen-Zeitung* slandered and abused Strauss in connection with his Zurich affair,<sup>209</sup> while all reports are unanimous in saying that he behaved quite nobly over the whole business. Why, for example, is the *Kirchen-Zeitung* so very eager to bracket Strauss with Young Germany? And unfortunately many people regard Young Germany as something terribly wicked.—You understood me quite wrongly with regard to the poetry of belief. I did not believe because of the poetry. I believed because I realised that I could no longer live only for the day, because I repented of my sins, because I needed communion with God. I gladly gave away immediately what I most loved, I turned my back on my greatest joys, my dearest acquaintances, I made myself look ridiculous to everybody everywhere. It was an immense joy to me

<sup>a</sup> *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung*.—Ed.

when I found in Plümacher someone with whom I could talk about it, and I gladly put up with his fanaticism concerning predestination. You know yourself that I was in earnest, in dead earnest. I was happy then, that I know, and I am still just as happy; I had trust and joy when I prayed; I have them now too, I have them even more because I am struggling and need to be strengthened. But I have never experienced anything of that ecstatic bliss I heard so much about from our pulpits. My religion was—and is—quiet, blessed peace, and if I have it after my death then I shall be satisfied. I have no reason to believe that God will take it from me. Religious conviction is a matter of the heart and is only concerned with dogma insofar as dogma is or is not contradicted by feeling. Thus the Spirit of God may convince you through your feeling that you are a child of God—that is quite possible; but it most certainly cannot so convince you that you are a child of God through the death of Christ; otherwise feeling would be capable of thinking and your ears of seeing.—I pray daily, indeed nearly the whole day, for truth, I have done so ever since I began to have doubts, but I still cannot return to your faith. And yet it is written: “Ask, and it shall be given you.”<sup>a</sup> I search for truth wherever I have hope of finding even a shadow of it and still I cannot acknowledge your truth as the eternal truth. And yet it is written: “Seek, and ye shall find. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?... how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven?”<sup>b</sup>

Tears come into my eyes as I write this. I am moved to the core, but I feel I shall not be lost; I shall come to God, for whom my whole heart yearns. And this is also a testimony of the Holy Spirit and I live and die by it, even if the Bible says the opposite ten thousand times over. And don't deceive yourself, Fritz, you may seem to be so sure, but a doubt will come before you know it, and the way your heart decides often depends on the merest coincidence.—But I know from experience that dogmatic faith has no influence whatever on one's inner peace.

July 27

If you did what it says in the Bible, you should have nothing more to do with me. In the Second Epistle of John (if I'm not mistaken) it says that one should not greet the unbeliever, not even say *χαίρε* <sup>c</sup> to him. There are many such passages in the Bible

<sup>a</sup> Matthew 7:7.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Matthew 7:9-11.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> I greet you.—Ed.



and they have always angered me. But you do not do all it says in the Bible by a long way. Incidentally when orthodox evangelical Christianity is called the religion of love, that sounds to me like the most monstrous irony. According to your Christianity, nine-tenths of mankind will be eternally unhappy and only one-tenth happy. Fritz, and do you call that God's infinite love? Just think how small God would appear if that was what His love amounted to. It is therefore clear that if there is a revealed religion, its God must indeed be greater than but not different from the one who is shown by reason. Otherwise all philosophy is not only empty but even sinful. Without philosophy there is no education; without education there is no humanity; without humanity, again, there is no religion. But even the fanatical Leo does not dare to revile philosophy in this way. And that is another of the inconsistencies of the orthodox. I could reach an understanding with men like Schleiermacher and Neander, for they are consistent and have pure hearts. I look in vain for these qualities in the columns of the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* and other pietist journals. Especially for Schleiermacher I have enormous respect. If you are consistent you must, of course, consign him to damnation, for he does not teach the word of Christ in your sense, but rather in that of Young Germany, of Theodor Mundt and Karl Gutzkow. But he was a great man, and I only know one man now living who has equal intelligence, equal power and equal courage—and that is David Friedrich Strauss.

I was very pleased that you should rise up with such vigour to refute me, but one thing made me angry and I shall tell you straight out what it is. It is the contempt with which you speak of the striving of the rationalists for union with God, of their religious life. To be sure, you lie comfortably in your faith as in a warm bed, and you know nothing of the fight we have to put up when we human beings have to decide whether God is God or not. You do not know the weight of the burden one feels with the first doubt, the burden of the old belief, when one must decide for or against, whether to go on carrying it or to shake it off. But I tell you again, you are not so safe from doubt as you think, so do not delude yourself with regard to those who doubt. You could become one of them yourself, and then you too would ask for fair treatment. Religion is an affair of the heart and whoever has a heart can be devout; but those whose devoutness is rooted either in their understanding or in their reason have none at all. The tree of religion sprouts from the heart, overshadows the whole man and seeks its nourishment from the air of reason. But its

fruits, which contain the most precious heart-blood, are the dogmas, and what goes beyond them is of the Evil one. This is what Schleiermacher teaches and I stand by it.

Adieu, dear Fritz. Think carefully about whether you really want to send me to hell and write me my sentence soon.

Yours,  
Friedrich Engels

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## 22

### TO FRIEDRICH GRAEBER

IN BONN

[Bremen, after July 27, 1839]

Dear Fritz,

*Recepi litteras tuas hodie, et jamque tibi responsurus sum.*<sup>a</sup> I cannot write very much to you—you are still in my debt, and I am expecting a long letter from you. Is your brother Wilhelm on holiday too? Is Wurm now studying with you in Bonn? God bless fat Peter<sup>b</sup> in his *studia militaria*. A little poem written on July 27<sup>c</sup> may give you practice in liberalism and in reading ancient metre. Otherwise there is nothing in it.

### GERMAN JULY DAYS 1839

How the waves mount up in the roaring gale, how the storm comes relentlessly onwards!  
Tall as a man are the foaming waves, and the skiff goes rising and falling;  
From the Rhine there blows a whirling wind that musters the clouds in the heavens,

<sup>a</sup> I received your letter today, and I am already about to answer you.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Peter Jonghaus.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> That is, on the anniversary of the July 1830 revolution in France.—*Ed.*

That splits up oaks and whips up dust and lashes the waves in its  
 fury.  
 Of you I think in my tossing skiff, you German kings and you  
 princes.  
 How the patient people bore on their heads the gilded throne you  
 ascended,  
 In triumph carried you through the land and sent the bold  
 conqueror fleeing.<sup>a</sup>  
 Brazenly arrogant then you became, you betrayed all the promises  
 given.  
 Now a storm blows up out of France, and the people rise up in  
 their masses,  
 And your throne is rocked like the skiff in the storm and your  
 hand loses hold of the sceptre.  
 You above all, Ernst August, I challenge with angry  
 defiance.  
 Despotic and reckless, you flouted the law—now hark to the  
 storm as it rises!  
 The people look up with piercing eyes and the sword barely rests  
 in the scabbard.  
 Speak! Are you safe on your golden throne, as I in my boat on the  
 waters?

The business about the high waves on the Weser is quite true,  
 also that I was sailing on it on the great day of the July revolution.

Give my regards to Wurm and tell him that he must write me a  
 lot.

Yours,  
*Friedr. Engels*

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 time

23

TO WILHELM GRAEBER

IN BERLIN

Bremen, July 30, 1839

My dear Guglielmo,

What foul ideas you have about me! There can be no question  
 either of the buffoon or of the loyal Eckart (or Eckkardt, as you  
 spell it),<sup>210</sup> but only of logic, reason, consistency, *propositio major et*

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to Napoleon I.—Ed.

*minor*, etc. Yes, you are right. We won't get anywhere with gentleness here, these pigmies—servility, aristocratic rule, censorship, etc.—have to be driven away with the sword. Of course, I ought now to be really bullying and raging, but since it is you I am writing to, I'll go easy with you so that you will not have to "cross yourself" when the "wild gallop" of my unruly poetic prose overtakes you. First of all I protest against your insinuations that I have been giving the spirit of the times one kick after another in the hindquarters in order to speed its progress. My dear man, what a mug do you think I really am with my poor snub nose! No, I'm leaving it well and truly alone; on the contrary, when the spirit of the times comes along like a hurricane and pulls the train away on the railway line, then I jump quickly into a carriage and let myself be pulled along a little. Yes, a man like Karl Beck—the mad idea that he is finished as a poet originates most certainly from that depraved Wichelhaus, about whom Wurm has thoroughly informed me. The idea that a young man of twenty-two who has written such ravishing poetry should suddenly stop—no, really, I have never come across such nonsense before. Can you believe that Goethe stopped being a poet of genius after he had written *Götz*, or Schiller after he had written the *Räuber*? Apart from which, history is supposed to have avenged itself on Young Germany! God preserve me. Indeed, if world history has been entrusted by the dear Lord God to the Bundestag as its hereditary fief, then it has avenged itself on Gutzkow by putting him in jail for three months.<sup>211</sup> But if, as we no longer doubt, it lies with public opinion (i. e., here, literary opinion), then it has avenged itself on Young Germany to the extent that it has allowed itself to be won by Young Germany fighting with the pen, and now Young Germany is enthroned as queen of modern German literature. What was Börne's fate? He died like a hero in February 1837, and in his last days he had the joy of seeing his successors—Gutzkow, Mundt, Wienbarg, Beurmann—rise so powerfully; to be sure, the black clouds of disaster still hung over their heads and a long, long chain was drawn around Germany which the Bundestag mended whenever it threatened to snap. But he is laughing even now at the princes, and perhaps he knows the hour when the stolen crowns will fall from their heads. I will not vouch to you for Heine's happiness—anyhow the fellow has been wallowing in the mud for quite a while now. Nor for Beck's for he is in love and fretting over our dear Germany. I am with him in regard to the latter, apart from which I still have a lot of fighting to do. But never mind, our good Lord God has given me an excellent sense

of humour, which is a great comfort to me. Are you happy, manikin?—Keep your views about inspiration to yourself, otherwise you will never be a preacher in Wuppertal. If I had not been brought up in the most extreme orthodoxy and piety, if I had not had drummed into me in church, Sunday school and at home the most direct, unconditional belief in the Bible and in the agreement of the teaching of the Bible with that of the church, indeed, with the special teaching of *every* minister, perhaps, I would have remained stuck in some sort of liberal supranaturalism for a long time. There are plenty of contradictions in the teaching—as many as there are biblical authors, and the Wuppertal faith has accordingly absorbed a dozen different individualities. As for Joseph's family tree, Neander, as you know, attributes the one in Matthew to the Greek translator of the Hebrew original. If I am not mistaken, *Weisse* in his *Life of Jesus*<sup>a</sup> came out against Luke in much the same way as you do. Fritz's explanation finally depends on such unnatural possibilities that it can't be called an explanation at all. I am certainly a *πρόμαχος*,<sup>b</sup> but of the liberal party, not the rationalists. The contradictions are taking shape, the views stand in sharp opposition. Four liberals (who are also rationalists), one aristocrat who came over to us but, fearing to offend against his family's hereditary principles, immediately ran back again to the aristocracy, an aristocrat with good expectations, as we hope, and various blockheads, this is the circus within which the disputes rage. I do my championing as an expert on antiquity, the Middle Ages and modern life, as a boor, etc., but the championing is already no longer necessary; my young fellows are coming along quite well. Yesterday I explained to them the operation of historical necessity during the period 1789-1839 and, in addition, learned to my astonishment that I was supposed to be rather superior to all the local *prima pupils* in debating. I had beaten two of them in an argument some time before and they had then sworn to get me involved with the cleverest among them so that he could beat me; but unfortunately for them, he was tremendously enamoured of Horace at the time, so I beat him hollow. Then they became terribly afraid. This erstwhile Horaceomane is now on very good terms with me and told me all about it yesterday evening. You would be immediately convinced of the correctness of my book reviews if you read the books they

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<sup>a</sup> Ch. H. Weisse, *Die evangelische Geschichte....*—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Champion.—Ed.

deal with. K. Beck is an enormous talent, more than that, he is a genius. He produces images like

One hears the thunder's voice proclaim aloud  
What's written by the lightning on the clouds<sup>a</sup>

in enormous profusion. Listen to what he says about Börne, whom he adores. He is speaking to Schiller:

Your Posa was no airy fantasy;  
For did not Börne perish for us all?  
He scaled the summits of humanity;  
A Tell, he sounded Freedom's clarion call.  
Up there, he calmly whet his arrow-head  
Took aim and shot. And Freedom's arrow sped  
— — — — —  
Into the apple, into the round Earth.<sup>b</sup>

And how he describes the misery of the Jews and student life! It is capital, and now the *Fahrende Poet*! Man, have some sense and read him. Look, if you refute Börne's essay on Schiller's *Tell* then you can have all the royalties I am hoping to get for my translation of Shelley.<sup>212</sup> I'll forgive you for pulling my Wuppertal article<sup>c</sup> to pieces so thoroughly, for I read it again recently and was astonished at the style. I haven't written nearly so well since. Don't forget Leo and Michelet next time. As I have said before, you are very much mistaken in thinking that we Young Germans want to support the spirit of the age. But just think for a moment—when this *πνεῦμα*<sup>d</sup> blows and blows right for us, would we not be fools if we did not set our sails? It will not be forgotten that you were at Gans' funeral.<sup>213</sup> I'll get it mentioned in the *Elegante Zeitung*<sup>e</sup> soon. The way you all afterwards beg so nicely for forgiveness for the little bit of rumpus you kicked up strikes me as very funny. You still can't curse and swear, but here they all come: Fritz sends me to hell, accompanies me to the gate and pushes me in with a low bow so that he himself can then fly back to Heaven. You see everything double through your spar spectacles and take my three friends for spirits from the Venus-

<sup>a</sup> From the poem *Gang um Leipzig* (K. Beck, *Nächte. Gepanzerte Lieder. Erstes Märchen. Dritte Nacht*).—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> From the poem *Schillers Haus in Gohlis* (K. Beck, *Nächte. Erstes Märchen. Fünfte Nacht*).—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> "Letters from Wuppertal". See this volume, pp. 7-25.—Ed.

<sup>d</sup> Wind.—Ed.

<sup>e</sup> *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*.—Ed.

berg.—Manikin, why are you calling for the loyal Eckart? Look, there he is, a little chap with a sharp, Jewish profile. His name is Börne and only give him a free hand and he will clear out all the Venus Servilia crowd. Then you also will make your most humble farewells—look, Mr. Peter<sup>a</sup> is coming too, smiling with one side of his face and snarling with the other, turning towards me first the snarl and then the smile.

In our dear Barmen literary feeling is beginning to stir now. Freiligrath started a play-reading society in which, since his departure, Strücker and Neuburg (a clerk at Langewiesche's) are the πρόμαχοι<sup>b</sup> of liberal ideas. Now Herr Ewich has made the following sharp-witted discoveries: (1) that the spirit of Young Germany haunts this society, (2) that the society *in pleno* composed the "Letters from Wuppertal" in the *Telegraph*. He has also suddenly discovered that Freiligrath's poems are the dullest stuff in the world and that Freiligrath stands far below de la Motte Fouqué and will be forgotten within three years. Precisely what was once asserted by Beck.

O Schiller, Schiller, ever-vibrant spirit,  
O greatest heart that beat in warmest breast,  
Forever young, to us you were the Prophet  
Who carried Freedom's flag before the rest.  
When all the world had stolen from the fray,  
And the faint-hearted could do nought but pray,  
Oh, you were truly prodigal of your blood;  
Your warmest life, your deepest life you threw  
Before the world in sacrifice from you.  
Contented, cold, the world misunderstood,  
All heedless of your heart's deep misery,  
And only heard the music of the spheres,  
When to its ears came waves of poetry  
That you had swelled with your own blood-red tears.

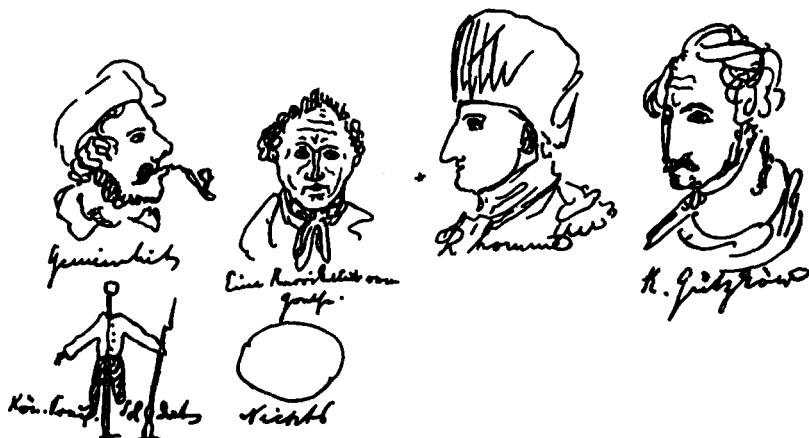
Who wrote that?—It is from Karl Beck's *Der Fahrende Poet*<sup>c</sup> with all his powerful verse and magnificent imagery, but also with his obscurity, his extravagant hyperboles and metaphors. For it is now settled that Schiller is our greatest liberal poet. He sensed the new era which would dawn after the French Revolution, which Goethe did not, even after the July revolution, and when it came too near to him so that he almost had to believe that something new was coming, he retired into his room and shut the door so as to remain comfortable. That detracts from Goethe a great deal; but

<sup>a</sup> Peter Jonghaus.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Champions.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Dritter Gesang. Gedicht 52.—*Ed.*

he was forty years old when the revolution broke out, and a made man, so one cannot reproach him with it. To finish I'll draw you something.<sup>a</sup>



I enclose masses of poems. Share them between you.

Yours,

*Friedrich Engels*

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24

TO MARIE ENGELS

IN BARMEN

Bremen, Sept. 28, 1839

Dear Marie,

It was high time your ladyship wrote to me at last; it has gone on long enough, Mamsell. But I'll forgive you your great crimes and tell you something. Tomorrow it will be two weeks since we rode out to Delmenhorst. This is a small Oldenburg country town

<sup>a</sup> Cartoons (left to right): *Gemeinheit* (Common trash); *Eine Karrikatur von Goethe* (A caricature of Goethe); *L'homme* (Man); K. Gutzkow; *Kön. Preuss. Soldat* (Soldier of the King of Prussia); *Nichts* (Nothing).—Ed.



with a menagerie, so called because the people of Oldenburg and Bremen are always going there, and when we had seen it, we rode back—and came home, you think? Yes, but after several adventures. In the first place, I sat half the way in the carriage and when we reached the place where I was to pick up my horse again, the riders had not yet arrived and so we had to go in, drink bad beer and smoke bad cigars. Finally, the riders turned up and by now it was eight o'clock and pitch dark. Once I had found my horse we rode on, paid the gate toll and rode through Neustadt. Then round the corner and riding directly at us came eight drummers beating a tattoo, all in a row, and our horses jumped about all over the place. The drummers beat louder and louder, and the noble street arabs of Bremen shouted, so that we soon got separated from one another. R. Roth and I were the first to find each other again, and we rode on to the other end of the town where we had to pay toll again because the philistine who hires out horses lives just outside the gate. Here we met the others, whose horses had run away with them, and we then made for home and had to pay toll a *third time*. Isn't that an interesting story? You won't be able to deny it, especially when you hear that since it was too late to eat at home, I went into the Club, ate beefsteak and eggs and heard a very entertaining conversation which was going on near me, about young dogs and dead cats. Indeed, very interesting, very amusing.<sup>a</sup> I am now at the Club, which is the same kind of place as the Concordia or institute for improvement in Barmen. The best thing about it is the many newspapers—Dutch, English, American, French, German, Turkish and Japanese. This gave me the opportunity to learn Turkish and Japanese, so I now understand 25 languages. All this is, of course, of the greatest interest to a young lady who wants to go to a boarding-school in Mannheim. Jacob Schmitt was here too, and he will be back again next week and will go to the wine cellar with me. That is undoubtedly the best institution in Bremen. We also have a theatre again, but I haven't been there yet.

Farewell, my dear,<sup>b</sup>

Yours for ever,<sup>c</sup>

Friedrich

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<sup>a</sup> This sentence is written in English in the original.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Written in English in the original.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> Written in English in the original.—Ed.

## 25

## TO WILHELM GRAEBER

IN BERLIN

[Bremen] October 8, 1839

O Wilhelm, Wilhelm, Wilhelm! So at last we are hearing from you. Now, manikin, now you're going to hear something: I am now an enthusiastic Straussian. Just you come here, I have now got arms, shield and helmet; now I am secure, just you come here and I'll give you such a drubbing, despite all your theologia, that you won't know where to run. Yes, Guillermo, *jacta est alea*.<sup>a</sup> I am now a Straussian; I, a poor, miserable poet, have crept under the wing of the genius David Friedrich Strauss. Just hear what a fellow he is! There lie the four gospels in a crisp and colourful chaos; mysticism lies in front of them and adores them—and behold, in comes David Strauss like a young god and brings the chaos out into the light of day and—*Adios faith!* It is as full of holes as a sponge. He sees too much myth here and there, but only in unimportant matters, otherwise he is a man of real genius. If you can refute Strauss—*eh bien*, I'll become a pietist once again.—I could also have learned from your letter that Mengs was an important artist, if, unfortunately, I had not already known it for a long time. With *Die Zauberflöte* (music by Mozart) it is exactly the same. The reading-room is splendidly arranged, and among the most recent literary productions I draw your attention to *König Saul*, a tragedy by Gutzkow; *Skizzenbuch* by the same author; *Dichtungen* by Th. Creizenach (a Jew); *Deutschland und die Deutschen* by Beumann; *Die Dramatiker der Jetztzeit*, Vol. 1, by L. Wienbarg, etc. I am very anxious to hear your opinion about *Saul*. Beumann quoted extracts from my article in the *Telegraph*<sup>214</sup> in his *Deutschland und die Deutschen*, in which he speaks about Wuppertal.—On the other hand, I warn you against the *Geschichte des polnischen Aufstands (1830-31)* by Smitt, Berlin, 1839, which was undoubtedly written on the direct order of the King of Prussia.<sup>b</sup> The chapter about the beginning of the revolution is headed with a motto from Thucydides which runs something like this: But we, who were unprepared for anything untoward, were suddenly invaded by them without any cause!!!! Oh, what gigantic nonsense! Splendid, on the other hand, is the history of this glorious uprising by Count Soltyk, which was published in German in

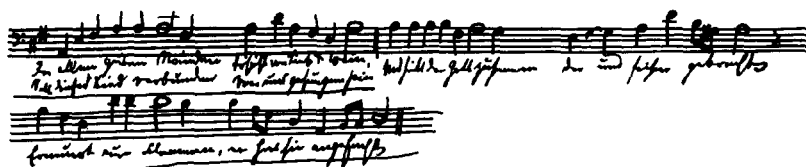
<sup>a</sup> The die is cast.—Ed.<sup>b</sup> Frederick William III.—Ed.

Stuttgart in 1834<sup>215</sup>—in your place, of course, it will have been banned, like everything good. Another important piece of news is that I am writing a short story which will be printed in January, always provided, of course, that it is passed by the censor, which is an annoying dilemma.

I really don't know whether or not I should continue sending you poems, but I think I did send you my *Odysseus Redivivus*<sup>216</sup> lately and I beg you to let me have your criticisms of the last consignment. We have a novice here from your part of the country, someone called Müller, who is going to sail to the South Seas as a ship's preacher. He is staying at our house and has the most extravagant views about Christianity, which you will understand when I tell you that he has spent his time recently under the influence of *Gossner*. It is not easy to have more exalted views about the efficacy of prayer and direct divine intervention in life. Instead of saying that one can sharpen one's senses, one's hearing, one's sight, he says that when the Lord gives me a duty to fulfil, He is also bound to provide me with the power to fulfil it; of course there must be fervent prayer and hard work for one's own part too, otherwise there is nothing doing. And so he restricts to believers only this familiar fact that holds for all men. Even a Krummacher would have to grant me that such an outlook is really too childlike and childish.—I am very pleased to hear that you have a better opinion of my *Telegraph* article. It was, of course, written in haste, as a result of which it has a style such as I only hope my short story will have, but also some one-sidednesses and half-truths. Krummacher, as you probably know, got to know Gutzkow in Frankfurt am Main and is said to be making up *mirabilia*<sup>a</sup> about it—proof of the correctness of Strauss' views about myths. I am now taking to the modern style, which is without doubt the ideal of all style. Models for it are Heine's writings, but especially Kühne and Gutzkow, although Wienbarg is its real master. Among earlier elements that have had a particularly favourable influence on it are Lessing, Goethe, Jean Paul and, above all, Börne. Oh, Börne—he writes a style that surpasses everything. *Menzel, der Franzosenfresser* is stylistically the best piece of work in German and likewise the first one that sets out to annihilate an author completely; and in your place it is also banned to make sure that no better style shall be written than what is turned out in the royal offices. The modern style unites in itself every excellence of style—compact brevity and pregnancy

<sup>a</sup> Curious stories.—Ed.

which hits the mark with a word, alternating with epic, calm description; simple language alternating with shimmering images and brilliant sparks of wit, a Ganymede with the strength of youth, roses twined round his head and in his hand the weapon that slew the python. At the same time, the greatest freedom is left to the author's individuality, so that despite affinity none imitates the other. Heine writes dazzlingly, Wienbarg with cordial warmth and radiance, Gutzkow with a razor-sharp precision over which there sometimes plays a comforting sunlight. Kühne is pleasantly descriptive with rather too much light and too little shade. Laube imitates Heine and now Goethe as well, but in a wrong manner, for he imitates the Goethean Varnhagen, and Mundt likewise imitates Varnhagen. Marggraff still writes rather too generally and with too much puffing out of his cheeks, but that will pass, and Beck's prose has not yet got beyond studies.—If you combine Jean Paul's ornateness with Börne's precision then you have the essentials of the modern style. Gutzkow has been able to assimilate the brilliant, light but dry style of the French most fortunately. This French style is like a thread of gossamer, the modern German like a wisp of silk (this image has unfortunately gone somewhat awry). My studies of Goethe's divine songs show that I do not forget the old in my enthusiasm for the new. But one must study them musically and best of all in different musical settings. Here, for example, I reproduce Reichardt's tune for the *Bundeslied*.<sup>a</sup>



I have forgotten the bars again; get Heuser to put them in for you. The melody is marvellous and through its always harmonious

<sup>a</sup> Engels has copied out the first stanza of Goethe's *Bundeslied* under the melody of Reichardt's setting for this song. The text is as follows:

"In hours of exaltation  
That Love and Wine both bring,  
This song with inspiration  
United we shall sing!  
God binds us all together,  
Who come here at His call.  
Keep our flames burning ever;  
He lit them for us all."—*Ed.*

simplicity it is better suited than any other to the poem. Wonderfully effective is the rise at v. 6 from E by a seventh to D, and the sudden fall at v. 8 from B by a ninth to A. I shall write to Heuser about Leonardo Leo's *Miserere*.

In the next few days I shall send you a good friend, Adolf Torstrick, who is going to study there. He is jolly and liberal and understands Greek very well. The other Bremen people who are coming are not up to much. Torstrick will have letters from me to you. Receive him well, I hope you get to like him. Fritz has not yet written to me, the vermicle<sup>a</sup> was going to write to me from Elberfeld but didn't do so out of laziness—for which please give him a dressing down. If Heuser—whom I cannot write to in Elberfeld for fear I miss him—should arrive, tell him he may hope for something from me soon.

Yours,  
Friedrich Engels

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## 26

### TO WILHELM GRAEBER

IN BERLIN<sup>b</sup>

[Bremen, October 20-21, 1839]

October 20. To Herr Wilhelm Graeber. I am quite sentimental; it is a difficult case. I remain here deprived of all merriness. With Adolf Torstrick, the bearer of this, the last merriness leaves. How I celebrated October the 18th can be read in my last epistle to

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to Gustav Wurm.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> The back of the letter bears the inscription: "To Herr Wilhelm Graeber Berlin, Mittelstrasse, 3rd floor."—Ed.

Heuser. Today beer-guzzling, tomorrow boredom, the day after tomorrow Torstrick is leaving, on Thursday the student mentioned in the above-mentioned epistle will return, whereupon there will follow two merry days and then a lonely, horrible winter. Not a soul in this place can be moved to come on the booze, they are all philistines. Here I sit with all that is left of my jolly songs, and my cocky, would-be student air, alone in the great desert, without boozing companions, without love, without any fun, alone with tobacco, beer and two acquaintances who can't drink. "My son, here is my spear, drink with it my beer. When you drink *comme il faut*, it pleases your old father so,"<sup>217</sup> I want to sing, but to whom shall I give my spear, and I haven't got the tune right, either. Only one hope remains for me, to meet you in Barmen in a year's time, when I go home, and then, if too much of the pastor has not got into you and Jonghaus and Fritz, to go on the spree with you.

21st. Today has been a dreadfully boring day. Half-dead from slaving in the office. Then choir practice, enormous enjoyment. Now I must see that I write you something more. Verses at the next opportunity, I have no time left to copy them. Didn't even have anything interesting to eat, all boring. And it's so cold you can't bear it in the office. Thank God, tomorrow we have hopes of getting some heating. I should be getting a letter from your brother Hermann soon; he wants to test my theology and massacre my conviction. That comes of being a sceptic; the thousand hooks with which one hung on to the old come loose and hook on to something else, and then there are arguments. The devil take Wurm, don't get a word from the fellow, he is becoming worse and worse every day. I suppose he is taking to drinking brandy. Now give Torstrick a friendly welcome, make him tell you about me if it interests you, and put good beer before him.

Farewell.<sup>a</sup>

Yours,

*Friedrich Engels*

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<sup>a</sup> Written in English in the original.—Ed.

## TO FRIEDRICH GRAEBER

[Bremen, October 29, 1839]

My dear Fritz,

I am not of the same mind as Pastor Stier.—On October 29, after a jolly fair, and one involving a difficult, dreadful correspondence, which by chance went to Berlin, and after a letter to W. Blank, who had to wait a long time, I am at last free for a good friendly tussle with you. You seem to have dashed off your essay on inspiration in a bit of a hurry, for it is hardly to be taken literally when you write: The apostles preached the Gospel in its purity and that ceased after their death. Among the apostles you must in that case also count the author of the Acts of the Apostles and of the Epistle to the Hebrews and *prove* that the Gospels were actually written by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, whereas in respect of the first three the opposite is established. Further you say: I don't believe that we must look in the Bible for any other inspiration than when the apostles and prophets came forward and preached to the people. Good; but does it not again require inspiration to record those sermons correctly? And if you concede to me in this sentence that there are uninspired passages in the Bible, where will you draw the line? Take the Bible and read—you won't want to have a line missing except where there are real contradictions; but these contradictions entail a mass of consequences; the contradiction, for instance, that the stay of the children of Israel in Egypt only lasted four generations, while Paul in the Epistle to the Galatians (*nisi erro*<sup>a</sup>) gives 430 years,<sup>b</sup> which even my pastor,<sup>c</sup> who is eager to keep me in the dark, admits is a contradiction. You will not tell me that Paul's words don't count as inspired because he mentions the matter incidentally and is not writing history—what do I care for a revelation in which such superfluous and useless things occur. But if the contradiction is acknowledged both may be equally wrong, and Old Testament history appears in an ambiguous light, as in general—everybody admits it, except Pastor Tiele in Oberneuland near Bremen—biblical chronology is hopelessly lost as far as inspiration is concerned. This ranks Old Testament history even more in the realm

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<sup>a</sup> If I am not mistaken.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Galatians 3:17.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Georg Gottfried Treviranus.—*Ed.*

of mythology, and it will not be long before this is generally acknowledged in the pulpits.—As regards Joshua's making the sun stand still, the most telling argument you can use is that when Joshua said this, he was not yet inspired, and that later when, being in a state of inspiration, he wrote the book, he only told the story. The doctrine of redemption.—“Man is so fallen that of himself he can do nothing good.” Dear Fritz, please drop this hyperorthodox and not even biblical nonsense. When Börne, who himself had barely enough to live on in Paris, gave all the fees for his writings to poor Germans, for which he did not even get any thanks, that was, I hope, something good? And Börne had certainly not been “born again”.—You don't need this sentence at all, provided you have original sin. Christ does not know it either, like so much else from the teaching of the apostles.—The doctrine of sin is what I have thought least about, but nevertheless it is clear to me that sin is necessary for mankind. Orthodoxy rightly perceives a connection between sin and earthly deficiencies, disease, etc., but it errs in presenting sin as the cause of these deficiencies, which occurs only in isolated cases. The two, sin and deficiency, condition each other, one cannot exist without the other. And since the powers of man are not divine, the possibility of sin is a necessity; that it actually had to occur was given in the crude stage of the first human beings, and that it has not ceased since is again quite psychological. Nor can it cease on earth since it is conditioned by all earthly circumstances, and God would otherwise have had to create men quite differently. But since He has created them thus He cannot demand of them to be absolutely without sin, but only to fight against sin; that this fight would suddenly cease with death and a *dolce far niente* would ensue, only the neglected psychology of earlier centuries could conclude. Indeed, if these premises are granted, moral perfection can be achieved only with the perfection of all other spiritual powers, with a merging into the world soul, and there I am with the Hegelian doctrine, which Leo attacked so violently. This last metaphysical sentence is, by the way, the kind of conclusion of which I do not yet know myself what to think.—Further, according to these premises the story of Adam can only be a myth, since Adam either had to be equal to God if he was created so free from sin, or had to sin if he was created with otherwise human powers.—That is my doctrine of sin, which is indeed still enormously crude and incomplete; but what need have I here of a redemption?—“If God wanted to find a way out between punitive justice and redeeming love, the only means left was substitution.”



Now just take a look at yourselves and see what sort of people you are. You reproach us with lowering our critical sounding lead into the depths of divine wisdom, and here you are actually setting limits to divine wisdom. Herr Professor Philippi could not have gone back on himself more flagrantly. And even granted the need of it as the only means—does substitution cease to be an injustice? If God is really so severe with men He must be severe here also and not turn a blind eye. Work this system out for yourself in sharp, definite terms, and the sore points will not escape you.—Then comes a really pompous contradiction to “substitution as the only means” when you say: “A man cannot be mediator *even if by an act of God’s omnipotence he were freed of all sin.*” So there is another way after all? If orthodoxy has no better representative in Berlin than Professor Philippi it is indeed in a bad way.—Throughout the entire deduction tacitly runs the principle that substitution is justifiable. That is a murderer whom you have hired for your purposes and who afterwards stabs you to death yourselves. Nor do you really want to tackle the job of proving that this principle does not contradict divine justice and, be honest and admit it, you yourselves feel that you would have to prove this against your innermost conscience; so you whisk past the principle and silently take the fact, dressed up in fine words about merciful love, etc., for granted.—“The Trinity is a condition of redemption.” That again is one of those half-true conclusions of your system. Two hypostases, of course, it would be necessary to assume, but the third only because it is traditional to do so.

“But in order to suffer and to die God had to become man, for apart from its being metaphysically unthinkable to postulate in God as such a capacity to suffer, there was also the ethical necessity conditioned by justice.”—But if you admit that it is unthinkable that God should be able to suffer, then it was not the God who suffered in Christ, but only the man, and “a man could not be mediator”. You are still so reasonable that unlike so many here you do not push the conclusion to the extreme point: “hence God must have suffered”, and hold fast to that. And what exactly this has to do with “ethical necessity conditioned by justice” also remains to be seen. If once the principle of substitution is to be granted, it is not necessary that the sufferer should be a man, if he is only God. But God cannot suffer—*ergo* we are no further than we were before. That is just the trouble with your deduction, at every step I must make new concessions to you. Nothing develops fully and entirely out of what has gone before. So here again I must concede to you that the mediator had also to be man, which

has not yet been proved at all; for if I didn't concede it I couldn't accept what follows. "But the incarnation could not have taken place by means of natural procreation, for even if God had united Himself with a person born to a mother and father and freed from sin by His omnipotence, He would only have united Himself with that person and not with human nature.— In the body of the Virgin Mary Christ only assumed human nature, the person-forming power lay in his divinity."—Do please see, this is sheer sophistry and is forced on you by the attacks on the necessity of supernatural generation. In order to put this matter in a different light, the professor interposes a third thing: personality! That has nothing to do with it. On the contrary, the union with human nature is the more intimate the more the personality is human and the spirit which animates it divine. A second misunderstanding here lies hidden in the background. You confuse the body and the person; that emerges even more clearly from the words: "On the other hand, God could not make Himself human quite so abruptly as He did the first Adam, otherwise He would not have stood in any connection with the substance of our fallen nature." So it is a question of the *substance*, of the palpable, the corporeal? But the best of it is that the finest reason for the supernatural generation, the dogma of the impersonality of the human nature in Christ, is merely a gnostic consequence of the supernatural generation. (Gnostic, of course, not in reference to the sect but to γνῶσις<sup>a</sup> in general.) If the God in Christ could not suffer, then still less could the impersonal man, and that is what comes of being profound. "So Christ appears without a single human trait." That is a random assertion; all four Evangelists give a definite picture of the character of Jesus which in most of its features is the same in all of them. Thus we can maintain that the character of the apostle John was nearest to that of Jesus; but now if Christ had no human trait, this implies that John was the most excellent; and that might be a questionable assertion.

Thus far the reply to your deduction. I have not succeeded very well with it, I had no college notebooks, only invoice and account books. So please excuse unclarities here and there.—Your brother<sup>b</sup> has not yet been heard of by letter. *Du reste*, if you acknowledge the honesty of my doubt, how will you explain such a phenomenon? Your orthodox psychology must necessarily rank me among the most wicked, obdurate sinners, especially as I am

<sup>a</sup> Gnosis.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Wilhelm Graeber.— *Ed.*

now wholly and utterly lost. For I have taken the oath to the flag of David Friedrich Strauss and am a first-class mythic; I tell you, Strauss is a grand fellow and a genius, and with powers of discernment such as nobody else has. He has taken away the ground from under your views, the historical foundation is lost beyond recall, and the dogmatic foundation will go down after it. Strauss cannot be refuted, that is why the pietists are so furious with him; Hengstenberg is making tremendous efforts in the *Kirchen-Zeitung*<sup>a</sup> to draw false conclusions from his words and to combine with that spiteful attacks on his character. That is what I hate in Hengstenberg and company. Strauss' personality is no concern of theirs; but they strain themselves to blacken his character so that people should be afraid to join him. The best proof that they are unable to refute him.

But now I have theologised enough and will turn my eyes elsewhere. How splendid are the discoveries which the *Deutsche Bund* has made of demagoguery and all so-called conspiracies is to be gathered from the fact that they could be printed on seventy-five<sup>b</sup> pages. I have not yet seen the book,<sup>218</sup> but have read excerpts in newspapers which show me what precious lies our damned administration dishes out to the German people. The *Deutsche Bund* alleges with the most brazen effrontery that the political criminals were sentenced by their "legitimate judges", although everybody knows that everywhere, especially where a public judicature exists, commissions were instituted, and what happened there under cover of darkness nobody knows, for the defendants had to swear not to say anything about the hearing. That is the justice which exists in Germany—and we have nothing, but nothing to complain of!—About six weeks ago there appeared an excellent book: *Preussen und Preussenthum* by J. Venedey, Mannheim, 1839, in which Prussian legislation, state administration, tax distribution, etc., are subjected to strict scrutiny, and the results are convincing: favours for the money aristocracy against the poor, endeavours to perpetuate absolutism, and the means to do this: suppression of political education, stupefying of the mass of the people, utilisation of religion; outward brilliance, restraintless bragging and a pretence of favouring education. The *Deutsche Bund* at once took care to ban the book and to confiscate the copies in stock; the last is only a pretence, since the booksellers are at most asked if they have any copies, to which, of course, every decent fellow says:

<sup>a</sup> *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> The original mistakenly has "eighty-five".—Ed.

No.—If you can get hold of the book there, do read it, for it isn't just rodomontades, but adduces proofs *from the Prussian Law*.—What I would like best of all is if you could get Börne's *Menzel, der Franzosenfresser*. This work is without doubt the best we have in German prose, both in respect of style and of power and wealth of thought; it is marvellous; anyone who doesn't know it will not believe that our language possesses such power.<sup>a</sup>

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28

TO WILHELM GRAEBER

IN BERLIN

[Bremen, November 13-20, 1839]

*Nov. 13, 1839.* Dearest Guilielme, why don't you write? You all belong to the category of idlers and loungers. But I am a different fellow! Not only do I write to you more than you deserve, not only am I acquiring an exceptional acquaintance with all literatures of the world, I am also quietly making for myself in short stories and poems a memorial of glory which, unless the censor's breath turns the bright gleam of steel to ugly rust, will shine in brilliant, youthful radiance through all German lands, Austria excepted. In my breast it ferments and boils, in my sometimes drunken head it glows quite exceptionally; I long to find a great thought which will clear the ferment and blow the glow into a bright flame. A splendid subject, compared with which all my previous ones are mere childishness, is working upwards in my mind. What I want to do is to reveal in a "fairy story" or something like that those foreshadowings of the modern world that showed themselves in the Middle Ages; I want to uncover those spirits who knocked under the hard crust of the earth for release, buried beneath the foundations of churches and dungeons. I want to try and resolve at least part of Gutzkow's task: the true second part of *Faust*—Faust no longer an egoist but sacrificing himself for

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<sup>a</sup> The end of the letter is missing.—*Ed.*

mankind—has yet to be written. There is *Faust*, there is the *Wandering Jew*, there is the *Wild Huntsman*, three types of the anticipated spiritual freedom which can easily be placed in connection and relation with Jan Huss. What a poetic background is given to me there, against which these three demons work their will! The idea of the *Wild Huntsman*, formerly begun in metre, has merged into it.—These three types (why don't you write, you fellows? Nov. 14) I shall treat in a most original manner; I promise myself a particular effect from the interpretation of Ahasuerus and the *Wild Huntsman*. To make the subject more poetic and the details more significant I can easily weave in other things from German tradition—but there is time for that yet. While the short story I am working on at present is more of a mere study in style and character portraying, this is to be the real thing on which I found my hopes for my name.

Nov. 15. No letter today either? What shall I do? What shall I think of you? I can't understand you. Nov. 20. And if you don't write today I shall geld you in thoughts and make you wait as long as you do me. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a letter for a letter. But you hypocrites say: Not an eye for an eye, not a tooth for a tooth, *not* a letter for a letter, and fob me off with your damned Christian sophistry. No, better a good pagan than a bad Christian.




Poets of world-weariness

A young Jew has arisen, Theodor Creizenach, who writes most excellent poems and even better verses. He has written a comedy<sup>a</sup> in which W. Menzel and company are ridiculed in the most priceless fashion. Everybody is now flocking to the modern school

<sup>a</sup> Th. Creizenach, *Der schwäbische Apoll.*—Ed.

and building houses, palaces or little huts on the foundation of the great ideas of the time. Everything else is going to the dogs, sentimental little songs die away unheard, and the ringing horn waits for a huntsman to sound it for the hunting of tyrants; and God's storm rustles in the tree-tops and the youth of Germany stand in the grove, clashing their swords and raising high their brimming cups; from the mountain-tops the burning castles blaze, thrones shake, altars tremble, and if the Lord calls in storm and thunder: Forward, forward! who will resist us?<sup>a</sup>

Wir Friedrich Engels  
 oberster Poet im Bremer Rathskeller und privilegierter  
**Z E C H E R**  
 Ihn kund und zu wissen allen Bergangenen, Gegenwärtigen  
 Abwesenden und Zukünftigen  
 Dafs Ihr sämtlich Idiot seid, faule Kreaturen, die an eurer  
 Weisheit Ihr eigenes Existenz dahinsiechen, mir nichts,  
 schreibende Canailleu und so weiter  
 Gegeben auf unserm Comptoirbuck,  
 zu zeit da wir nicht den Kätzchenjungen hatten:  

 Friedrich Engels

In Berlin lives a young poet, Karl Grün, of whom I have these days read a *Buch der Wanderungen* which is very good. But he is said to be twenty-seven already, and at that age he should be able to write better. Now and again he has very striking thoughts, but often dreadful Hegelian phrases. What does this mean, for

<sup>a</sup> Further comes the following joking text: "We, Friedrich Engels, supreme poet in the Bremen town-hall cellar and privileged boozier, announce and make known to all and sundry, past, present, absent and future, that you are all asses, lazy creatures, who are wasting away from disgust with your own existence, scoundrels who don't write to me, and so on, and so on. Written on our office stool at a time when we had no hangover. *Friedrich Engels.*" — Ed.

instance: "Sophocles is the highly moral Greece which lets its titanic outbursts break against the wall of absolute necessity. In Shakespeare the concept of absolute character made its appearance."<sup>a</sup>

The night before last I had a great booze-up in the wine cellar on two bottles of beer and two and a half bottles of 1794 Rudesheimer. My prospective publisher and diverse philistines were with me. Specimen of an argument with one of these philistines on the Bremen constitution: I: In Bremen the opposition to the government is not of the right kind since it consists of the money aristocracy, the aldermen who oppose the aristocracy of rank, the Senate. He: You cannot really maintain that, can you? I: Why not? He: Prove your assertion.—That sort of thing passes for argument here! Oh, you philistines, go and learn Greek, and come again. Anyone that knows Greek also knows how to argue *rite*. I can argue six such fellows to death at once, even if I am half-seas over and they are sober. These people cannot follow a thought through to its necessary conclusions for three seconds, but everything goes in spasms; you only need let them speak for half an hour, throw in a few seemingly innocent questions, and they contradict themselves *splendidamente*. They are dreadfully stolid people, these philistines; I began to sing, but they resolved unanimously against me that they would eat first, and then sing. They stuffed themselves with oysters, while I went on angrily smoking, drinking and shouting without taking any notice of them, until I fell into a blissful slumber. I am now a large-scale importer of banned books into Prussia; Börne's *Franzosenfresser* in four copies, the *Briefe aus Paris* by the same, six volumes, Venedey's *Preussen und Preussenthum*, most strictly prohibited, in five copies, are lying ready for dispatch to Barmen. The last two volumes of the *Briefe aus Paris* I had not yet read; they are magnificent. King Otto of Greece is given a terrible going-over; thus he says on one occasion:

"If I were God I would have great fun: I would let all the great Greeks rise again one night."<sup>b</sup>

Then comes a very fine description of how these Hellenes walk about in Athens, Pericles, Aristotle and others. Then it is announced: King Otto has come. Everybody gets up, Dio-

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<sup>a</sup> *Buch der Wanderungen. Ostsee und Rhein*, Cassel und Leipzig, 1839, S. XXV. (Grün's book was published under the pseudonym of Ernst von der Haide).—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> L. Börne, *Briefe aus Paris*, Brief 89.—*Ed.*

genes trims his lamp, and all hurry to Piraeus. King Otto has landed and is making the following speech:

"Hellenes, look up. The sky has taken on the Bavarian national colour." (This speech is really too good, I must copy it out in full.) "For in the most ancient times Greece belonged to Bavaria. The Pelasgians lived in the Odenwald, and Inachus was born in Landshut. I have come to make you happy. Your demagogues, seditionists and journalists have brought your beautiful land to ruin. The fatal freedom of the press has thrown everything into confusion. Just see what the olive-trees look like. I would have come to you long ago, but I could not do so, for I have *not yet been long in this world*. Now you are a member of the *Deutsche Bund*; my ministers will inform you of the latest decisions of the *Bund*. I shall know how to safeguard the rights of my crown and by and by make you happy. For my civil list" (salary of the king in a constitutional state) "you shall annually give me 6 million piastres, and I allow you to pay my debts."<sup>a</sup>

The Greeks become confused, Diogenes shines his lamp in the king's face, and Hippocrates has ordered six cartloads of hellebore to be fetched, etc., etc. This whole ironical poem is a masterpiece of biting satire and written in a style that is divine. The reason why you like Börne less is because you are reading one of his weakest and earliest works, the *Schilderungen aus Paris*. The *Dramaturgische Blätter*, the criticisms, the aphorisms, but above all the *Briefe aus Paris* and the marvellous *Franzosenfresser* stand infinitely higher. The description of the collection of paintings is very boring, there you are right. But the grace, the Herculean strength, the depth of feeling, the devastating wit of the *Franzosenfresser* are unsurpassable. I hope we shall meet at Easter or else in the autumn in Barmen, and then you shall get a better idea of this Börne.—What you write about Torstrick's duel is indeed different from his own version, but in any case he is the one who had the most unpleasantness from it. He is a good fellow, but he lives in extremes, now drunk, then a little pedantic.

Continuation. If you are of the opinion that German literature has gradually fallen asleep, you are greatly mistaken. Don't think that because you hide your head from it like an ostrich and don't see it, it has ceased to exist. *Au contraire*, it is developing quite appreciably, as would be clear to you if you paid more attention to it and didn't live in Prussia, where the works of Gutzkow, etc., first require a special and rarely granted permission.—You are equally mistaken in thinking I should return to Christianity. *Pro primo*, it is ridiculous to me that I no longer count with you as a Christian, and *pro secundo*, that you think anyone who for the sake of the Idea has stripped off what is fantastical in orthodoxy could

<sup>a</sup> Ibid.—*Fd*.



submit to that strait jacket again. A true rationalist can perhaps do so by acknowledging that his natural explanation of miracles and his shallow moralising are insufficient; but mythicism and speculation cannot again descend from their dawn-reddened snow-capped peaks into the misty valleys of orthodoxy.—For I am on the point of becoming a Hegelian. Whether I shall become one I don't, of course, know yet, but Strauss has lit up lights on Hegel for me which make the thing quite plausible to me. His (Hegel's) philosophy of history is anyway written as from my own heart. Do see that you get hold of Strauss' *Charakteristiken und Kritiken*, the essay on Schleiermacher and Daub is wonderful.<sup>219</sup> Nobody else writes so penetratingly, clearly and interestingly as Strauss. By the way, he is not at all infallible; even if his entire *Leben Jesu* should be discovered to be a collection of sheer sophistries, still the first thing that makes this work so important is its basic idea of the mythical in Christianity; and the discovery would not damage this idea, for it can always be applied anew to biblical history. And that he has not only conceived the idea but also carried it out with such undeniable excellence raises Strauss' merit still higher. A good exegetist may be able to convict him here and there of a mistake or of falling into extremes, just as Luther was in detail open to criticism; but that, of course, does not matter. If Tholuck has ever said anything good about Strauss<sup>a</sup> that is either a sheer accident or an apt reminiscence; Tholuck's scholarliness is too diffuse and with that he is merely receptive, not even critical, much less productive. The good ideas Tholuck has had can easily be counted, and he himself destroyed any belief in the scientific character of his polemics as far back as ten years ago by his controversy with Wegscheider and Gesenius. Tholuck's scientific effect has in no way been lasting, and his time is long past. Hengstenberg did at least once have an original, even if absurd thought: that of the prophetic perspective.—It is incomprehensible to me that you care for nothing that goes beyond Hengstenberg and Neander. With all due respect for Neander, he is not scientific. Instead of setting intellect and reason solidly to work in his writings, even if at some point he should come into opposition to the Bible, whenever he fears that might happen he lets science take care of itself and comes out with empiricism or pious sentiment. He is much too pious and amiable to be able to oppose Strauss. Precisely by these pious outbursts in which his *Leben Jesu* abounds he blunts the point even of his genuinely scientific arguments.

<sup>a</sup> A. Tholuck, *Die Glaubwürdigkeit der evangelischen Geschichte*.—Ed.

*A propos*—a few days ago I read in the paper that Hegelian philosophy has been banned in Prussia, that a famous Hegelian lecturer in Halle has been induced by a ministerial rescript to suspend his lectures and that it has been intimated to several junior Halle lecturers of the same colour (presumably Ruge, etc.) that they cannot expect appointments. It is said that by this same rescript the definitive ban on the Berlin *Jahrbücher für wissenschaftliche Kritik* has been decided. I have not yet heard anything further. I cannot believe even the Prussian Government capable of such an unheard-of act of violence, although Börne prophesied it as long as five years ago, and Hengstenberg, an intimate friend of the Crown Prince,<sup>a</sup> as well as Neander, is said to be a declared enemy of the Hegelian school. If you hear anything of the business, write to me about it. Now I'll study Hegel over a glass of punch. *Adios*. Expecting a letter from you soon,

Friedrich Engels

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## 29

### TO FRIEDRICH GRAEBER

IN BERLIN

[Bremen, December 9, 1839-February 5, 1840]

*December 9.*

My dear fellow, your letter has just arrived; it is amazing how long one has to wait for you people. Nothing has been heard from Berlin since your and Heuser's letter from Elberfeld. One ought to give oneself up to the devil if only his existence were proved. But you have now arrived and that is good.

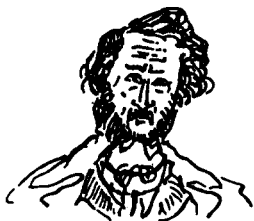
Imitating you, I leave theology to the last as a worthy crowning to the pyramid of my letter. I busy myself very much with literary work; since I received Gutzkow's assurance that my contributions are welcome I have sent him an essay on K. Beck<sup>b</sup>; then I am composing a lot of verses, which, however, badly need polishing

<sup>a</sup> The future King Frederick William IV.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> See this volume, pp. 41-46.—*Ed.*

up, and also writing prose pieces to practise my style. The day before yesterday I wrote "Eine Bremer Liebesgeschichte", yesterday "Die Juden in Bremen"; tomorrow I think I shall write "Die junge Literatur in Bremen", "Der Jüngste"<sup>a</sup> (namely, the office boy) or something else of the kind. In a fortnight, if one is in the mood, one can thus easily scribble up to five sheets, then one polishes up the style, puts in verses here and there for variety, and publishes it as *Bremer Abende*. My prospective publisher came to see me yesterday; I read him *Odysseus Redivivus*,<sup>220</sup> which delighted him exceedingly; he will take the first novel from my factory and yesterday wanted desperately to have a small volume of poems. But unfortunately there aren't enough of them, and—the censorship! Who would pass *Odysseus*? Incidentally, I don't allow the censorship to keep me from writing freely; let them cross out as much as they like afterwards, I don't commit infanticide on my own thoughts. Such censorship cuts are always disagreeable, but also honourable; an author who reaches the age of thirty or writes three books without cuts by the censor is not worth anything. Scarred warriors are the best. You must be able to tell by looking at a book that it has come out of a battle with the censor. By the way, the Hamburg censorship is liberal; in my last *Telegraph* essay on the German *Volksbücher*<sup>b</sup> there are several pieces of very bitter sarcasm about the Bundestag and the Prussian censorship, but not a letter has been crossed out.

*December 11.* Oh, Fritz! For years I have not been so lazy as I am at this moment. Ha! it is beginning to dawn on me what I need—I must visit the *tertium locum*.



*December 12.* Really, what asses—I meant to say what good people—the Bremen people are! In this present weather the streets are terribly slippery, and they have strewn sand in front of the town-hall cellar so that the drunks will not fall.

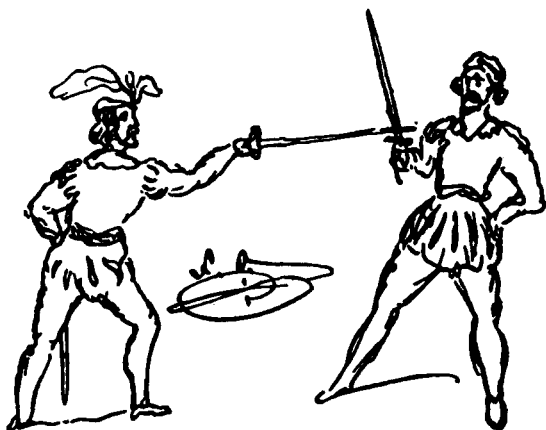
The fellow on the side here suffers from world-weariness, he visited H. Heine in Paris and caught it from him; then he went to Theodor Mundt and learnt certain phrases indispensable for world-weariness. Since then he has become visibly thinner and is going to write a book on world-weariness as the only sure remedy against corpulence.

<sup>a</sup> "A Bremen Love Story", "The Jews in Bremen", "Young Literature in Bremen", "The Youngest".—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> See this volume, pp. 32-40.—*Ed.*

January 20 [1840]. I did not want to write to you until it was certain whether I shall stay here or go away. Now at last I can tell you that for the time being I shall stay here.

21st. I admit that I am not very keen to continue the theological debate. One misunderstands one another and by the time one replies, one has long since forgotten one's *ipsissima verba* which are the point at issue, and so no purpose is achieved. A thorough discussion of the matter would require much more space, and it often happens to me that I cannot endorse in a subsequent letter things I said in an earlier one because they belonged so very much to the category of preconception of which I have freed myself in the meantime. Through Strauss I have now entered on the straight road to Hegelianism. Of course, I shall not become such an inveterate Hegelian as Hinrichs and others, but I must nevertheless absorb important things from this colossal system. The Hegelian idea of God has already become mine, and thus I am joining the ranks of the "modern pantheists", as Leo and Hengstenberg say, knowing well that even the word pantheism arouses such colossal revulsion on the part of pastors who don't think. Thus today at midday I was highly amused by a long sermon in the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* against Märklin's pietism.<sup>221</sup> The good *Kirchen-Zeitung* not only finds it most peculiar that it is counted among the pietists, but finds also other curious things. Modern pantheism, i.e., Hegel, apart from the fact that it is already found among the Chinese and Parsees, is perfectly expressed in the sect of the Libertines, which was attacked by Calvin.<sup>222</sup> This discovery is really rather too original. But still more original is its development. It is already very difficult to recognise Hegel in what the *Kirchen-Zeitung* passes off as his views, and that again has a very far-fetched similarity with a most vaguely expressed proposition of Calvin's on the Libertines. The proof was enormously amusing. The *Bremer Kirchenbote* puts it even better and says that Hegel denies the truth of history! It's stupendous what nonsense sometimes comes out when somebody labours to make out that a philosophy which stands in his way and which he can no longer get round, is un-Christian. People who know Hegel only by name and have only read the notes in Leo's *Hegelingen* want to overthrow a system which, being cast in a single mould, needs no clamps to hold it together.—This letter is presided over by an eminently unlucky star. God knows, I no sooner get down to it than the devil is let loose. I am always given office work.



These are two puppets which are so stiff contrary to my will. Otherwise they would be men.

Have you read Strauss' *Charakteristiken und Kritiken*? See that you get it, the essays in it are all excellent. The one on Schleiermacher and Daub is a masterpiece. From the essays on the Württemberg demoniacs an enormous amount of psychology can be learnt.<sup>223</sup> Equally interesting are the other theological and aesthetic essays.—In addition I am studying Hegel's *Geschichtsphilosophie*,<sup>a</sup> an enormous work; I read out of it dutifully every evening, the tremendous thoughts grip me terribly.—Recently Tholuck's old gossip sheet, the *Literarische Anzeiger*, fatuously raised the question why "modern pantheism" had no lyric poetry, though the ancient Persian, etc., had.<sup>224</sup> The *Literarische Anzeiger* can just wait until I and certain other people have got to the bottom of this pantheism, the lyric poetry will come all right. It is very fine, by the way, that the *Literarische Anzeiger* accepts Daub and condemns speculative philosophy. As if Daub did not also adhere to Hegel's principle that humanity and divinity are in essence identical. There you have this dreadful superficiality; whether Strauss and Daub agree in principle they care little, but that Strauss does not believe in the marriage at Cana<sup>225</sup> while Daub does, suffices for them to elevate one into heaven and declare the other a candidate for hell. Oswald Marbach, the

<sup>a</sup> G. F. W. Hegel, *Vorlesungen über die Philosophie der Geschichte*, Berlin, 1837.—Ed.

*Volksbücher* publisher, is the most confused of men, but especially (*cum—tum*) of the Hegelians. How a pupil of Hegel can say,

Heaven is also here on Earth. I can  
Distinctly feel the God in me becoming Man,

is to me utterly incomprehensible, since Hegel distinguished the totality very sharply from the incomplete individual.—Nobody has done Hegel more harm than his pupils; only a few of them, like Gans, Rosenkranz, Ruge and others, were worthy of him. But an Oswald Marbach is truly the *non plus ultra* of all misunderstanders; such a godly fellow!—The Rev. Pastor Mallet, in the *Bremer Kirchenbote*, has declared Hegel's system to be "loose talk".<sup>226</sup> That would be serious, for if these blocks, these granite thoughts, fell apart, a single fragment of this Cyclopean building could kill not merely Pastor Mallet but all Bremen. If, for example, the thought that world history is the development of the concept of freedom were to fall with all its weight on the neck of a Bremen pastor—what sort of sigh would he give?

*February 1.* Today this letter must go off, come what may.



Let him tell you  
his life story himself

The Russians are beginning to become naïve; they claim that the war against the Circassians has not yet cost as many human lives as one of Napoleon's lesser battles. I should not have credited a barbarian like Nicholas with such naïvety.

The Berliners, I hear, are terribly furious with me. I have belittled Tholuck and Neander to them and I have not put Ranke among the *superos*, and that has made them mad. In addition I have written to Heuser divinely extravagant stuff about Beethoven.—I have read a very pretty comedy, *Weh dem, der lügt!*<sup>a</sup> by Grillparzer in Vienna, which is a long way above the present common run of comedies. There shines through it now and then a free noble spirit to which the Austrian censorship is an intolerable burden. One can see how much trouble it cost the author to draw an aristocratic nobleman in such a fashion that the noble censor raises no objection. *O tempora, o moria, Donner und Doria*,<sup>b</sup> today the fifth of February is here and it's a scandal that I am so lazy, but I

<sup>a</sup> *Woe to him who lies!*—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> The well-known Latin *O tempora, o mores* is here distorted to rhyme with the German.—Ed.

cannot help it,<sup>a</sup> God knows, I am doing nothing now. I have started several essays but they are not progressing, and whenever I want to write verses in the evening I have always eaten so much that I can't prevent myself from falling asleep.— This summer I terribly want to make a journey into the Danish country, Holstein, Jutland, Zealand, Rügen. I must see that my Old Man sends my brother<sup>b</sup> here, then I'll take him with me. I have an enormous longing for the sea, and what an interesting travel journal I could make of it; then it could be published with a few poems. We are having such divine weather now, and I can't go out, I want to so terribly, it's bad luck.

This is a fat sugar broker who is just leaving the house and whose standing phrase is "In my opinion". When he has spoken to somebody at the stock exchange and is going away, he invariably says: "You fare well!" His name is Joh. H. Bergmann.



There are touching people here. So I'll immediately draw you another picture from life:



This old fellow is drunk every morning and he then steps in front of his door and shouts, thumping his chest: "*Ick bin Borger*", i.e., I thank Thee, God, that I am not like these Hanoverians, Oldenburgers, or worse, Frenchmen, but a Bremen *Borger tågen bårn Bremer Kind!*<sup>c</sup>

The expression on the faces of the local old women of all classes is really horrid. In particular the one on the right with the snub nose is genuine Bremen.



The speech of Bishop Eylert at the festival of the Order<sup>227</sup> has one great merit: now we know what to think of the King<sup>d</sup> and his perjury is official. The same king who in A. D. 1815, when he was

feeling afraid, promised his subjects in a cabinet decree that if

<sup>a</sup> "But I cannot help it" is written in English in the original.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Hermann Engels.— *Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> A burgher of Bremen, a true-born child of Bremen.— *Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> Frederick William III.— *Ed.*

they got him out of the mess they should have a constitution, this same shabby, rotten, goddamned king now has it announced through Eylert that nobody is going to get a constitution from him, for "All for one and one for all is Prussia's principle of government" and "No one puts old cloth on a new garment". Do you know why Rotteck's fourth volume<sup>a</sup> is banned in Prussia? Because it says that in 1814 our majestic snoutnose of Berlin recognised the Spanish constitution of 1812 and yet in 1823 sent the French into Spain to do away with that constitution and bring back to the Spaniards the noble gift of the Inquisition and torture.<sup>228</sup> In 1826 Ri-poll was burnt at Valencia on instructions from the Inquisition, and his blood and that of 23,000 noble Spaniards who languished to death in prison for their liberal and heretic views is on the conscience of Frederick William III "the Just" of Prussia. I hate him, and besides him I hate only perhaps two or three others; I hate him with a mortal hatred, and if I didn't so despise him, the shit, I would hate him still more. Napoleon was an angel compared with him, the King of Hanover<sup>b</sup> is a god if our King is a man. There never was a time richer in royal crimes than that of 1816-30; almost every prince then ruling deserved the death penalty. The pious Charles X, the vicious Ferdinand VII of Spain, Francis of Austria, that machine that was only good for signing death sentences and dreaming of Carbonari<sup>229</sup>; Dom Miguel, who is a greater scoundrel than all the heroes of the French Revolution taken together, and whom nevertheless Prussia, Russia and Austria gladly recognised when he bathed in the blood of the best Portuguese, and the parricide Alexander of Russia, as also his worthy brother Nicholas on whose abominable deeds it would be superfluous to waste another word—oh, I could tell you killing stories about how the princes love their subjects—I expect anything good only of that prince whose ears are boxed right and left by his people and whose palace windows are smashed by the flying stones of the revolution. Farewell.

Yours,

Friedrich Engels

First published in part in *Die neue Rundschau*, 10. Heft, Berlin, 1913, and in full in the book: F. Engels, *Schriften der Frühzeit*, Berlin, 1920

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Published in English for the first  
time

<sup>a</sup> C. Rotteck, *Allgemeine Weltgeschichte für alle Stände....*—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Ernst August.—Ed.



TO LEVIN SCHÜCKING  
IN MÜNSTER

Bremen, June 18, 1840

Dear Herr Schücking,

Once again my warmest thanks for your kindly reception and for the beautiful souvenir from Münster<sup>230</sup>! I read it through in Osnabrück at one sitting with great enjoyment, and I envy the poet<sup>a</sup> for her original and tender images of nature, the many hidden splendours, the kinship with Byron, which you also, if I am not mistaken, stressed in your review.<sup>231</sup> It is a shame that these poems should have come and gone without making any impression; but what does this depth of feeling mean to the shallow reading public of our days? At the first opportunity I shall publicly do justice to the book.<sup>b</sup>—Where is there a more beautiful ballad of its kind than *Der Graf von Thal*?

Now concerning our Shelley-plan,<sup>232</sup> I had a talk with Schünemann straight away yesterday; at the mention of the fee of ten talers he shrank back as if struck by lightning and said at once he could not take it on. He is just back from the Fair where he himself inspected his masses of unsold books of every kind, pietistic novels, descriptions from Belgium, Spanish readers and other rubbish; in addition, he was foolish enough to make contracts in Leipzig for works on theology and on world and literary history at a low fee, so that he has his hands full. These stupid bookseller people believe they risk less on a commentary on the epistles of John, which costs perhaps two talers in fees and is badly produced, and will perhaps be bought by 20 students at most, than on Shelley, for which production and fees may cost

<sup>a</sup> Annette Elisabeth Freiin von Droste-Hülshöff.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> See this volume, p. 101.—*Ed.*

relatively three times as much, but in which the whole nation will take an interest. Just now I was with Schünemann again to hear from his own mouth the final statement that on these conditions he cannot take it on; one sheet of poems, he said, contains only a quarter as much as a sheet of prose, so that the fee for a sheet would really come to 40 talers. I told him it was not child's play to translate Shelley, and if he did not want it then he should leave it alone, for heaven's sake; and that by the way he was standing in his own light. He: If only we would first give him a small specimen, he would print it, and then one could see what could be done. I: Schücking and Püttmann are not the people to agree to give specimens, and what specimens do for other people, their names do for them. Will you or won't you? He: Not on these conditions.—*Muy bien*; to beg was beneath our dignity, so I left.—I am now of the opinion that this failure should by no means discourage us; if one will not do it, another will. Püttmann, who translated the first canto of *Queen Mab*, has sent it to Engelmann in Leipzig, and if he accepts, it will be easy to get him to take on the whole thing. Otherwise Hammerich in Altona and Krabbe in Stuttgart would perhaps be the ones we should approach first. But just now, immediately after the Easter Fair, is a very unfavourable moment for making our offers. If it were January I am sure Schünemann would have grabbed it with both hands. I want to go to him once more and ask him for a joke what kind of conditions he can offer us.

Friend Schünemann evaded my visits by flight; he is on an outing to the country. He would probably have offered five talers a sheet and asked, as he always loves to do, for a little specimen of three to four sheets in advance. The whole thing is the fault of none other than the pietist Wilh. Elias of Halle, on whose novel *Glauben und Wissen*, published by Schünemann, the latter loses about 2,000 talers. If I catch the fellow I'll challenge him to scimitars.

What do you say to all this? I shall write to Püttmann straight away today. I think it is too good a project simply to drop it. Any bookseller with a smattering of education (Schünemann is a blockhead) will take on the publication with pleasure.

I am eagerly looking forward to hearing your opinion on the matter, and in the meantime commend myself to your friendly goodwill.

Respectfully,

*Friedrich Engels*

What do you say to Gutzkow's challenge to the *Hallische Jahrbücher* in the *Telegraph*?<sup>233</sup> Gutzkow seems to want to renew Menzel's and Müllner's critical terrorism; let him take care that the younger ones do not outgrow him!

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## 31

TO LEVIN SCHÜCKING  
IN MÜNSTER

My dear Friend,

Your kind lines of the 22nd of last month reached me unfortunately only on the 26th, which was very disagreeable to me since the previous evening, asked by a local bookseller of whom I made inquiries about reasonable publishers, I had written to Hammerich in Altona and offered him the publication of the Shelley.<sup>a</sup> So I received his reply only today, which was a rejection, since he says he is overwhelmed with publishing work.

As concerns G. C. A. Meyer senior, I am of the opinion that we should let *him* go in any case. Firstly, the fellow and his factory workers (Brinckmeier, Bärmann and Co.) are too common; secondly, Püttmann would never consent to write for his publishing house; thirdly, Meyer pays terribly low fees, and fourthly, we would get involved in a horrible mass of demand notes and other vexations to rake in the fees. I am at the moment myself having to send him demand notes for the fee for my articles in the *Mitternachtzeitung*,<sup>b</sup> which he does not want to fork out; and although in this case there is the middleman Brinckmeier between us, I could on no account make the offer. I am unfortunately still without a reply from Püttmann and hence cannot take any energetic steps. Moreover, Meyer will already have distributed

<sup>a</sup> See this volume, p. 495.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> "Modern Literary Life. I. Karl Gutzkow as Dramatist. II. Modern Polemics". See this volume, pp. 71-93.—Ed.

everything to his subordinates and will not be able to let us have anything from Shelley. These publishers are used to having the pens in their service absolutely at their disposal, and which of us would put up with that?

I think the best is to give Püttmann, who in this respect is probably the most experienced among us, unrestricted authority to enter into a contract; he will no doubt carry the matter through to the satisfaction of us all and at all events with greater ease than I could. Moreover, he has already offered *Queen Mab* to W. Engelmann, who would be the right publisher for us. And one thing is of great importance here: you, like me, have so far written only for journals; Püttmann, on the other hand, has already had one work printed and another announced.<sup>234</sup> The infamous publishers pay attention to this kind of thing.

When your letter arrived, Schünemann had just started on a journey from which he is not yet back. I shall make him accept Coleridge, at any rate<sup>235</sup>; in a champagne fog at the Gutenberg festival, which was celebrated here with splendour, I drank brotherhood with him, by which he felt much honoured. If you have the manuscript so far ready, please send it to me.

The spiteful abuse of the *Hallische Jahrbücher* is in No. 97 or 98 of the *Telegraph*,<sup>a</sup> which reaches us by post and therefore much earlier than it can you. I have again sent Gutzkow something and am curious to see how he receives it after the article in the *Mitternachtzeitung* ("Moderne Polemik").<sup>236</sup>

From Barmen I have just received a letter which incomprehensibly contains nothing about Püttmann. If you agree to Püttmann looking after the publishing side, I shall write to him immediately I hear from you and pass everything on to him. Also, please tell me how matters stand with the fee from the *Rheinisches Jahrbuch*; in a few days I shall send something to Freiligrath. In this case I don't care so much about the money, but I would like to know in advance how I stand.

Your translation of Shelley and Coleridge in Pfizer's *Blätter*<sup>b</sup> I have read with pleasure<sup>237</sup>; today I shall finish Shelley's *Sensitive Plant* and shall send it also to him. This splendid poem is written in a spirit which is still more akin than Byron to Droste's works. These continue to give me great pleasure and I thank you for them once more.

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<sup>a</sup> See this volume, p. 496.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> *Blätter zur Kunde der Literatur des Auslands*.—*Ed.*

With the assurance of my sincere respect I commend myself to your kind remembrance.

Yours most truly,

Fr. Engels

Bremen, 2/7.40

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32

TO MARIE ENGELS

IN MANNHEIM<sup>a</sup>

Dear Marie,

Things will soon be too bad with you; you were going to write to me as soon as you arrived in Mannheim, and now I have been sitting here three weeks already and still no letter from you. If that goes on I shall have to make up my mind to write direct to Fräulein Jung so that you will be more or less made to prove your sisterly love for me.

I hope you are having better weather than we are, nothing but storm and rain, as in September and November. At sea ships are going down like flies which drop into a glass of water, and the Norderney steamer was barely able to get there. The day before yesterday I was in Bremerhaven,<sup>b</sup> and there also it rained all morning. I was on the ships which take emigrants to America; they lie all together in the steerage, which is a large space as wide and long as the whole ship, the berths (that is what the beds are called) in sets of six side by side, and above them another six. There they all lie, men, women and children, and how horrible this stuffy place is, where there are often 200 people lying, especially during the first days of seasickness, you can well imagine. The air is in any case suffocating. Cabin passengers are better off, however, they have more room and a very elegantly furnished cabin. But when a storm breaks and the waves come over the ship, they are worse off; for the cabin has a glass skylight through which the light comes in; and when it is

<sup>a</sup> The back of the letter bears the inscription: "Fräulein Marie Engels im grossherzoglichen Institut, frei. Mannheim."—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> See this volume, pp. 112-20.—*Ed.*

hit by a heavy wave, the glass comes ringing most politely into the cabin and the water after it. Then the whole cabin generally gets full of water, but the beds are so high that they remain dry. Just as we were leaving again at midday a great three-master called *Marie*, like you, and coming from the island of Cuba, sailed into the roads. Because of the low tide it could not enter the port and anchored in the roads. We went close to it in our steamer, and took off the captain; but there were already beginning to be waves in the roads, and the ship pitched a little. At once all the ladies grew pale and made faces as if they were going to be drowned; we had a couple of pretty tailor's daughters on board to whom we behaved extremely gallantly, and with the straightest face in the world I made the geese believe the rolling and pitching would go on as far as Brake, which we were to reach only in an hour and a half. Unfortunately, however, it stopped again directly after Bremerhaven. Three unripe hats blew off into the water and were probably carried away to America, as well as a whole lot of empty wine and beer bottles. Apart from that I did not see much that was remarkable except a dead cat in the Weser which was making a voyage to the United States all on its own. I spoke to it, but it was rude enough not to reply.



Here you have a hasty sketch of Bremerhaven. On the left is the fort which guards the harbour, an old brick-built thing which the wind will soon blow over; next the locks through which ships are let into the harbour, which is a long narrow canal a little wider than the Wupper; behind that is the town, and farther to the right the Geest, a kind of river, and the church spire above it in the air, that is the church which has yet to be built. On the right in the distance is Geestendorf.

A few days ago I made the acquaintance of a man whose father is a Frenchman born in America, his mother a German, he himself was born at sea and his native tongue, since he lives in Mexico, is Spanish. So what is his Fatherland?

We now have a complete stock of beer in the office; under the table, behind the stove, behind the cupboard, everywhere are beer

bottles, and when the Old Man<sup>a</sup> is thirsty he borrows one and has it filled up again for us later. That is now done quite openly, the glasses stand on the table all day and a bottle nearby. In the right-hand corner are the empty bottles, in the left the full ones, next to them my cigars. It is really true, Marie, the young people are getting worse and worse every day, as Dr. Hantschke says; who would have thought 20 or 30 years ago of such terrible wickedness as drinking beer in the office?

What is most convenient for you, shall I pay the postage for our correspondence and frank my letters and also pay for yours, which you will then send unfranked? If you have already written before this letter arrives, I shall not write to you again until you write me a sensible, long letter in reply to this one.

Adieu.

With true love,

Your brother

*Friedrich*

Bremen, July 7, 40

Fortunately, this letter has again been left lying around and thus gives me the opportunity to reply to your letter, which has just arrived. "I wish I too could play as well as she does! If I practise very hard, I shall get that far too?" You? Play a sonata of 20 pages? Goose that you are! Schornstein would, of course, be pleased. What wishes have I for Christmas? I have lost my cigar case, and if I don't find it soon, can you make a new one for me? Thank Ada<sup>b</sup> for her greetings and greet her heartily from me; tell her she is the first to call me amiable, and I am not at all a cousin, but at most her very respectful kinsman.—When you write again, don't address the letter to Treviranus, as I then get it later, but to F. E., Bremen, Martini No. 11. Then it will be brought to me in the office.

Farewell.<sup>c</sup>

Yours,

*Friedrich*

Bremen, July 9, 1840

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ausgabe*, Abt. 1, Bd. 2, 1930

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time

<sup>a</sup> Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Adeline Engels.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Written in English in the original.—*Ed.*

## 33

## TO MARIE ENGELS

IN MANNHEIM<sup>a</sup>

Dear Marie,

Now I must tell you at once that for the future I shall not stand for any lessons from your pen. You must not think, my dearest little goose, that now you are at a boarding-school you can at once try to be wise and, besides, if I want any, I can get piles of books full of good instructions from the Pastor.<sup>b</sup> The beer stays in our office until it has been drunk, and since your arguing against it our beer trade has only improved, for we have firstly brown ale and secondly pale ale. That's what comes of saucy little boarding-school misses interfering in the affairs of their gentlemen brothers.

So I shall not frank my letters. Only address yours: Herr F. E. in Bremen, that is enough. But leave the parson out of the address. Recently, from July 27th to 30th, we celebrated the July revolution which broke out ten years ago in Paris; we spent one evening in the town-hall cellar and the others in Richard Roth's tavern. The fellow is still not back. There we drank the finest Laubenheimer in the world and smoked cigars—if you had seen them you would have learnt to smoke just for their sake. My cigar case has still not turned up again. Also, an acquaintance of mine<sup>c</sup> has come back, who has been in Pinselfahnien and Kaltermoria and has seen Mister Sippi (this should read Pennsylvania, Baltimore and Mississippi). This fellow is from Solingen, and the Solingen people are the most unfortunate in the world, for they cannot get rid of their Solingen German. The lad still says: *im Sohmer is es sehr schön Wätter*,<sup>d</sup> and for Karoline he always says Kalinah.

It is sad, I have barely a groat left in my pocket and a mass of debts, both my own and cigar-shop debts. Now I am being pestered by the man from whom I bought plums for you, which I have not yet paid for, and the bookbinder has not been paid yet,

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<sup>a</sup> The back of the letter bears the inscription: "Fräulein Marie Engels im grossherzoglichen Institut zu Mannheim."—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Georg Gottfried Treviranus.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Höller.—*Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> Dialectal pronunciation of *im Sommer ist es sehr schönes Wetter* (in summer the weather is very fine).—*Ed.*



then the three months after which I had to pay for the cigars I bought have long gone by, and Strücker does not send bills of exchange, and the Pastor is away travelling and cannot give me any money. But tomorrow he will be back, and then I shall put six louis d'or in my purse, and when I have eaten three groats' worth of cake in a coffee-house I shall throw a double pistole on the counter: "Can you give me change?" And then he will say, "Unfortunately not", then I shall turn out all my pockets for the three groats and go out of the door proud of my double pistoles. When I am back in the office I shall toss a pistole on the ginger-headed junior's desk: "Derkhiem, see if you can get change", and the fellow will be extremely happy, for it gives him an opportunity to stay away from the office for an hour and to lounge around, which innocent pleasure he likes very much. For small change is very scarce here, and anyone who has five talers' worth of change in his pocket is vastly content.

Recently, a pricelessly funny incident occurred here. In the paper there was an advertisement for a cook. A sturdy girl comes into the editorial office and says<sup>a</sup>: "*Hört Se mol, do hebb' ick in der Zeitung lesen, dat se 'ne Köksche sökt.*"<sup>b</sup> "*Jowol,*"<sup>c</sup> says the clerk. "*Wat mot de wol können?*"<sup>d</sup> asks the girl. "*Jo, de mot Kloveer speelen un danzen un Französch, un singen, un neien un sticken—dat mot se all können.*"<sup>e</sup> "*Donnerslag,*" says the girl, "*dat kann eck nit.*"<sup>f</sup> But when she sees the whole office laughing, she asks: "*Se wêl mek wol tom besten hebben? Donnerslag, ick lote mi nich mokeeren!*"<sup>g</sup> And with that she goes for the clerk and wants to give him a good hiding; of course, she was gently put outside the door. The other day the Old Man<sup>h</sup> threw a driver out of the door. The fellow wanted Prussian gold and would not take louis d'or at the rate of 5<sup>5</sup>/<sub>12</sub> talers. We were having a row with him, when the Old Man came in: "What is going on here, confound it", and took the fellow by the chest and threw him in the gutter. Thereupon the driver came

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<sup>a</sup> The following conversation is in Low German.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> "Listen, I have read in the paper that you are looking for a cook."—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> "Yes, indeed."—Ed.

<sup>d</sup> "What must she be able to do?"—Ed.

<sup>e</sup> "Well, she must play the piano and dance and speak French, and sing, and sew, and embroider—she must be able to do all that."—Ed.

<sup>f</sup> "Blast it, I can't do that."—Ed.

<sup>g</sup> "Are you trying to make a fool of me? I don't let people make fun of me, blast it!"—Ed.

<sup>h</sup> Heinrich Leupold.—Ed.

quietly back and said: "*So wer et nich meent, jetz will eck de Lujedor woll nehmen.*"<sup>a</sup>

At the moment I have no envelope for my letter except this scribbled-over coffee bill, which will surely be welcome to you as a true coffee-sister.

Farewell<sup>b</sup> and write soon

to your brother  
Friedrich

Bremen, Aug. 4, 40

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TO MARIE ENGELS  
IN MANNHEIM

My very dear *Sœur*,

I have just received your letter, and since I have nothing to do at the moment, I shall scribble you a few lines. Our office has been considerably improved. Up to now it was always very annoying to have to dash straight to the desk from a meal, when you are so dreadfully lazy, and to remedy this we have fixed up two very fine hammocks in the packing-house loft and there we swing after we have eaten, smoking a cigar, and sometimes having a little doze. I am convinced you will find this arrangement most suitable. Today I also had a letter from Roth, he will be back next Sunday [after] an absence of 4 months. So that you know: 1,700 marks banco at 137 per cent are 776 talers 24 groats louis d'or. I have checked it, it is quite correct. Herewith an engraving.

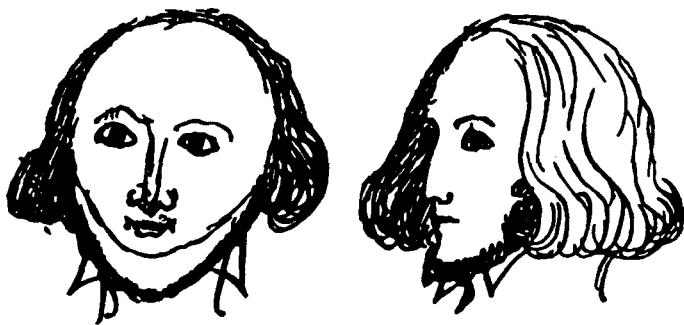
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<sup>a</sup> "I did not mean it like that, I will take the louis d'or now all right."— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Written in English in the original.— *Ed.*



An old connoisseur of wines who has been given sour wine to drink. The one next to him is the commercial traveller from whom he bought the sour wine. I will also draw you a picture of the hair style for young gentlemen here:



The fellows look like calves

Confound it! When I had written this I went home to eat, and when I came back I lit a cigar to lie down in the hammock. But it immediately broke down under me and when I went to hammer new nails in, the infamous Derkhiem called me, and now I can't get away from the office again.

Thank God, I did have my siesta after all. I stole out of the office and took cigars and matches with me and ordered beer; then I went to the upper packing-house loft and lay down in the hammock and swung very gently. Then I went to the middle packing-house loft and packed two cases of *platillas*, and at the

same time I consumed a cigar and a bottle of beer and sweated profusely, for it is so warm today that in spite of barely having got rid of a cold I want to go swimming in the Weser again. The other day I bathed and had a fellow row after me, and thus I swam four times across the Weser in one go, which no one in Bremen will so easily imitate.

Confound it! For two reasons: first, it is raining, second, my amiable young principal<sup>a</sup> simply will not leave the office, and so I must let my cigar go out again. But I will chase him away all right. Do you know how I do it? I go into the kitchen and call out very loud: "Kristine, a cork-screw!" Then I open a bottle of beer and pour out a glass for myself. If then he has but half a groat's worth of honour in him, he must go out, for that means as much as "Be off, Don Guillermo!"

So you now speak English so splendidly? Just wait, when you come home again I will teach you Danish or Spanish so that you can speak with me in a language the others don't understand. *Danske Sprag fagre Sprag, y el Español es lengua muy hermosa.*<sup>b</sup> Or would you prefer Portuguese?

*O portugues he huma lengoa muito graciosa, e os Portuguezes são nação muito respeitavel.*<sup>c</sup> But since you have not yet got so far I will spare you that.

Here you can see my hammock, containing myself smoking a cigar.

I have just heard that another 500 cases of sugar, that is, 250,000 lbs., have been sold. That can sweeten many a cup of coffee. Who knows whether the sugar in your cup won't come from the same case from which I had to take samples! But all your sugar on the Rhine comes from Holland, where it is made from *lumps*, lumps of sugar, not of cotton-rag.

Soon there will be big manoeuvres in Falkenberg, 3 hours from



<sup>a</sup> Wilhelm Leupold.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Danish is a charming language, and Spanish is a most beautiful language.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> Portuguese is a most graceful language, and the Portuguese are a most respectable nation.—Ed.

here, where the Bremen, Hamburg, Lübeck and Oldenburg troops, a whole regiment all together, will show their tricks. They are poor, pathetic things, three of them together have not as much moustache as I have when I have not had a shave for three days; one can count every thread in their coats and they have no sabres, but *Speckääle*. A *Speckaal* is a smoked eel, but in soldiers' language it is a leather scabbard for the bayonet which they carry instead of a sabre. For if they put the bayonet on the end of the rifle, these poor creatures would be very likely to run each other through the mug with it when they were marching, so they are sensible enough to carry it on their backs. They are miserable fellows, *Kashubs* and *Ledshaks*.

I just can't think what else to write about.  
 God knows, my matter's melted all away,  
 Yet I must fill this page up anyway,  
 Although it takes me pliers to pull it out;  
 And since by writing verses one can say  
 Little, and make it go a long, long way,  
 I end with rhyming doggerel, though I fear  
 That Pegasus, outraged, will surely rear  
 And throw me forcibly upon the sand.  
 The sun is setting. Darkling lies the land,  
 Save where through Western cloud-veils, bright and  
clear

Blazes the sunset's incandescent brand.  
 It is a solemn, holy fire up there,  
 Flaming upon the tombstone of a day  
 That brought us many a thing so loved and dear,  
 Now dead and gone from us. The night holds sway  
 And gently draws her star-shot mantle over  
 Earth's territories, near and far away.  
 And silence reigns. Birds in their nests seek cover,  
 Beasts hide in brushwood on the forest floor.  
 The midges' dizzy evening dance is over;  
 Closed for the night is Life's enchanting door.  
 As on the Third one of the Seven Days,  
 When only trees had been created for  
 Earth's ornament, and beasts were yet to graze  
 In the green fields—so, 'midst the leaves again  
 Only the wind intones his hoary lays.  
 It is the Almighty's Spirit, who doth rain  
 On Earth a torrent of tremendous song.

He drives the storm on wings of cloud and rain,  
He blows eternally, forever young,  
But me, I've puffed the rhymes out of my lungs.

Full stop. If you understand it you are educated and can put a word in.

Adios, yours,  
Friedrich

Bremen, Aug. 20, 40

Aug. 25. Roth came back the day before yesterday.

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35

TO MARIE ENGELS

IN MANNHEIM

[Bremen] Sept. 18, 1840

My most precious!

At the moment the equinoctial gales are raging frightfully; in our house a window was blown in last night and the trees are creaking most pitifully. Tomorrow and the day after there will be news of shipwrecks coming in! The Old Man<sup>a</sup> is standing by the window and pulling a wry face because the day before yesterday a ship went to sea in which he has 3,000 talers' worth of linen which is not insured. You don't say anything about the letter to Ida<sup>b</sup> which I enclosed in my previous letter; or did I forget to put it in?—I am now really staying here till Easter, which for various reasons is most welcome to me. So Ida has gone now; that will be very awkward for you.

We have quite a good camp here too, almost 3,000 men strong, Oldenburg, Bremen, Lübeck and Hamburg troops. I went there

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<sup>a</sup> Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Ida Engels.—*Ed.*

the other day, it was great fun. Right in front of the tent (a tavern owner has put up a big refreshments tent) sat a Frenchman, he was quite sozzled and could no longer stand on his feet. The waiters hung a big wreath round him, and he began to shout: Wreathe in gree-en the flo-owing bowl.<sup>a</sup> Afterwards they dragged him to the mortuary, that is, the hayloft, where he stayed on his back and fell asleep. When he was sober again, he borrowed a horse from somebody, mounted it and kept galloping up and down the camp. All the time he was on the point of falling off most agreeably. We had plenty of good fun there and especially fine wine. Last Sunday I rode to Vegesack, during which tour I had the pleasure of being drenched with rain four times, but I had so much inner heat that every time I dried immediately. But I had a dreadful horse with a terribly hard trot so that one's bones were jarred to the marrow.—At this moment another 6 bottles of beer are being carried in for us, and they will at once enter upon the process of being lit—I was thinking of cigars, that should read of being emptied.—One bottle I have almost finished already and with it I smoked a cigar; presently, our Don Guillermo,<sup>b</sup> the young principal, will go out again, and then we shall start anew.

Sept. 19, 1840. You have a more boring life than we do. Yesterday afternoon there was no more work to do, and the Old Man was out, and Wilhelm Leupold did not show up often either. So I lit a cigar, first wrote the above to you, then took Lenau's *Faust* from my desk and read some of it. Afterwards I drank a bottle of beer and at half past seven went to Roth's; we went off to the Club, I read Raumer's *Geschichte der Hohenstaufen* and then ate beefsteak and cucumber salad. At half past ten I went home and read Diez's *Grammatik der romanischen Sprachen* until I felt sleepy. Moreover, tomorrow is Sunday again and Wednesday is a day of penance and prayer in Bremen, and so we carry on gradually into the winter. This winter I shall take dancing lessons with Eberlein so as to accustom my stiff legs to a little graceful movement.

Here you have a scene in the Schlachte, i. e., the street which has the Weser on one side and where the goods are unloaded. The fellow with the whip is the waggoner who is about to drive away the sacks of coffee lying in the background; the fellow with the sack on the right is the Schlachte pirate who is loading them

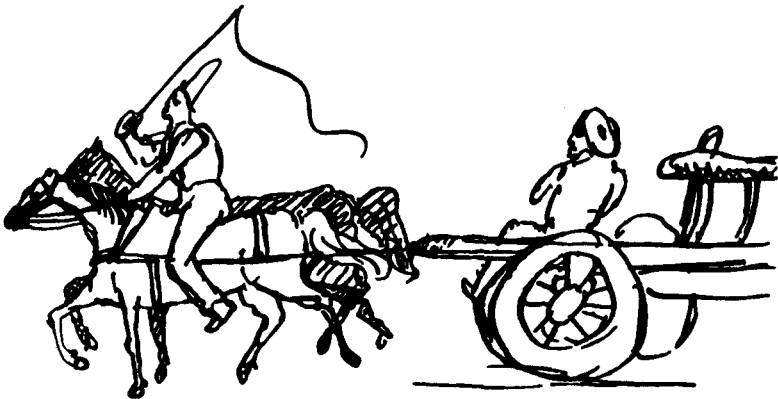
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<sup>a</sup> Matthias Claudius, *Rheinweinlied*.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Wilhelm Leupold.—Ed.



on the cart; by his side a cooper who has just taken a sample and is still holding it in his hand, and next to him is the bargeman from whose barge the sacks were unloaded. You won't be able to deny that these figures are most interesting. When the waggoner drives he mounts the horse without saddle, stirrup or spurs, and keeps digging his heels into its ribs, like this:



Now it is raining again quite improperly for a Saturday evening, it should really rain only during the week, but from midday Saturday it should be fine. Do you know what superfine medium good ordinary Domingo coffee is? That again is one of those profound concepts which occur in the philosophy of the commer-



cial profession and which your mental powers cannot understand. Superfine medium good ordinary Domingo coffee is coffee from the Island of Haiti which has a slight touch of green, is otherwise grey, and in which with ten good beans you get into the bargain four bad ones, six bits of stone and an eighth of an ounce of dirt, dust, etc. Now you will have grasped it. One pound of this now costs  $9\frac{1}{2}$  groats, that is 4 silver groschen and  $8\frac{123}{137}$  pfennigs. I should not really betray these trade secrets, since one does not tell tales out of school, but because it is you I shall make an exception.—Just now our workman is saying: *Herr Derkhiem, wann Se sek met de Jungens gemein mokt, so mêt Se sek en beten mehr en Respekt hohlen, sons krigt Se dat Volk ganz unner de Föte, Heinrich, dat es en slimmen Jung, do hebb' ick manch' en Tuck med har'd, Se met nich so veel domet speelen, Se möt se gliks wat achter de Ohren geven, anners helpt nich, un wann Se no'n Ohlen goht, de dait de Jungens ok nix, de segt man blot*<sup>a</sup>: Don't bother me with the fellow. There you can practise our Low German a little. For the rest I am your most devoted

Friedrich

Bremen, 19.9.40

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36

TO MARIE ENGELS

IN MANNHEIM<sup>b</sup>

Dear Marie,

Next time don't write to me via Barmen again; Mother leaves the letters lying there until she writes herself, and that is often a long time. But what I wanted to write to you—only you must not write this home, for I want to surprise them with it next

<sup>a</sup> Herr Derkhiem, if you make yourself cheap with the boys you must have a bit more self-respect, otherwise they will walk over you. That Heinrich, he is a bad lad, I have had a lot of trouble with him, you must not play so much with him but immediately give him a smack behind the ears, there is no help for it, and if you go to the Old Man, he won't do anything to the boys but only say....—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> The back of the letter bears the inscription: "Fräulein Marie Engels im grossherzoglichen Institut zu Mannheim."—Ed.

spring—I now have an enormous moustache and shall presently add to it a Henry IV and goatee beard. Mother will wonder when suddenly such a long, black-bearded fellow comes across the lawn. Next year, when I go to Italy, I too must look like an Italian.

This is written by little Sophie Leupold who has just been to visit me in the office, while the Old Man<sup>a</sup> and Eberlein, who eats here in the house, are at a big dinner. Oh, I could tell you interesting things about this dinner, of engagements which are not yet public and of stolen kisses, but that is not for a girl in a boarding-school. You will learn it soon enough when we are back at home. Then I shall sit in the garden and you'll bring me a big mug of beer and a sausage sandwich, and then I shall say: See, my dear sister, because you have brought the beer out to me and because it is such a fine summer evening, I will tell you of a big dinner which was celebrated in the year 1840, on the twenty-ninth of the month of October, in Bremen, Martini number eleven, in the Royal Saxon Consulate. But now I can tell you only this much, that quite enormous quantities of Madeira, Port, Pouillac, Haut Sauternes, and Rhine wine will be drunk this lunchtime. For although there are only five gentlemen, they are all very good drinkers, almost as good as I.—At the moment there is a Free Market here, and although I have not the honour to be introduced to Her Royal Highness, a Grand Duchess, and many Most Serene Princesses, we still have our fun. I am fortunately so short-sighted that I do not even know what the several exalted, more exalted, and most exalted personages look like who had the honour to drive past me. When next time such a most gracious lady is introduced to you, do tell me whether she is pretty, otherwise such personages don't interest me at all. Our noble town-hall cellar is now so well fitted out it couldn't be better; you sit so comfortably between the barrels. Last Sunday we had a moustache evening there. For I had sent out a circular to all moustache-capable young men that it was finally time to horrify all philistines, and that that could not be done better than by wearing moustaches. Everyone with the courage to defy philistinism and wear a moustache should therefore sign. I had soon collected a



<sup>a</sup> Heinrich Leupold.—Ed.

dozen moustaches, and then the 25th of October, when our moustaches would be a month old, was fixed as the day for a common moustache jubilee. But I had a shrewd idea what would happen, bought a little moustache wax and took it with me; it was then found that one had a truly very fine but unfortunately quite white moustache, while another had been instructed by his principal to hack the criminal thing off. Enough, that evening we had to have at least a few, and those who had none had to paint themselves one. Then I got up and proposed the following toast:

Moustaches always were the pride  
Of gallant gentlemen far and wide.  
Brave soldiers faced their country's foes  
In brown or black mustachios.  
So, in these times of martial glory,  
Moustaches are obligatory.  
Philistines shirk the burden of bristle  
By shaving their faces as clean as a whistle.  
We are not philistines, so we  
Can let our mustachios flourish free.  
Long life to every Christian  
Who bears his moustaches like a man.  
And may all philistines be damned  
For having moustaches banished and banned.

To this doggerel glasses were clinked with great enthusiasm, and then somebody else got up. His principal would not give him a key, and so he had to be home by ten o'clock, or he would not be let in. That is the plight of many a poor devil here. He said:

A plague befall  
Principals all  
Who won't hand over the key of the door.  
May flies and strands of hair infest  
Their supper plates for evermore  
And may their nights give them no rest.

Thereupon there was more clinking of glasses. So it continued until ten o'clock, then those without keys had to leave, but we, the fortunate ones with keys, remained seated and ate oysters. I ate eight, but could not manage any more, I still don't enjoy the things.

Since you are so fond of calculations and even want to reward me for them with the Order of the Yellow Envelope, I shall

graciously regale you with the remark that Courant now stands at  $106\frac{1}{2}$  per cent, while a year ago it stood at 114. The louis d'or are falling so that anyone here in Bremen who had a million talers a year ago now only has 900,000, that is, 100,000 talers less. Isn't that tremendous?

You still don't write me anything of the screed for Ida,<sup>a</sup> did you get it and have you passed it on or not? It would be awkward for me if I had not sent it and it had been left lying around and got into the hands of the Old Man.<sup>b</sup> So write to me and make it the long six-page letter you promised me. I shall return the compliment. Here on the envelope you shall again be regaled with a few calculations which you may take to heart. That I had to copy this letter out again is the fault of Herr Timoleon Miesegans in Bremen, the same one whom the Old Man once threw out of the house two years ago. Your respectful and devoted

Bremen, Oct. 29, 1840

Friedrich

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37

TO WILHELM GRAEBER

IN BARMEN

Bremen, Nov. 20, 1840

My dear Wilhelm,

It is now at least six months since you wrote to me. What shall I say to such a friend? You don't write, your brother<sup>c</sup> does not write, Wurm does not write, Grel does not write, Heuser does not write, not a line from W. Blank, I am still less aware of anything from Plümacher, *sacré tonnerre*,<sup>d</sup> what am I to say? When I last wrote to you, my roll of tobacco still weighed seven pounds, now there is barely a cubic inch of it left, and still no reply. Instead you

<sup>a</sup> Ida Engels.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Heinrich Leupold.— *Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Friedrich Graeber.— *Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> Confound it.— *Ed.*

lead a gay life in Barmen—wait, you fellows, as if I didn't know of every glass of beer that you have since drunk whether you drank it in one draught or several.

You in particular should be ashamed to inveigh against my political truths, you political sleepyhead. If you are left to sit quietly in your rural parsonage, for you will hardly expect a higher position, and to go out for a walk every evening with Frau Pastor and eventually with the young little Pastors and nobody fires off a cannon-ball under your nose, you are blissfully happy and don't trouble yourself about the sinful F. Engels who argues against the established order. Oh you heroes! But you will yet be drawn into politics, the current of the times will come flooding over your idyllic household, and then you will stand like the oxen before the mountain. Activity, life, youthful spirit, that is the real thing!

By now you will already have heard of the grandiose fun stirred up here by our mutual friend Krummacher.<sup>a</sup> It is now practically over, but it was a bad business. The Panielites formed up in battalions, stormed the militia arsenal and marched through the town with a large tricolour. They sang: "Free is the life we lead" and "Vivat Paniel, long live Paniel, Paniel is a worthy man!" The Krummacherians gathered in the Cathedral precincts, occupied the town hall, where the Senate was just in session, and plundered the armoury. Armed with halberds and spiked clubs they formed a square in the Cathedral precincts, aimed the two cannons which stand near the main guard post (though they had no powder) at Obernstrasse, from which the Panielites were coming, and so awaited the enemy. But when the latter arrived in front of the cannons, they entered the market from the other side, and occupied it. The 600-strong cavalry occupied the Grasmarkt, directly opposite the Krummacherians, and awaited the command to charge. At this point Burgomaster Smidt came out of the town hall. He stopped between the parties, planting his feet firmly on the stone on which Gottfried, a woman guilty of poisoning, was executed and which stands exactly half an inch above the pavement, and, turning to the Krummacherians, said: "You men of Israel!" Then he turned to the Panielites: "Ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι!"<sup>b</sup> Then turning, now to the right, now to the left, he made the following speech: "Since Krummacher is an alien, it is not fitting that a quarrel which he has stirred up should be fought out within

<sup>a</sup> Friedrich Wilhelm Krummacher (see this volume, pp. 155-60).—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> "Men of Athens!"—*Ed.*

our good town. Therefore, I suggest to the honoured parties that they repair to the Burghers' Common, which offers a most suitable terrain for such scenes."

This was approved, and the parties marched out by different gates, after Paniel had armed himself with Roland's stone shield and sword. The supreme command over the Krummacherians, who were 6,239 $\frac{1}{2}$  men strong, was taken over by Pastor Mallet, who took part in the campaign of 1813; he ordered powder to be bought and a few small cobbles to be taken along to load the cannons. Arriving on the Burghers' Common, Pastor Mallet gave orders to occupy the churchyard which adjoins it and is surrounded by a wide ditch. He mounted the memorial to Gottfried Menken and ordered the cannons to be driven on to the cemetery mound. But for want of horses it had not been possible to bring out the cannons. In the meantime it was nine o'clock in the evening and pitch dark. The armies bivouacked, Paniel in Schwachhausen, a village, Mallet in the suburb. The headquarters was in the riding school before the Herdentor, which, however, was already occupied by a troupe of exhibition riders; but when Pastor Kohlmann of Horn held an evening service in the school, the riders ran away. This happened on October 17th. In the morning of the 18th, the two armies took the field. Paniel, who had 4,267 $\frac{3}{4}$  foot and 1,689 $\frac{1}{4}$  horse, attacked. A column of infantry led by Paniel himself attacked Mallet's first battle-line, which consisted of the pupils of his catechism class and a few women zealots. When three old women had been speared and six catechumens shot, the battalion scattered and was driven by Paniel into the roadside ditch. On Paniel's right wing stood Pastor Capelle with three cavalry squadrons formed by young office employees, who outflanked Mallet and attacked him from behind; he occupied the suburb and deprived Mallet of his operational base. Paniel's left wing, under the command of Pastor Rothe, advanced on the Horn highway and pressed the Young Men's Union, who did not know how to handle halberds, back on the main body of Mallet's army. Then we, six of us, heard the shooting in the fencing lesson and rushed out in fencing jackets, gloves, masks and helmets; the gate was locked, an attack on the guard gave us the keys, and so we arrived on the scene of the battle, rapier in hand. Richard Roth of Barmen re-formed the scattered Young Men's Union, while Höller of Solingen threw himself into a house with the remnants of the catechumens; three others and I unseated a few Panielites from their horses, mounted them and, supported by the Young Men's Union, threw back the enemy cavalry; Mallet's main army ad-

vanced, our rapiers spread cartes, tierces, terror and death, and in half an hour the rationalists were destroyed. Now Mallet came to thank us, and when we saw for whom we had been fighting, we looked at each other in astonishment.

*Se non è vero, è come spero ben trovato.*<sup>a</sup> But now write soon! And urge Wurm to write to me.

*Fr. Engels*

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### 38

## TO MARIE ENGELS

IN MANNHEIM<sup>b</sup>

Most humble letter of thanks  
of F. Engels, who has most graciously been awarded  
the Order of the Yellow Envelope  
Your Ladyship! Most respected Fräulein!

Your most obedient servant, whom Your Ladyship has most graciously condescended to invest most undeservedly with the Order of the Yellow Envelope, fails not most humbly to lay his most devoted thanks at Your Most Noble Highness' exalted feet.

Nor could the same most obedient servant fail to admire the supreme grace with which Your Most Noble Highness allowed the covering note to reach Your most submissive servant open and accessible to all the world\* so that everybody could convince himself of the lofty favour which Your Exalted gentleness and comprehensive wisdom have condescended to accord to me.

In conclusion, in most profound submission before Your Most Noble Highness, Your humble and most obedient servant commends himself to Your most gracious memory.

*Fr. Engels*

Bremen, Dec. 6, 1840

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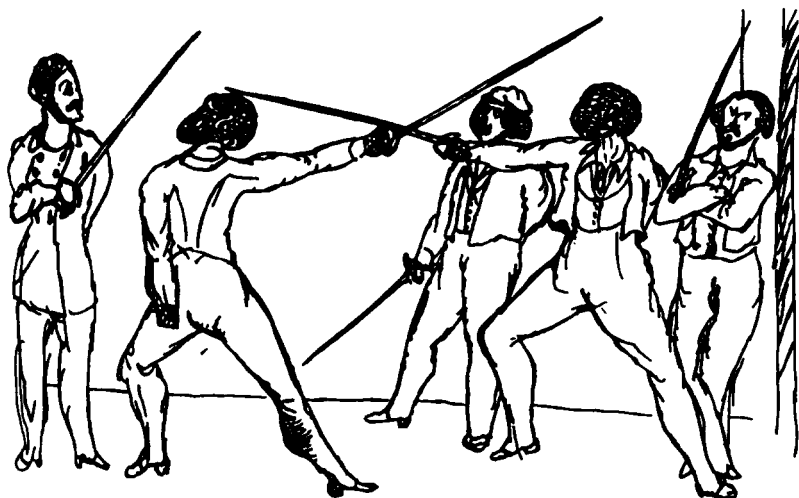
\* I received your letter open. The wretched wafer had come off.— *Note by Engels.*

<sup>a</sup> If it is not true, I trust it is well invented.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> The back of the letter bears the inscription: "Fräulein Marie Engels im grossherzogl. Institut, Mannheim." — *Ed.*

Dear Marie,

To fall out of the style which I chose for the first page of this letter, I am not in the least grateful to you for the poor wafers with which you seal your letters and which come off halfway. It is all the same to me which Order of the Envelope you want to honour me with, but for goodness' sake stick a proper seal on them so that the thing does not come apart by the time it gets to Mainz. The day before yesterday, or was it yesterday, I am not sure, it was Anna's<sup>a</sup> birthday, I celebrated it yesterday in Schwachhausen with a cup of coffee, cost me six groats, is that not brotherly love? Last Saturday week, when I became 20, I celebrated my birthday with a toothache and a swollen cheek, which was fiendishly painful. You will also have heard that Napoleon's body has arrived in France,<sup>b</sup> hey, that is going to be a row! I wish I were in Paris now, what fun! Do you read the newspaper? Did you believe there was going to be a war? What do you think of the Guizot-Soult Ministry? Do you also sing the bad song: "They shall not have it"<sup>c</sup>? while, if you have good eyes, you can see the French border on the other side of the Rhine. We now have fencing lessons, I fence four times a week, today at midday too. On the other side of the page you can see how I lay about me.



<sup>a</sup> Anna Engels.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> See this volume, pp. 153-54.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> Here Engels gave the first notes of the song, *Der deutsche Rhein* by N. Becker, but crossed them out again.—Ed.



Dec. 8th. Yesterday I had a hellish lot to do, and this morning too. Now I shall close this letter to you, and then I hope I shall be able to have a cup of coffee. Listen, for Christmas make me a new cigar case, in black, red and gold,<sup>a</sup> those are the only colours I like.

Oh, red as love then be our brethren's token,  
And pure as gold the purpose of our quest,  
And that in death our spirit be not broken,  
Black be the riband worn around the breast.

From a banned student song. Here some blockheads have founded an association where they make speeches, and I am to be a guest and *nolens volens* make a speech. Oh dear, that will be a fine do! Incidentally, I can preach very well even without having studied beforehand, and when it is a matter of lying, there is no stopping me, I go on and on. If I were in the Landtag I would let nobody else get a word in.—Now I have had my portrait painted, with my moustache, and so that you can see what I look like, I

copy the picture:



You see, I was painted when I was furious because the cigar would not draw. At that moment I looked so intelligent that the painter<sup>b</sup> implored me to let myself be painted like that. I put aside all the bad cigars and smoked one of the awful things at every sitting. That was the worst torment for me.

Be glad that you have nothing to do with sample boxes, it is first-class stupidity and muddle, there you can stand all day by the open window in the packing-house loft in this cold weather and pack linen, it is something dreadful, and in the end nothing comes of it but nonsense.

<sup>a</sup> Colours symbolising the unity of Germany.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> G. W. Feistkorn.—Ed.

My dear sister, I am your devoted



*Friedrich*

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39

TO MARIE ENGELS

IN MANNHEIM

[Bremen] Dec. 21, 40

Dear Marie,

I cannot refrain from thanking you for the beautiful cigar case—the only thing wrong with it is that it is not black, red and

gold. It accidentally came into my possession already today and was put to use at once.—Here it has been terribly cold, through the whole of December it has been freezing without interruption and it is still freezing. The Weser is frozen from here to Vegesack, four hours from here, which looks most remarkable. Recently some people from Barmen were here, and we had a jolly good time, visited all the taverns, kept the glasses going and at times felt a bit tipsy. Enclosed you will find a demand note<sup>a</sup> from my former Spanish teacher; if you can understand it I'll make you a present of a new hat. Perhaps there is somebody in your boarding-school who understands so much Spanish, and here the thing is getting in my way.—I must say, I hardly know what to write to you; a sugar refinery has burnt down here, and the Old Man<sup>b</sup> will not leave the office, although I am really dying for a cigar.

23rd. Yesterday evening we were having a fencing lesson when the nice news came that there was another fire and this time in Neustadt. We went there out of a sense of duty, and when we got there it was already out. That is what one gets for one's trouble. You should always stay nicely at home until it is burning under your nose. Mother has sent me for Christmas an order for Goethe's collected works; I went at once yesterday to fetch the first volumes that have appeared and last night read the *Wahlverwandschaften* till midnight with great enjoyment. He is a fellow, Goethe! If you wrote German as he does I would excuse you from all foreign languages. Incidentally, it is quite unnecessary for you to leave a margin when you write to me, the octavo pages are narrow enough as it is, and I will not hear of this comfortable way of writing pages full and not writing much. Please note! says Professor Hantschke.

24th. You will now be in tremendous excitement, I can imagine, and in grand hopes. I am curious what will come of it. You will, of course, acquaint me by the first post with this important proceeding? I shall see that it gets into the newspaper here at once.

Here, in passing, are a few strokes, flourishes and signatures, with which I proved the skill of my hand to my junior,<sup>c</sup> who prides himself on his rectangular strokes.

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<sup>a</sup> The "demand note" was written in Spanish as a joke by Engels himself.— Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Heinrich Leupold.— Ed.

<sup>c</sup> Wilhelm Leupold.— Ed.



Dec. 28th. The Weser is now completely frozen over, so that people are driving on it in coaches. I believe one could skate as far as Vegesack, which is five hours by the Weser. In the afternoon all the *beau monde* goes for walks on it and the ladies slide on the ice so as to be lifted off by the gentlemen, which always gives them great pleasure. The trees look as if they were made of snow, they are so thickly covered with a white crust.—The Pastor's wife<sup>a</sup> has embroidered a black, red and gold purse for me for Christmas and Marie<sup>b</sup> has made me a black, red and gold tassel for my pipe, which is smashing. Today we have 9 degrees below freezing-point, what a life! I like nothing better than this cold, ineffective sun which rises over the winter-hard earth. No clouds in the sky, no dirt on the earth, everything as hard and solid as steel and diamond. The air is not so flabby and consumptive as in summer, you feel it now when you go out of doors. The whole town is full of glaciers, people no longer walk, they fall from one street into the other. Now one can't help noticing that it is winter. I hope that

<sup>a</sup> Mathilde Treviranus.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Marie Treviranus.—Ed.

in Mannheim, among other useful accomplishments, you will also learn to skate, so that you don't come home a shivering, stay-at-home, not-to-be-moved-out-of-doors little lady, which I refuse to stand for. But if you do arrive afraid of the cold I shall tie you on a sleigh, put a burning sponge in the horses' ears and chase you like that out into the open. Or I'll tie skates under you and carry you out to the middle of the pond and leave you to crawl on your own.

My very dear sister, if my hopes are not disappointed you will get this letter on New Year's Day. On this holiday, greatly looked forward to by me and you too, I imagine, I wish you everything you desire, since this wish costs me nothing, and hope that your wishes for me will be at least equally Christian. May Mannheim be as much to your liking in the New Year as, to judge by your letters, it was in the old. (This I write in case this letter has first to be censored before it comes into your hands.)

Yours,  
*Friedrich*

Bremen, Dec. 28, 40

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## TO MARIE ENGELS

IN MANNHEIM<sup>a</sup>

Dear Marie,

This time you shall get a really heavy letter. At first I even wanted to write to you on cardboard so that you would have to fork out quite a sum for postal charges, but unfortunately I could not get a piece with a smooth surface and so I must write on the heaviest paper to be found in our paper store. If you don't know what a *Paukstunde* is, that proves that in culture you have remained shamefully backward, but that you did not see it from the enclosed drawing proves also natural dullness, and one sees that not only the hops of education but even the malt of mother wit are lost on you. In your bad German a *Paukstunde* is the same as a fencing lesson. I have now also acquired a couple of rapiers and gloves, the only gloves I have, for I don't care for kid-gloves, etc.

Concerning the *Stabat mater dolorosa*<sup>b</sup> et cetera, it occurs to me, please look up whether this thing was composed by Pergolese. If so, please get me if possible a copy of the score; if instruments are included, I don't need them, only the voices. But if it is by Palestrina or somebody else I don't need it.<sup>238</sup> The day after tomorrow we are going to perform *Paulus* by Mendelssohn, the best oratorio written since Handel's death. You will know it. I go to the theatre only rarely since the local one is terribly bad; I go occasionally, only when a new play is being shown, or a good opera I don't know yet.

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<sup>a</sup> The back of the letter bears the inscription: "Fräulein Marie Engels im grossherzoglichen Institut zu Mannheim."—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> See this volume, pp. 405-06.—*Ed.*

Since my last letter we have had a fine flood here. At Treviranus' the water stood 12 to 14 inches deep in my room, and I had to flee to the Old Man,<sup>a</sup> who with his usual kindness accommodated me for nearly a fortnight. But then the fun really started properly. There was a foot and a half of water at the front door, and to prevent it getting into the cellar, which has a hatch, we walled this up with cow-dung. But the malicious water then flowed from the neighbour's cellar into ours through the wall, and so that it should not drown our fine barrels of rum and our potatoes, and above all the Old Man's well-stocked wine cellar, we had to pump day and night for four nights running, and I pumped through all four of them. Wilhelm Leupold and I usually stayed up together, sat on the settee behind the table, with a few bottles of wine, sausage and a big piece of the finest Hamburg smoked meat on the table. We smoked, talked and pumped every half hour. It was most entertaining. At five o'clock the Old Man would come and relieve one of us. There were some touching incidents during the flood. In a house outside the town which was full of water up to the ground floor windows, people suddenly saw an enormous host of rats swimming along, which went in through the windows and occupied the whole house. Besides, there was no man in the house, only a lot of females terrified of rats, so that in spite of their fear, the delicate ladies had to resolve to attack the wild horde with sabres and sticks, etc. In a house lying quite close to the Weser the office clerks were just sitting at breakfast when a large block of ice came drifting along, charged through the wall and poked its immodest head into the room, followed by a good portion of water. Now I shall tell you a piece of news. You remember that I wrote you once very mysteriously about a big dinner given in the Royal Saxon Consulate at which great secrets were broached.<sup>b</sup> Now I can tell you that the person who was the guest of honour at that dinner was the *dame souveraine des pensées*, the *donna amada mais que la vida*<sup>c</sup> of my second principal, the above-mentioned Wilhelm Leupold. During the flood he told me officially that his engagement would be announced at Easter, and I tell you this relying on your discretion; but you must not breathe a word about it, as it will only be made public at Easter. You see how I trust you, for if you talked about it, it could spread here to Bremen in three days, since there are gossiping females

<sup>a</sup> Heinrich Leupold.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> See this volume, p. 511.— *Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Supreme lady of thoughts, lady loved more than life.— *Ed.*

everywhere. And then I would be in a fine fix.—The name of W. Leupold's fiancée is Therese Meyer, daughter of the Stick-Meyer in Hamburg; he is called Stick-Meyer because he has a walking-stick factory by which he has made a pile of money. She wears a blue spencer and a light-coloured dress, is 17 years old and as slim as you, if you have not put on weight in Mannheim. She is not even confirmed yet, isn't that terrible?

Today I have shaved my moustache off again and buried the youthful corpse with much wailing. I look like a woman; it is shameful; and if I had known that without a moustache I should look such a sight I would not have hacked it off. As I stood before the mirror, scissors in hand, and had shorn off the right side, the Old Man came into the office and had to laugh out loud, when he saw me with half a moustache. But now I shall let it grow again, for I cannot show myself anywhere. In the Academy of Singing I was the only one with a moustache and always used to laugh at the philistines who could not marvel enough that I had the audacity to go so unshaven into decent society. The ladies, incidentally, liked it very much, and so did the Old Man. Only last night at the concert six young dandies stood around me, all in tail-coats and kid-gloves, and I stood among them in an ordinary coat and without gloves. The fellows made remarks all evening about me and my bristling upper lip. The best of it is that three months ago nobody knew me here and now all the world does, just because of the moustache! Oh, the philistines!

Yours,  
Friedrich

Bremen, Feb. 18, 41

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## TO FRIEDRICH GRAEBER

Reverend Sir *in spe*,

You have done me the favour, *habuerunt gratiam* of writing to me *mihi scribendi sc. literas. Multum gaudeo, tibi adjuvasse ad gratificationem triginta thalerorum, speroque, te ista gratificatione usum esse ad bibendum in sanitatem meam.* Χαῖρε, Φύλαξ τοῦ Χριστιανισμοῦ,



μέγας Στραυσσομάστιξ, ἄστρον τῆς ὀρθοδοξίας, παῦσις τῆς τῶν πιετίστων  
 λυπηρ, βασιλεὺς τῆς ἐξηγήσεως!;!;!;

ברשית ברה אלוהים את השמים ואת הארץ  
 אלוהם<sup>a</sup> hovered over F. Graeber, when he did the impossible and proved that twice two are five. O great hunter of Straussians, I beseech you in the name of all orthodoxy to destroy the whole infamous nest of Straussians and to pierce all the half-hatched Straussian eggs with your St. George's lance. Sally forth into the desert of pantheism, brave dragon-slayer, engage Ruge *rugiens*<sup>b</sup> Leo, Ruge, who is wandering about looking for someone to devour, destroy the damned Straussian brood and plant the banner of the cross on the Sinai of speculative theology! Be moved by our entreaties, see, the faithful have now been waiting for five years for him who will crush the head of the Straussian snake. They have exhausted themselves, thrown stones and filth, yes, even dung at it, yet its poison-spurting head rises ever higher. Since you find it so easy to refute that all fine buildings collapse of their own accord, arise and refute *Das Leben Jesu* and the first volume of *Dogmatik*<sup>c</sup> for the danger is becoming more and more imminent; *Das Leben Jesu* has already gone through more editions than all the works of Hengstenberg and Tholuck put together and it is becoming common practice to throw everyone who is not a Straussian out of literature. And the *Hallische Jahrbücher* is the most widely read journal in North Germany, so widely read that His Prussian Majesty<sup>d</sup> can no longer ban it, however much he would like to. The banning of the *Hallische Jahrbücher*, which heaps the grossest insults on him every day, would change a million Prussians who do not yet know what they should think about the King, into a million enemies overnight. And it is high time for you to act, otherwise you will be reduced to eternal silence by us despite the pious views of the King of Prussia. You should screw up a little more courage so that the battle can really begin. But you write in such a calm and detached fashion, as if the Orthodox-Christian shares stood at

<sup>a</sup> Have done me the favour of writing to me a letter. I am very glad that I was able to help you get a gratuity of thirty talers and hope you have used the money to drink my health. Greetings, guardian of Christianity, great hunter of Straussians, star of orthodoxy, comforter of grieving pietists, King of Exegesis!;!;! In the beginning, God created Heaven and Earth, and the spirit of God.....—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Censuring.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> The title of the main section in Strauss' work, *Die christliche Glaubenslehre in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung*....—Ed.

<sup>d</sup> Frederick William IV.—Ed.

a premium of 100 per cent, as if the stream of philosophy flowed as calmly and peacefully between its ecclesiastical banks as it did in the time of the scholastics, as if the insolent earth had not thrust itself into a frightful eclipse between the moon of dogmatism and the sun of truth. Have you not noticed that the storm is raging through the forest and hurling down all the dead trees, that instead of the old *ad acta* devil, the critical-speculative devil has arisen and has an enormous following? We challenge you every day, insolently and derisively, to come out and fight; let it penetrate your thick skin for once—true it is 1800 years old and has become somewhat leathery—and mount your war-horse. But all your Neanders, Tholucks, Nitzsches, Bleeks, Erdmanns, and whatever they're called, are such weak, sensitive fellows on whom daggers would seem ludicrous; they are all so quiet and cautious, so fearful of scandal, that you can't do anything with them. Hengstenberg and Leo do have some courage but Hengstenberg has been thrown from his saddle so often that he is quite crippled, and in the latest scuffle with the Hegelings,<sup>239</sup> Leo had his beard plucked out altogether so that he cannot really show himself decently in public. In any case, Strauss has not compromised himself in the slightest for if he still believed a couple of years ago that his *Leben Jesu* would not harm the church's teachings, he could, of course, without abandoning any of his principles, have read a "System of Orthodox Theology" in the same way as many an Orthodox Christian reads a "System of Hegelian Philosophy". But even if he really believed—as his *Leben Jesu* indicates—that dogmatism would not be harmed by his opinions, everyone knew in advance that he would soon abandon such ideas once he had begun to tackle dogmatism seriously. He says straight out in his *Dogmatik* what he thinks of the teaching of the church. However, it is a very good thing that he has moved to Berlin—this is where he ought to be and his spoken and written word can be more effective there than they would in Stuttgart.

The idea that I have gone to the dogs as a poet is being widely disputed and, in any case, Freiligrath refused to print my verses<sup>a</sup> not because of the poetry but because of the views and lack of space. First of all, he is not such a liberal, and secondly, they arrived too late. Thirdly, there was so little space that many important poems intended for the last folios had to be left out. However, *Das Rheinlied* by N. Becker is really a very indifferent piece and has fallen into such bad odour that one can no longer

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<sup>a</sup> See this volume, p. 497.—Ed.

praise it in any magazine. But the *Rhein* by R. E. Prutz<sup>240</sup> is quite a different kind of poem. And other poems by Becker are also much better. The speech he made at the torchlight procession was one of the most muddled things I have ever come across. The marks of honour bestowed by kings I decline with thanks. What's all that about? A decoration, a golden snuff-box, a beaker from a king, these are a disgrace rather than an honour these days. We all decline such things with thanks and are pretty safe, thank goodness, for since my article about E. M. Arndt was printed in the *Telegraph*<sup>a</sup> it would not occur even to the mad King of Bavaria<sup>b</sup> to present me with such a fool's cap and bells or to print the stamp of servility on my backside. The more scoundrelly, more cringing, more fawning a person is these days the more decorations he gets.

I am now fencing furiously and will soon hack you all to pieces. I have had two duels here in the last four weeks. The first fellow has retracted the insulting words of stupid boy which he said to me after I gave him a box on the ear, and the slap is still unexpiated. I fought with the second fellow yesterday and gave him a real beauty above the brow, running right down from the top, a really first-class prime.

Farewell.<sup>c</sup>

Yours,  
F. Engels

Bremen, 22.2.41

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TO MARIE ENGELS

IN MANNHEIM

Bremen, March 8, 1841

Dear Marie,

"Your most respectful and obedient", these were the last words I wrote in a business letter as I finished my work at the office

<sup>a</sup> See this volume, pp. 137-50.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Ludwig I.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> This word is in English in the original.—*Ed.*

today so as—so as—now how can I express it most delicately? Oh well, the verses won't flow today, so I'd better say it straight out: so as to write to you. However, as I am still digesting my lunch, I haven't got time to think much and must write whatever comes into my head. But my first thought is a cigar, which I shall now proceed to light since His Majesty has taken himself off, His Majesty being, of course, the Old Man<sup>a</sup> who has been given this title because we have decided to carry on as if we were at Court. For it is now quite certain and sure that the whole Leupold counting-house will soon be transformed and have ministers and confidential gentlemen-in-waiting once again. You will be amazed when you see me with a golden key hanging from my black tail-coat—I will, of course, be as stuck-up as I have always been—and I'm not cutting off my moustache to please any king. It is now in full flower again and growing and when I have the pleasure—as I don't doubt I shall—of boozing with you in Mannheim in the spring, you will be amazed at its glory.

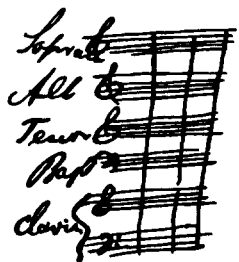
Richard Roth left here a week ago for a grand tour of South Germany and Switzerland. Thank God that I too am leaving this dreary hole where there is nothing to do but fence, eat, drink, sleep and drudge, *voilà tout*. I don't know if you have heard that Father and I shall probably be going to Italy at the end of April,<sup>b</sup> in which case I shall do you the honour of visiting you. If you behave properly I may even bring you something, but if you are high and mighty, stiff and haughty, then you will be in for trouble. Nor will you escape just punishment if you write any more such nonsense as you did in your last letter but one, teasing me about the fencing lesson. I was very glad to hear that the *Stabat mater*<sup>c</sup> is by



<sup>a</sup> Heinrich Leupold.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> See this volume, p. 532.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> See this volume, pp. 405-06 and 523.—*Ed.*



Pergolese. You must in any case get me a copy of the piano arrangement containing all the vocal parts with the score showing the singing parts above those which have to be played, as in a piano arrangement of an opera. It occurs to me that there are no tenor or bass parts in Pergolese's *Stabat mater*. There are probably more sopranos and altos instead. Never mind.

If I really do go to Milan in the spring I shall meet Roth, and Wilhelm Blank from Elberfeld, and we'll have a high old time there with Turkish tobacco and *Lacime di Christo*. Six months after we've gone, the Italians should still be talking about the three jolly Germans, so famous do we intend to make ourselves.




I was very much amused to read your description of your innocent carnival. I should like to have seen you. Nothing very amusing has happened here, apart from a couple of boring fancy-dress balls which I didn't go to. In Berlin, too, the carnival was a terribly flat affair. They're still best at that sort of thing in Cologne.

There is one thing in which you are less fortunate than I. You cannot hear Beethoven's *Symphony in C Minor* today, Wednesday, March 10, while I can. This and the *Eroica* are my favourites. Practise Beethoven's sonatas and symphonies well, so that I shan't be ashamed of you later on. I am going to hear them not just in the piano arrangement, but played by the full orchestra.

March 11. What a symphony it was last night! You never heard anything like it in your whole life if you don't know this wonderful work. What despairing discord in the first movement, what elegiac melancholy, what a tender lover's lament in the *adagio*, what a tremendous, youthful, jubilant celebration of freedom by the trombone in the third and fourth movements! Besides this I also heard a wretched Frenchman sing yesterday and it went something like this:



and so on, no melody or harmony and a pathetic French text and the whole joke was called *L'Exilé de France*. If all French exiles indulge in such caterwauling then nobody will want to have them anywhere. This boor also sang a song called *Le toréador*, which

means the bull-fighter, with the refrain, every other second, of *Ah que j'aime l'Espagne!* This was even more pitiful—if that were possible—sometimes with leaps of fifths, sometimes twisting about in chromatic passages as if to signify an attack of stomach-ache. If it hadn't been followed by the tremendous symphony I would have run away and left the crow to squawk in his miserable, thin baritone. Meanwhile see that the next letters you send are folded better. This way  is very unpractical and in bad taste, it must be like this  or like this , please note.

*Semper Tuus*  
*Friedrich*

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TO MARIE ENGELS

IN MANNHEIM

Why didn't you write to me in Bremen? You really don't deserve to hear from me again, but this time I shall make an exception and write you a few lines to cheer your lonely time in Mannheim. I have been installed in the room next to my old one, which is now the music room, where I have buried myself under a mass of Italian books, and emerge now and again for a turn at fencing with Hermann<sup>a</sup> or Adolf.<sup>b</sup> I have just finished a few rounds with August,<sup>c</sup> Hermann and Bernhard and as a result my hand is a bit shaky, so today as well my writing is very bad and learned-looking. When we went to Vohwinkel yesterday, I met nearly everyone who was at the gymnasium with me.

The weather is splendid here but today I have to go on a miserably boring visit to the Wemhöners. I'll remember you to Emil.<sup>d</sup> Luise Snethlage has linked up with Hermann Siebel and

<sup>a</sup> Hermann Engels.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Adolf von Griesheim.— *Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> August Engels.— *Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> Emil Wemhöner.— *Ed.*

seems to be enjoying it. For the rest, Barmen is still the same old place, and all I ask of you is to fulfil your duty to me as quickly as you possibly can.

Yours,  
Friedrich

Barmen,<sup>241</sup> April 5, 41

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44

## TO MARIE ENGELS

IN MANNHEIM

[Barmen, about the beginning of May 1841]

Dear Marie,

I started a letter to you last night but got no further than three lines when Anna<sup>a</sup> came and cut it off to use the rest of the paper herself. I got both your letters, including the one sent to Bremen, which made quite a journey before it reached me. Well, it's pretty dry in these parts except for an occasional dinner with some May wine or a student drinking bout, or carousal or rainy weather. The best thing about the whole business is that I smoke the whole day long and this is undoubtedly a great and priceless pleasure. I received some very nice things in my trunk which arrived here from Bremen—a little cigar basket, ash-tray, tassel for my pipe, etc. Father has gone to Engelskirchen and I am sitting in his dressing-gown on his stool with his long pipe, puffing out smoke like anything. We'll be off to Milan<sup>242</sup> in eight or ten days and all we wish for is good weather. It's raining cats and dogs here today. I am curious to know how you have developed in Mannheim—whether you are still the same silly, skinny chick you used to be, or whether you have picked up any new crazy ideas. Anna also gets up to daft tricks now and again and indulges in all kinds of silliness—with every third word she exclaims "*Og, Drikes!*"<sup>b</sup> Hermann<sup>c</sup> is developing a real talent as a hypochondriac and can often sit all day with a face utterly indifferent to the world, his

<sup>a</sup> Engels' sister.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> "What nonsense!"—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Engels' brother.—*Ed.*

mouth drooping, not uttering a word. If he suddenly gets into a tantrum, he can't snap out of it. Emil<sup>a</sup> is still great at misunderstanding things. Hedwig<sup>b</sup> is not developing much character apart from a touch of obstinacy. Rudolf<sup>c</sup> is just like Hermann was, he wanders about dreaming half the day and gets up to silly tricks the rest of the time. What he likes best is when I give him a rapier and then knock it out of his hand. Little Elise<sup>d</sup> will become important but for the time being she's still unimportant. She shows signs of amiability and will put you all in the shade in the end. And what about me? I might look interesting if, instead of my present young moustache, I still had the one I had in Bremen and my long hair.

You've had enough for today. I'll write to you from Milan—if it's raining there.

Yours,  
*Friedrich*

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45

TO MARIE ENGELS

IN MANNHEIM<sup>e</sup>

[Barmen, about the end of August 1841]

Dear Marie,

If I have really got to write to you I must tell you in advance that it will not come to much, for nothing ever happens here. Weddings, parties, why yes, I go to them, I eat and drink, but afterwards I find it impossible to write a lot of tittle-tattle about them. And anyway you are not used to that kind of thing from me. I now sit in my little room upstairs nearly all day long, read and smoke like a chimney-stack, fence until the swords nearly crack, and amuse myself as best I can. This disgracefully bad weather is nearly driving me to desperation, you can't go to Elberfeld without the risk of getting soaked three times over.

<sup>a-d</sup> Engels' brothers and sisters.— *Ed.*

<sup>e</sup> The back of the letter bears the inscription: "To Miss Mary Engels, Mannheim."— *Ed.*



Unfortunately there's only one halt between here and Elberfeld where one can stop if it gets too bad, namely, the *Bierkirche*. And you have to pay two silver groschen for a glass of beer there. Apart from this, nothing moves forward here, only backwards. I have not heard anything more about my departure for Berlin—there's still plenty of time. I don't bother about anything and let the others worry. If you want more letters from me, let's hear from you, and write me something nice.

Your brother  
*Friedrich*

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## 46

## TO MARIE ENGELS

## IN MANNHEIM

Dear Marie,

Mother says I didn't write you a letter last time, only a mere scrawl which was not worth answering, and since you have not replied to it, I am almost forced to believe, to my very great sorrow, that you agree with her. Still, I must tell you that I am very hurt, not to say insulted, by such treatment and I am writing to you tonight only because I am in a good mood and have no wish to start quarrelling with you, for you certainly don't deserve a letter. Apart from which I am doing Mother a favour, so now you know whom you have to thank for these lines. I have now been here about six weeks, have smoked a great deal of tobacco and have studied hard although there are some in the higher regions who maintain that I have been doing nothing. However, I shall be leaving for Berlin in a week or a fortnight to do my duty as a citizen, i. e., to do what I can to evade conscription<sup>243</sup> if possible and then come back to Barmen. We shall have to wait and see how this turns out.

We had arranged a trip to Altenberg for Saturday and Sunday but nothing will come of it because Blank and Roth cannot manage it. I must see whether we can organise something else. It

has just occurred to me that I might go to the Beienburg again, as I have not been there for a long time.

Mother went to August's<sup>a</sup> for coffee yesterday and noticed that Fräulein Julie Engels was very quiet but Fräulein Mathilde Wemhöner was very talkative. You can draw your own conclusions from this.

Apart from this I have found Anna<sup>b</sup> very jolly, Emil<sup>c</sup> making progress as a humorist, Hedwig<sup>d</sup> becoming very cheeky and Rudolf<sup>e</sup> going the same awkward way as Hermann<sup>f</sup> did at his age, and, for the rest, that Elise<sup>g</sup> gives herself airs.

The letter you wrote to Father in English, which I have read today, is good on the whole, with only a few serious mistakes.

*Du reste*

Your brother

*Friedrich*

Barmen, Sept. 9, 41

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<sup>a</sup> Engels' uncle.—*Ed.*

<sup>b-g</sup> Engels' sisters and brothers.—*Ed.*

## TO MARIE ENGELS

IN MANNHEIM

Berlin, January 5, 1842

My dear Marie,

Your letter reminded me, to my enormous shame, how much I have neglected my duty to write to you. It was really disgraceful of me and there is no excuse whatever for this crime. So I'm setting to work immediately and replying to your nice letter which I received the day before yesterday. I had a dose of cannon fever yesterday. What happened was this: I was very unwell and felt really weak the whole morning and was then ordered to artillery practice and was nearly laid out at the gun, so I left and had a shocking fever all the afternoon. I felt a bit better this morning but still was not quite up to the mark at the gun-fire practice, although I have now almost recovered and have got myself two days sick-leave on account of catarrhal cannon fever, after which I hope I shall be able to handle the sponge properly again. Incidentally, don't write home about this, it won't be of any use. Do you know what the doctor prescribed for my cannon fever? A glass of punch before going to bed, isn't that splendid medicine? You can see from this that an army surgeon is worth much more than, say, a Dr. Reinhold, with all his plasters, Spanish flies, leeches, etc., although he doesn't need to know nearly as much. But we only apply powerful remedies here, genuine medical heavy artillery, bombs and shells and 24-pounders. Our prescriptions are very simple and I always cured myself that way in Bremen. First of all, beer; if that doesn't help, then punch; if that doesn't help either, then a swig of rum—that's bound to help. That's artillery medical treatment for you. But I'm sure you would laugh yourself sick if you saw me in my jerkin, standing beside the six-pounder, a long, thick sponge in my hand, and jumping around the gun-carriage. My uniform, incidentally, is very fine, blue with a black

collar adorned with two broad yellow stripes, and black, yellow-striped facings together with red piping round the coat tails. Furthermore, the red shoulder-straps are edged with white. I assure you the effect is most impressive and I'm worthy to be put on show. Because of this the other day I shamefully embarrassed Rückert, the poet, who is here at present. I sat down right in front of him as he was giving a poetry reading and the poor fellow was so dazzled by my shining buttons that he quite lost the thread of what he was saying. Apart from all this, as a soldier I enjoy the privilege of not having to knock at anyone's door when I go to see them, nor having to say good day or pay them any other compliments. Someone once came to our Captain's quarters and accidentally banged against the door with his scabbard. He got a week's arrest, because the Captain insisted that he had knocked on the door. You see what kind of cutthroat I am. On top of it I shall soon be promoted to bombardier, which is a sort of non-commissioned officer, and I shall get gold braid to wear on my facings. So you must treat me with proper respect. Because once I'm a bombardier, I shall have all the privates in the whole Prussian army under my command and they will all have to salute me.

Why do you talk so much nonsense in your letter about old Fritz Wilm<sup>a</sup> and about young Fritzchen Wilmchen<sup>b</sup>? You women should not interfere in politics, you don't understand anything about it. But since you so much want to hear something about your beloved Majesty, I can tell you that His Supreme Royal Highness will leave for London on the 16th of this month in order to act as godfather to His Royal Highness, the little English prince,<sup>c</sup> and will perhaps visit Paris on the return journey but most certainly Cologne, and in the spring he is going to Petersburg to celebrate the silver wedding of his noble brother-in-law, the All Highest Tsar of Russia,<sup>d</sup> then return to amuse himself in Potsdam in the summer, to spend the autumn on the Rhine and then to amuse himself in Charlottenburg during the winter. Now I must go to a lecture.

Jan. 6, 1842

This morning I moved out of the front room into the back room, because the front one has been let to a man from my part of the country, a jurist from the Cologne area; in any case, it is

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<sup>a</sup> Frederick William III.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Frederick William IV.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Edward.—*Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> Nicholas I.—*Ed.*

badly heated. This is curious, for the back room is larger than the front one but it is always warm from a little heating while the front one is as cold as ice. Whatever I did, I could never get the ice-ferns on the windows in the front room to melt, but here at the back, it is a pleasure to watch the ice, which has frozen finger-thick during the last week, melting away as in spring, and the bright blue sky, which I was unable to see from my former room for so long, is gaily looking in. And I can once again see the barracks of the 2nd Guards Regiment of Mudlarks (as we call the Infantry) and the Veterinary School and everything attached to it.

We've got a Rhinelandish restaurant here where all our favourite home dishes—which are otherwise quite unknown here—are served. Every Saturday night we have fried potato cake along with a jug of coffee. Yesterday I had apple and potato. Our good old duck soup, which you know well, has a distinguished place there. And lots of other things which do not come to my mind. There is pork and sauerkraut for lunch today, which I'm looking forward to. The other day he was going to treat us to *Pannhas*<sup>a</sup> but it didn't come off because there is no buckwheat flour to be had, so we can't have yeast pancakes either, which we have long been languishing for.

Splendid! The sun is beginning to shine well and truly, which I find most delightful, and so I shall go for a walk after dinner, and since Schelling is not lecturing tonight, I shall have the whole evening to myself and be able to work seriously and without interruption.



The local theatre is very fine—magnificent sets, splendid actors, but mostly bad singers. So I don't very often go to the opera. Tomorrow there will be a new play, *Columbus* by Werder.<sup>244</sup> This is about Columbus who discovered America and Werder is a professor at the University here, the man who discovered the profundity of negation. Verily, verily I say unto you the theatre will be really full tomorrow night and I will be there contributing to its fullness. Two of the acts take place on a ship at sea, which should be interesting to watch.

Here you see me in uniform with my great-coat draped round my shoulder in a most romantic and picturesque fashion—but strictly against regulations. If I were to go out like this

<sup>a</sup> Rhenish meat dish.—Ed.

into the street, I should risk being arrested at any moment—which isn't very pleasant. For if I'm seen in the street with even one button on my uniform or one hook on my collar unfastened, any officer or N.C.O. can put me under arrest. So you see, it is quite dangerous to be a soldier, even in peacetime. One of the most delightful things is that we have to go to church every four weeks but I have always managed to dodge it, except once. You have to stand in the yard for an hour beforehand wearing your heavy decorated shako with its plumes and then when you are frozen right through, you go into the ice-cold church where you cannot even hear anything of the sermon, for the acoustics are so bad. Isn't that delightful? Write again soon.

Your brother  
*Friedrich*

The sealing-wafer isn't one of the best.

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48

TO MARIE ENGELS

IN MANNHEIM<sup>a</sup>

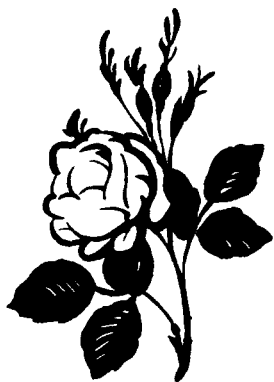
Dear Marie,

This tender little flower<sup>b</sup> which has lain in my portfolio for half a year, and which I take out now and offer to you, will, I hope, compensate for the long time which, I admit it with remorse, I have kept you waiting. Herr Hösterey delivered your little

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<sup>a</sup> The back of the letter bears the inscription: "Fräulein Marie Engels im grossherzoglichen Institut zu Mannheim."—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> A pressed rose, with buds and leaves, in the top left-hand corner of the notepaper.—*Ed.*



note to me safely after His High-and-Mightiness had hidden it in his trouser pocket from the eyes of the Austrian customs officers, for which His Supreme Highness asked my pardon, and in delightful German indeed. My conscience will not allow me to keep you waiting any longer, so I write. What about? Well, I don't know yet. That I was on parade drill this morning from 8 till half past eleven? That during this I got a very stiff telling-off from the Lieutenant-Colonel? That we have church parade next Sunday? That I have finished all my good cigars and that the beer at Wallmüller's has been very bad these last few days? That I must go out now to collect a couple of pots of ginger which I ordered for the Snethlages? Well, that's all there is to say. So—till tomorrow.

Today, Friday, April 15, I am going for a drive. The weather has greatly improved. A whole lot of carriages are lined in front of my house where they have taken up their quarters. The cabbies are usually drunk and entertain me vastly. It is very convenient for me if I ever want to take a trip in one of the cabs. I live very agreeably on the first floor, in an elegantly furnished room—the front wall of it is made up of three windows separated only by small pillars, so it is very bright and friendly.

I was interrupted yesterday when I had written this. Today I can tell you the glad news that we are probably not going on parade tomorrow because His Most Supreme Majesty, the King,<sup>a</sup> has condescended to leave for Potsdam and Brandenburg. All of which suits me very well, for I have no desire to knock around that cursed palace yard tomorrow. Let us hope we shall have no parade at all. We now also have a most charming exercise on the Grützmaker, so called, which is a very large open space where you sink up to your knees in sand and which has the delightful peculiarity of being electric. When the 12th Guards Artillery Company, to which I belong, and which is also electric, but negative, arrives there, positive and negative electricity collide, causing confusion and chaos in the atmosphere and attracting the

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<sup>a</sup> Frederick William IV.—*Ed.*

clouds. Otherwise I cannot think how to explain why it always rains or snows when our company is on the Grützmacher. Incidentally I have now been a bombardier for four weeks, and, in case you didn't know, I wear braid and piping and a blue collar with red edgings. You won't understand all this, but it is not really necessary, as long as you know that I am a bombardier, that's enough.

You will certainly not have heard yet that Herr Liszt has been here and enchanted all the ladies by his piano playing. The Berlin ladies were so besotted by him that there was a free fight during one of his concerts for possession of a glove which he had dropped, and two sisters are now enemies for life because one of them snatched the glove from the other. Countess Schlippenbach poured the tea which the great Liszt had left in a cup into her Eau-de-Cologne bottle after she had poured the Eau-de-Cologne on to the ground. She has since sealed the bottle and placed it on top of her writing-desk to his eternal memory and feasts her eyes on it every morning, as can be seen in a cartoon which appeared about it. There never was such a scandal. The young ladies fought over him but he snubbed them frightfully, and preferred to go and drink champagne with a couple of students. But there are a couple of pictures of the great, charming, heavenly, genial, divine Liszt in every house. I will draw you a portrait of him. Here is the man with the Kamchatka hair style. By the way, he must have earned at least 10,000 talers here and his hotel bill amounted to 3,000 talers—apart from what he spent in taverns. I tell you, he's a real man. He drinks twenty cups of coffee a day, two ounces of coffee in every cup, and ten bottles of champagne, from which it can fairly safely be concluded that he lives in a kind of perpetual drunken haze, which may also be confirmed. He has now gone off to Russia and one wonders whether the ladies there will go as crazy too.



F. Liszt

I must go out now, so I will close. Farewell and write soon.

Berlin 16/4, 42

Your brother  
Friedrich

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## 49

## TO MARIE ENGELS

(FRAGMENT)<sup>a</sup>

A nice story told in front of a Frenchman by that son of the gods, Albert Molineus, who is courting Ida.<sup>b</sup> *Enfin, à la porte du ciel était Saint-Pétras (instead of Saint Pierre) et le peintre Köttgen d'Elberfeld était abordé par le musicien Weinbrenner: Eh bien, Köttgen, vous ne dites rien, racontez-nous donc quelque chose. Enfin, Köttgen dit: Enfin, j'ai eu cette nuit un fameux rêve. Enfin, dit Weinbrenner, qu'est-ce qu'il y avait donc? Enfin, dit Köttgen, je rêvais d'être à la porte du ciel. Alors il y avait tous les artistes célèbres, Meyerbeer, Horace Vernet etc. Enfin, Meyerbeer frappait à la porte; Pétras dit: Qui est là? "Meyerbeer." Les artistes n'entrent pas ici, dit Pétras. Enfin vint Horace Vernet. Qui est là, dit Pétras. "Horace Vernet." Les artistes n'entrent pas ici, dit Pétras. Enfin Weinbrenner arrivait. Qu'est-ce qu'il y a là? dit Pétras. Enfin, je suis Weinbrenner. Enfin, Pétras dit: Entrez, s'il vous plaît.*<sup>c</sup>

The point of the joke—ainsi, Weinbrenner n'est pas d'artiste<sup>d</sup>—was naturally omitted by the clever young man who spoke French so well. Now you know what kind of people are scrambling for the honour of becoming your brother-in-law.

Friedrich

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<sup>a</sup> According to the latest findings, this is a P.S. to Engels' letter to Marie of September 9, 1841 (see this volume, pp. 534-35).—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Ida Engels.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> Saint Pétras was standing at the Heavenly Gate and Köttgen, the Elberfeld painter, was approached by Weinbrenner the musician. Now then, Köttgen, you're very quiet, tell us something. At last Köttgen said: I had a wonderful dream last night. Well, said Weinbrenner, what was it about? Well, said Köttgen, I dreamt I was at the Heavenly Gate. All the famous artists were there—Meyerbeer, Horace Vernet, etc. Then Meyerbeer knocked on the Gate and Pétras said: Who is there? "Meyerbeer." No artists allowed in here, said Pétras. So then Horace Vernet stepped forward. Who is there? said Pétras. "Horace Vernet." No artists allowed in here, said Pétras. So then Weinbrenner came forward. What's going on? said Pétras. I am Weinbrenner. So then Pétras says: Come in, please.—Ed.

<sup>d</sup> Consequently Weinbrenner is not an artist.—Ed.

50

## TO ARNOLD RUGE

IN DRESDEN

Dear Doctor,

Enclosed please find an article<sup>a</sup> for the *Jahrbücher*.<sup>b</sup> I have put the Dante thing to one side for the time being. I would have sent it sooner if I had had anything like enough time.

I got your letter after it had gone to a number of wrong addresses. Why didn't I send *Schelling und die Offenbarung*<sup>c</sup> to the *Jahrbücher*? 1) Because what I had in mind was a book of between 5 and 6 folios and this was cut down to 3½ folios only in the course of my negotiations with the publishers. 2) Because up to then the *Jahrbücher* had been a little reserved about Schelling. 3) Because people here advised against attacking Schelling in a journal and told me rather to put out a pamphlet against him. *Schelling, der Philosoph in Christo*<sup>d</sup> is also from my pen.

Apart from all this, I am not a Doctor and cannot ever become one. I am only a merchant and a Royal Prussian artillerist, so kindly spare me that title.

I hope to send you another manuscript very soon and in the meantime I remain

Yours sincerely,

F. Engels (Oswald)

Berlin, June 15, 42

Dorotheenstr. 56

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<sup>a</sup> "Alexander Jung, 'Lectures on Modern German Literature'." See this volume, pp. 284-97.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> *Deutsche Jahrbücher*.—Ed.

<sup>c</sup> *Schelling and Revelation*. See this volume, pp. 189-240.—Ed.

<sup>d</sup> *Schelling, Philosopher in Christ*. See this volume, pp. 241-64.—Ed.

## 51

## TO MARIE ENGELS

IN BONN<sup>a</sup>

Dear Marie,

I congratulate you on your discharge from the noble Mannheim Institute and from Fräulein Jung's censorship of your letters. I did not want to write about it before so as not to make you even more discontented, but I can tell you now that all these boarding-schools are nonsense and that the girls in them, unless they have such a happy disposition as yours, become terribly spoiled and turn into empty-headed coquettes and blue-stockings.<sup>b</sup> But it's the fashion now in Barmen and nobody can do anything about it. Rejoice that you are now out of the convent and can sit at the window again and walk across the street and occasionally talk nonsense without these things being treated as crimes. But I must say one thing to you—don't play me any silly tricks by joining in the Barmen jumps, namely, the jump into engagement. The noble young folk are rushing headlong into marriage, as if they were mad, and so blindly that they are knocking each other over. It is exactly like a game of blindman's-buff and where two of them catch each other, they get engaged, marry and live in blissful contentment. Just look at your two cousins. There's Luise Snethlage who has caught a husband<sup>c</sup> who's not bad but his hair is grey, and pretty Ida<sup>d</sup> has managed to get hold of one too, but I don't think much of him either. True, he's my brother-in-law, so I shouldn't run him down, but I'm vexed that they didn't ask me whether I wanted this Saint-Pétrus,<sup>e</sup> this lion, this dandy, this Albert Molineus for a brother-in-law, and so he'll have to pay for it. I tell you—if you want a suitor like that, I'll send you a dozen every day and each day a new dozen. It was generous of me to let the whole thing happen at all. I should at least have protested about it.

Even Schornstein has got himself engaged—it's terrible! And Strücker definitely wants to become a husband—isn't that strange? I begin to despair of the human race; I shall become a

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<sup>a</sup> The back of the letter bears the inscription: "Fräulein Marie Engels im grossherzoglichen Institut. Bonn."—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> This term is in English in the original.—*Ed.*

<sup>c</sup> Hermann Siebel.—*Ed.*

<sup>d</sup> Ida Engels.—*Ed.*

<sup>e</sup> See this volume, p. 542.—*Ed.*

misanthrope if you, Marie, you too— But no, you would not cause your brother such pain.

It's raining very boringly again. I have been soaked at least four times this week in the service of the Fatherland—twice from rain and twice, to use a delicate expression, from perspiration. I'm now going to the reading-room to look at the newspapers; surely I shall not get wet there for the fifth time, shall I?

Adieu.

Your brother

*Friedrich*

Berlin, July 2, 42

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52

## TO ARNOLD RUGE

IN DRESDEN

Dear Sir,

This time I am writing to inform you that I shall not be sending you anything.

I have decided to abandon all literary work for a while in order to devote more time to studying. The reasons for this are fairly plain. I am young and self-taught in philosophy. I have learnt enough to form my own viewpoint and, when necessary, to defend it, but not enough to be able to work for it with success and in the proper way. All the greater demands will be made on me because I am a "travelling agent" in philosophy and have not earned the right to philosophise by getting a doctor's degree. I hope to be able to satisfy these demands once I start writing again—and under my own name. In addition I must not try to do too many things now, as I shall soon be again more fully occupied with business matters. Regarded subjectively, my literary activities have so far been mere experiments from the outcome of which I was to be able to learn whether my natural capacities were such as to enable me to work fruitfully and effectively for progress and to participate actively in the movement of the century. I can be

satisfied with the results and now regard it as my duty to acquire by study, which I now continue with redoubled zest, also more and more of that which one is not born with.

When I return home to the Rhineland in October<sup>245</sup> I hope to be able to meet you in Dresden and to discuss this with you further. In the meantime my good wishes and think of me now and again.

Yours,

F. Engels

Berlin, 26.7.42

Have you read Jung's reply<sup>246</sup>? I think it is the best thing he has written so far. In the meantime, the other Jung,<sup>a</sup> of the *Rheinische Zeitung* in Cologne, has arrived here and will look you up on his return journey in a few weeks' time.

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### 53

## TO MARIE ENGELS

IN OSTENDE

Berlin, August 2, 1842

Dear Marie,

I was very pleased with your long letter but since there were so many pages, all written criss-cross, I read your sermon of disapproval very quickly and do not really know what you are reproaching me about. I can quite understand that Fräulein Jung must have pulled a nasty face when she read the true name given by Hermann<sup>b</sup> to her beloved Institute—a convent—and that she called him a frivolous fellow. Fortunately, not everybody has such a bad opinion of frivolity as your erstwhile Head Sin Recorder. And this is a good thing. Otherwise what would become of us

<sup>a</sup> Georg Jung.—Ed.

<sup>b</sup> Hermann Engels.—Ed.

both, I ask you? I too have to suffer being growled and shouted at by my Captain<sup>a</sup> and think to myself: who cares, and cock a snook at him. And when he makes things too hard for me, as he did last Wednesday when everyone was dismissed except me, simply because my orderly had not got me excused, and I had to go to the artillery range at 12 noon just to see some impossible piece of nonsense not carried out—in such cases I just report sick, this time with toothache, and so save myself a night march and a two-hour exercise. Unfortunately, I have to report back for duty again today. However, I go for a stroll if I feel like it. Berlin is a big place and only three officers in our company know me, so it is highly unlikely that they'll bump into me. The only thing that could happen is that they might send the company doctor to see me, but that would take time and the worst that could happen if he didn't find me at home would be that I would get a good telling off. Who cares!

You seem to have an enormous talent for making acquaintances. The girl is in Bonn for four weeks and already knows the names of half the University and has found herself an interesting lame student whom she encounters six times a day. The interesting lame student with the spectacles and fair beard! He undoubtedly had his legs shot up in a duel. Only why does he still limp when walking? Does he limp in an interesting way or ordinarily, like other lame people? Which foot is lame—the right one or both? Does he wear a hat with a red cock's feather? Could he not be the *diable boiteux*<sup>b</sup>? I'd like to know a great deal more about this interesting, lame, bearded, bespectacled, sharp-eyed student.

Have you continued to make friends in Ostende? Isn't there an interesting lame Fleming there who meets you on the beach six times a day? Look:

Happily the Convent leaving,  
Free to move again am I.  
I can laugh and I can chatter,  
In the window I can lie!

With Duennas watching round me,  
Oh, what agony of mind,  
Sitting at the daily lessons,  
Cribbed and cabined and confined!

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<sup>a</sup> Von Wedell.— *Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Limping devil (an allusion to the title character of Le Sage's novel).— *Ed.*

Oft I heard those Heidelbergers  
Singing outside merrily;  
Could not even reach the window  
All the gallant lads to see!

Now I'm free at last, and want to  
Taste my new-found liberty.  
There's a new life waiting after  
All that grey monotony!

I'll look out my newest clothes and  
Dress as pretty as I please.  
I'll be off to see the poshest  
Of the posh Academies!

Poppelsdorf and Königswinter!  
Rolandseck and Drachenfels!  
Goggle at my so sparkling eyes  
And my sparkling teeth as well!

And I'll bet that though our fellow  
Students may be quite a host,  
Getting our address will take them  
Eight days at the very most.

Landlord Stamm be truly grateful  
That your lodging-house we chose.  
Tippling students throng your garden,  
And the money really flows.

Best of all, when I'm out walking,  
How I'm crowded round and courted!  
See the poor Professors' daughters  
All alone and unescorted!

Bottle-heroes Count d'Alviella,  
Von Szczepansky come and linger:  
See me twist those gallant fellows  
Round and round my little finger!

Herr von Diest, the truly love-lorn,  
Runs my errands all the while.  
Chapeau plays his fife for dancing,  
Bunsen sings to make me smile.

But there's something always haunts me  
When I leave the busy throng,  
And it is a handsome student  
Limping painfully along.

While the others are so busy  
Doing all that I want done,  
How am I to meet that handsome  
Lame and interesting one?

\* \* \*

Now I've left my town of Bonn  
For the North Sea's level shore.  
No more rousing student ditties,  
Just the ocean's mighty roar.

With the French and with the Belgians  
I go strolling by the seas,  
Just as in the Convent, I must  
Speak French only, if you please.

Once again, crowds of admirers  
Follow me along the strip,  
Follow me into the briny  
When I take my morning dip.

Otherwise, it's just like Bonn,  
And I have no cause to grumble.  
Food and lodgings both are decent,  
And the landlord's tolerable.

Yet, for all those bathers, someone's  
Missing, when all's said and done.  
Woe is me! I just can't find that  
*Lame* and interesting one!

This describes you perfectly, don't you think? I want to set it to music for you so you can sing it. But you'll only get the score when I answer your next letter, otherwise I would spoil you by sending such a magnificent gift. I have other things to do than to praise you in song—that can only be permitted as a reward for an especially long letter.



You must try to learn the Flemish or Netherlandic dialect while you are in Ostende. It is a very clumsy language, but it has its advantages and anyway it is very comical. If you know Low German, you'll probably be able to understand Flemish.

I now have a dog whom I got from August Bredt of Barmen when he left here. It's a handsome young spaniel, much bigger than our dear Mira and quite crazy. He has a great talent for boozing and if I go to a restaurant in the evening, he always sits near me and has his share, or makes himself at home at everybody else's table. He's also remarkable for an invisible collar. He is an excellent swimmer but too crazy to learn any tricks. I have taught him one thing. When I say "*Namenloser*"<sup>a</sup> (that's his name)—"there's an aristocrat!" he goes wild with rage and growls hideously at the person I show him.

While everybody has been forecasting that the Rhine wine will be splendid this year, the Grüneberger has turned out to be disgracefully bad. Do you know Grüneberger? Grüneberger is a Lausitz vine which only grows in sand and never produces good grapes except in a very wet year. When the hardness of the grapes turns from stone to wood, i. e., when you can cut into them with a knife, then they are ripe. They are pressed by steam-engine and people reckon that it takes a twelve horse-power machine working for an hour to press a hundred grapes. The best year for Grüneberger was '40. It cannot be put into casks because it splits the wood. When it is good you should eat a dozen pins, then drink a glass of Grüneberger, and if the pins are not dissolved or destroyed in five minutes it means the wine is no good. It is a very long-lasting wine for if you take a swig, your throat is sore for four weeks. It has a very fine bouquet and only a connoisseur can tell the difference between it and vinegar. A mixture of nitric acid and wine-vinegar comes closest in taste to this noble wine. Well, you've had enough now, and I still have to write to Mother. Adieu.

Your brother

*Friedrich*

Berlin, Aug. 8, 42

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<sup>a</sup> Nameless one.—Ed.

**EARLY LITERARY  
EXPERIMENTS**

**(1833-1837)**



The house in Barmen where Engels was born

## TO MY GRANDFATHER<sup>a</sup>

Barmen, December 20, 1833

O you dear Grandfather, who always treat us so kindly,  
Always helping us when our work isn't going so smoothly,  
While you were here, you told me many a beautiful story  
Of Cercyon and Theseus, and Argus the hundred-eyed monster,  
The Minotaur, Ariadne, and Aegeus drowned in the ocean,  
The Golden Fleece, the Argonauts and Jason defiant,<sup>247</sup>  
Mighty Hercules, Danaus, and Cadmus the hero,  
And—I can't remember all of the things that you told me;  
Well, I wish you, Grandfather, a Happy New Year and a gay one,  
Long, long years to come, with plenty of joy and no worries,  
Everything good in life that can possibly happen to people,  
All this is wished for you by your loving, affectionate grandson.

*Friedr. Engels*

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<sup>a</sup> Bernhard van Haar.—*Ed.*

POEM, 1836

The evening sky grows dimmer  
With pictures to delight,  
As, through the clouds, stars glimmer  
With soft and gentle light.  
Now they draw near—full well  
Those forms I seem to know:  
The Archer, *William Tell*,  
*Siegfried*, the Dragon's foe;  
Then *Faust*, the defiant one,  
*Achilles*, striding free,  
The warrior-knight *Bouillon*  
With all his chivalry;  
Then—please, no laughing, brother—  
On gallant steed doth ride  
*Don Quixote* and none other  
Across this world so wide.  
Approaching and receding,  
They float across the night,  
Who can arrest their speeding,  
Or stay them in their flight?  
Oft may these poetry-weaving  
Fair images appear,  
To put an end to grieving  
As gently they draw near.

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POEM  
Probably Written Early in 1837

### Probably Written Early in 1837

1. Lord Jesus Christ, God's only son,  
O step down from Thy heavenly throne  
And save my soul for me.  
Come down in all Thy blessedness,  
Light of Thy Father's holiness,  
Grant that I may choose Thee.  
Lovely, splendid, without sorrow is the  
                        joy with which we raise,  
Saviour, unto Thee our praise.
2. And when I draw my dying breath  
And must endure the pangs of death,  
Firm to Thee may I hold;  
That when my eyes with dark are filled  
And when my beating heart is stilled,  
In Thee shall I grow cold.  
Up in Heaven shall my spirit praise  
                        Thy name eternally,  
Since it lieth safe in Thee.
3. O were the time of joy but nigh  
When from Thy loving bosom I  
Might draw new life that warms.  
And then, O God, with thanks to Thee,  
Shall I embrace those dear to me  
Forever in my arms.  
Ever, ever, ever-living, Thee abiding to behold  
Shall my life anew unfold.

Thou camest Humankind to free  
From death and ill, that there might be

Blessings and fortune everywhere.  
And now with this, Thy new descent,  
On Earth all shall be different;  
To each man shalt Thou give his share.

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## [A PIRATE TALE]

### I

On a winter's morning in the year 1820 a ship was on the point of setting sail from the island of Kuluri, Salamis of old and scene of Athenian valour. It was a Greek merchant vessel which with its large crew had brought to Athens mastic, gum arabic and the like, but more especially Damascus blades, cedar-wood and fine cloths from Asia.

Ashore all was activity. The captain was moving among the sailors at their work, seeing that everything was done properly, when one sailor whispered to another in Italian:

"Philipppo, do you see that young man standing over there? That is the new passenger the captain took on last night; he wants him to join us, and if he refuses, he'll be sent to the bottom of the sea, for he shall not reach Stamboul, as he intends."

"But," said Philipppo, "what manner of man is he then?" "I do not know, but the captain doubtless will." Just then a shot rang out from the ship and all made for the boats. The captain boarded the sloop and cried out: "Young man—ahoy, why are you dreaming? Come along. We want to be off." The young man to whom these words were addressed and who had hitherto stood by a column in silence, looked up: "Ah yes," he called, "I'm coming," and strode rapidly toward the boat. He got in, and the vessel pulled away from the shore with quick strokes of the oars. The ship was soon reached, and after a cannon had been fired, the ship's crew assembled on board, and soon the anchor was weighed, the sails set, and like a giant swan the brig flew swiftly out over the blue-tinted sea.

But the captain, who had hitherto directed the work of the crew, now approached the handsome youth, who was leaning



sorrowfully as before on the rail of the ship and gazing gloomily at the peaks of Hymettus as they sank ever further into the distance.

"Young man," he addressed him, "come down to the saloon, I have something to say to you."

"Gladly," the other answered and followed in the captain's steps.

When they were below, the captain bade him be seated, and having poured each of them a glass from a bottle of Chios wine, he said:

"Listen, I have a suggestion to make to you. But first, what is your name? And where are you from?"

"*Leon Papon* is my name and I am from *Athinai*. And you?"

"Captain Leonidas Spezziotis (from Spezia). Now listen! Doubtless you think us honest traders? We are no such thing! Have a look at our cannon, both exposed and concealed, our ammunition, our armoury, and you will easily see that we carry on such trading merely as a guise. You will see that we are different, better men, true Hellenes, men who still have a taste for freedom—in short, corsairs, as the infidels, whom we harass sorely, are wont to call us. And now to you, for you are to my liking and remind me much of a dear son of mine whom the infidels shot before my eyes last year, I would propose that you should join us and help fight for the freedom of the Hellenes and harm the infidel cause, to whom Homer's lines could well be applied:

"Εσσεται ἡμαρ, ὅτ' ἂν ποτ' ὀλώλῃ "Ιλιος ἱρή,  
καὶ Πρίαμος, καὶ λαός ἐυμελίῳ Πριάμοιο.<sup>a</sup>

But should you be disinclined to do this, I cannot answer for the consequences; for when my men hear what I have revealed to you, they will most certainly demand your death, and I shall not be able to save you."

"What's that you say? Corsairs? Will I join you? Straight away! To be able to take revenge on my father's murderers! Oh gladly, gladly will I join your ranks, with fury will I fight the Moslems and slaughter them like cattle!"

"So it is agreed! Leon, thus you are to my liking! Let us drink a bottle of Chios wine to the new alliance!" And the old imbibor poured the wine briskly and many a time exhorted his more moderate comrade with a merry "Drink up, Leon," until the bottle was empty.

<sup>a</sup> In time the day will come when holy Ilion will fall,  
Priam too, and the people of the spear-brandishing king. (*Iliad*, IV.)—Ed.

Now he went with his new comrade through the ship and showed him the stores. First they went into the armoury. There hung magnificent garments of all kinds, close-fitting sailors' jackets, capacious caftans, tall hats, small Greek caps, broad turbans, close-fitting western breeches and baggy Turkish trousers, gaily embroidered Persian waistcoats, Hungarian Hussar jackets, and Russian fur coats, all paraded in motley array in large cupboards. The walls were covered with the weapons of all nations: every type of fire-arm from small pocket pistols to triple-barrelled heavy muskets, swords of every description, Damascus blades, Spanish rapiers, German broadswords, short Italian daggers and curved handjars, all carefully ordered in their places. In the corners were spear-stands, so that the whole space of the room was used. Next they entered the powder-magazine. Eight large barrels, each with a hundred pounds of gunpowder, and four small ones of ten pounds stood there; there were three barrels of bombs, and two larger ones of shells; the cupboards at the sides were full of jars and pots containing powder mixed with pieces of lead, stones and pieces of iron. Then they entered the room in which Leonidas showed him several sacks full of cannon-balls. They went up again to the cannons. On each side stood twelve cannons of large bore, and on the quarter-deck another two forty-eight pounders. Dotted about everywhere stood swivel guns, some thirty pieces of ordnance in all. In the saloon, to which they returned, Leonidas showed Leon three cases of musket-balls and two of mixed shot.

"Our ship is in good shape, is it not?" he said to him.

"Splendid," replied the other, "it could not be better. But now let me look around on deck a little more."

He went up. However it was not long before he found him standing once more at the rail. They were just passing Cape Colonaë, ancient Sunium, and Leon was again looking despondently back at the peaks of Hymettus just as they were disappearing from view, when Leonidas addressed him as follows:

"Now, lad, why so melancholy? Come on to the quarter-deck with me and tell me about your life."

And Leon accompanied him and told the following tale:

## II

I shall soon be 16 years of age. My father was the merchant Gregorios Papon; my mother was called Diana; I am called Leon, my twin sister is called Zoë and my younger brother Alexis. It is

some three months since the Pasha of Athinai saw a young slave-girl that my father had brought up with us. He asked for her at once, and when my father refused to let him have her, he swore to be revenged and kept his oath, to our undoing. For as we were sitting quietly together one evening and I was singing songs to the cithara with Selima, the slave-girl, Zoë and Alexis, the Pasha's Arnauts entered, seized our dear father and Selima from among us and took them away; and we were turned out and left with nowhere to turn for help. We departed thence and at length arrived at the place before the gate where the old Macedonian fortress stood. There we found shelter in the house of compassionate peasants who gave us bread and a little meat. From there we made our way toward Piraeus. But alas! My sister's strength was exhausted and she sank down half-swooning beneath an olive-tree. As for myself, I wanted to return to the city and seek help of our relatives. I went despite my mother's entreaties and when I reached the Acropolis and was about to ascend, I found—imagine my joy—my father. I cannot tell you how joyfully I embraced him and how I pictured our happiness and my mother's joy. Alas, all too soon I was to be disappointed! For hardly had we gone a few steps when we saw coming the commander of the Pasha's troop of Arnauts. He recognised my father, drew his sabre and fell upon him. My father took the gnarled stave which he had picked up earlier in his right hand and held his ground, the Turk struck and cut the stave in two; the blow fell upon my father's shoulder; the Turk struck again and caught my defenceless father about the head so that he sank to the ground. I seized the fallen stave and threw it into the Turk's face; in his fury he dropped his sabre, but drew a hammer from his belt and dashed it against my head so that I fell down senseless.

When I came to myself again, my father lay beside me breathing his last. He said, "Leon—my son—flee—flee from here! You are not safe! Is your mother free?" When I confirmed it, he said: "Oh, go to Kuluri, and from there to Nauplia—I have friends there." I asked: "Father, what is the name of your murderer?" "Leon—his name is—Mustapha—Bey—God have—mer—cy—on my poor—soul," and with these words he departed. I embraced the body, cried, lamented and shouted for help—but he remained dead and no one came to my help. At length I rose weeping to my feet, girt my good father's belt about me, thrust the murderer's sabre in it and swore to discard neither belt nor sabre—until my father's blood had been washed by Turkish blood.

Now I went out of the city gates—but—oh misery, my loved ones were no longer there! A bloody dagger, my mother's blood-stained veil and Alexis' cap lying there testified that violence had been done here also. This is the cap I am wearing now; this is the dagger (he pointed to a fine Turkish dagger in his belt), and the veil I have been wearing since then next to my heart, beneath my chiton.\*

Only now did I give thought to my wound. It was beginning to pain me; I felt it and pushed my cap back—the blood poured afresh over my face. I lay down beneath the tree and bound a cloth round my head.

I fell asleep; and in my sleep I fancied that I saw my father coming towards me, fresh and blooming, and my mother at his side, and Zoë and Alexis with them, and they lifted me up, but then the Turks came, and my father's murderer fell screaming at our feet—I awoke and found myself lying on a cart—an old man stood before me and told me to be calm, and drove me away.

He took me to St. Nicholas, where he restored me to health. I stayed four weeks with him, then he gave me money and took me to Kuluri in his own boat. There I parted from him, and we divided a piastre as a keepsake. I remained here several days, there being no opportunity for departure. The rest you know.

### III

Such was the burden of young Papon's tale. Leonidas at once took him by the hand, went with him into the armoury and bade him select his outfit. For clothing he took some light Greek breeches and a short blue coat. For arms he chose a short double-barrelled rifle, two brace of double pocket pistols and a hammer. Leonidas said, "Well, take a sabre too! Or at least a scabbard for it." "No," he said, "I shall not be parted from this sabre! And it will remain bare until I have won myself a scabbard for it."

Meanwhile it began to grow dark. They reached the isle of Ceos. They did not land, but nonetheless they took in all sail and sent a rocket up from the top of the main mast. At once a boat with a cross upon its prow drew near. In it sat six armed men who moored the boat at the stern and boarded. Leonidas introduced the new comrade to them, and they welcomed him heartily. Thereupon Leonidas said:

\* Tunic. The undergarment worn by the Greeks: χιτών or κιθών.—*Note by Engels.*

"Well, Stephanos, what have you hunted out?"

Stephanos: "There in the city harbour lies a Turkish merchant ship. I was there disguised as a tradesman. But whom do you think I saw, Leonidas? Just imagine, our old comrade Dukas was there as a slave. I got him out in a chest. The ship has only three cannons, but the crew is large and well armed; there are some thirty Turks aboard. But I have won over two Greek passengers, who are travelling to Athinai. They will occupy the powder-magazine."

Leonidas: "Ah, splendid! You stay here and wait a little."

He hurried down to the saloon, returned with three bottles of wine and emptied them with Leon and the six newcomers. In the course of this he said:

"We are now—wait—you six, twenty men on board, Leon, myself, that makes twenty-eight, two Turks as passengers to Serpho, one of whom is a Janissary.—Notos!"

The man thus summoned came.

"Take Protos and Taras with you to the saloon, disarm the Turks and bring them up." He went.

Leonidas called again: "Mykalis!"

"Here," cried the latter, at the double.

"Load the cannons for firing, prepare the swivel guns, load three with shot and balls, and the rest with lead, glass, stones and iron! Fetch up sixty shells, two bombs and a case of balls! Every man is to arm himself!" His command was carried out. "And now, my son," as he turned to Leon, "now you will have the chance to try your first battle with us. Fight bravely. As soon as the ship engages with us, stay by me and do as I do. Do not venture to board before I do; it could well cost you your life."

"Yes," said Stephanos, "I know that. Imagine, Leon, I jumped on board the enemy ship with two young fellows like yourself; the enemy chopped off the hooks and there we were in their hands. We fought, but after my two companions had died, I was all but crushed in the throng and took a sharp blow on the head; the scar is still visible; and I would certainly have lost my life, if our side had not meantime again grappled fast."

Then Notos came with the two Turks, one of whom wore his arm bandaged. Notos said to Leonidas:

"Here, I have them now. They fought desperately. Our Janissary here dealt poor Protos a blow such as he will scarcely recover from. He was repaid by me with a broken arm, while Taras seized the other Turk around the body and threw him to the ground."

"Yes," said the Janissary, "that was a skilful feat indeed,

overwhelming us as we sat peacefully in the saloon! But they paid dearly for it and that consoles me."

"Oh," answered Leonidas, "I never doubted your bravery. But you shan't be without your reward; if you wish, I shall disembark you tomorrow morning on Thermia; but each of you shall give me fifty piastres ransom." They were glad to do so and were escorted back to the saloon, where they stayed under Notos' guard, while Leonidas went to Protos, who was lying in a hammock. He examined the wound and saw it was a blow from a handjar right across the skull, which had been damaged in one place. It was a deadly wound; yet there was still hope. He applied a plaster and retired along with Leon to bed. To the latter he allotted a couch alongside his own.

In the middle of the night they were woken. Stephanos was standing before them.

"Make haste, arise, there is a sail in sight to the north. You may see it by its lamp." In a moment both were armed. Leonidas opened a cupboard and gave Leon a bag of musket-balls, one of shot, and a fine large powder-horn. He also furnished himself with ammunition and both went on deck.

"Mykalis," said the captain, "where are the swivel cannons?"

When these were pointed out, he placed himself by one, Leon by the second and Stephanos by the third.

The crew gathered on deck. Leonidas bade them assemble and numbered them off. Counting himself there were twenty-six. He ordered Notos to be relieved, and the latter came and placed himself by one of the forty-eight pounders, Mykalis by the other. The swivel guns were hard by.

All eyes were directed at the lamp. They were drawing nearer to it. Then it went out, and they had to steer on in the direction they had taken. Several times it reappeared, but eventually they quite lost it.

Day came. The sea was covered with fog patches, which gradually dispersed. Then Stephanos, who was up the mast, cried out: "I see the ship! It is the same one as I saw in the harbour at Ceos."

Leonidas also saw it through his telescope. Stephanos came down. At once all sail was raised to catch it, and soon it was visible to them all. They ran up the Turkish flag and drew near to it. After some three hours they were so near that it was only a little out of firing range. Then Leonidas ordered the Turkish flag to be taken down and the black and red one with the white cross run up. The Turkish ship had however already turned to the north-

west and put on all sail to gain Makronisi. But soon Leonidas was hard upon it, and a cannon-ball sped at his command through the enemy rigging. The Turks replied at once, but then withdrew. Then Leonidas called: "Here, Mykalis with your fifteen men, go and row your hardest! We must have it! Notos! You go to the bows and fire on the enemy when we are at half range! Taras and his five men are to stay here."

The ship flew faster. Nearer and nearer they approached their prey. Meanwhile Leonidas commanded:

"Taras, as soon as Mykalis returns, go to the starboard cannon; Stephanos is in charge of the stern cannon; Leon stays by me!"

Then Notos fired from his twelve-pounder, another five cannons roared, and one of the enemy's sails fell with its mast-top and hung from the ropes! A cry of delight issued on the spot; the cannon fired once more and the ship's bowsprit was shattered. The Turks could not escape. The ship came nearer, and quickly Leonidas and Leon gave fire with their swivel guns. Several men fell; yet the shots had achieved but little. Mykalis returned; they were quite near the Turks now, with salvos flying right and left; but the Turks were also firing bravely; then Leonidas gave a full salvo and moved close in to the enemy. The swivel guns banged; as the enemy's deck cleared somewhat, the Greeks grappled. Mykalis and his band, Leonidas and Leon stood by the grappling-hooks; they fired their muskets amongst the enemy, hauled at the hooks, and in a flash Mykalis and Leon were there with the enemy. Leon pulled a pistol and shot down the first comer; his cutlass flashed this way and that—and one Turk fell upon the other. Then Mykalis fell; but Leonidas was there, and the Hellenes advanced; a furious struggle developed, but the Greeks who were still on their ship fired valiantly away, and in a short while some of the Turks laid down their arms. Then a gigantic Arnaut leapt on to the deck, swung his cutlass and shouted:

"What's this, Moslems? Do you intend to let yourselves be slaughtered by the infidels? Seize your cutlasses and cut down these dogs!"

He leapt forward and cut down one of the Hellenes. "Where is your leader?" he called. "Here," shouted Leonidas and pushed forward. They fought. Leonidas remained cool in the face of the heavy, furious blows of his enemy. In a blind, mad fury the latter rushed forward, struck and managed to hit his opponent's left arm. Leonidas gripped his broadsword hard and shattered his enemy's cutlass, struck again and blood welled up from the Turk's breast. But another Turk rushed up to Leonidas and dealt him

such a blow across the face that he fell. Leon saw him fall, struck the assassin dead, held back the enemy, and the latter now laid down their arms.

But the wounded leader with ten men was just landing in his boat on Makronisi.

#### IV

Now he surveyed the scene of battle. Twelve Turks lay there dead. Eight were wounded; ten had laid down their arms, and ten had escaped.

But four Greeks lay there dead too; Mykalis lay dying; Notos had a shot in his thigh; the captain had his cutlass wound, and three more were slightly wounded. Leon too had his head grazed by a bullet and a cut on his left arm.

Stephanos went up to him. "You fought bravely, Leon; but you must come to Leonidas. What, are you bleeding?"

"It is nothing, just a trifle. What vexes me most is that the cursed Arnaut escaped us. I would gladly have quite done for him."

He went to Leonidas. The captain said: "Leon, I now give Notos' command to you until he is recovered. Stephanos is commander-in-chief until I can resume my office. Go to Mykalis and see how he fares."

He obeyed. "He is very weak; he has a shot in the breast and a stab in the thigh. But Taras still has hope."

Stephanos returned. "The ship is loaded with cotton for Athinai and ammunition for Nauplia. Also dates, coco-nuts, figs and all manner of provisions in superfluity, for occasional sale."

"Bring over everything that is of value in the ship and order course for Porto Raphthi," said Leonidas. "Leon, go over with Stephanos. Question the prisoners; note everything they say."

He went. The gist of the prisoners' statements was as follows: the ship was a merchantman and belonged to a merchant in Ismir,\* named Murad. His brother Ali had been in command of the ship and was the very man whom Leon had wounded. They had reached Sykia where they had received news that there were corsairs in that vicinity. For this reason they had taken on ten more men for Athinai the previous night. Then they had seen the ship and been attacked. To the question of where the Greek passengers were, they said one had fallen into the sea and the

\* Smyrna.— *Note by Engels.*



other had been killed by Ali when the corsair ship had been recognised.

Then the ship was searched through. Besides the goods already cited, much weaponry and ammunition was found, along with cloth and clothing. Best of all were three bags of gold, with 5,000 piastres in each. These were brought to the saloon of the Greek ship.

Between Sunium and the Argolis peninsula lies an islet,\* rocky and deserted. To this Leonidas steered. They landed the following morning. But as they wanted [to secure themselves] against Ali and the Turks, who would certainly persuade the Pasha of Eyribos or Athens to send a ship against the pirates, they set down the Turks there, gave them some provisions, two cutlasses and a musket with ammunition, so that they might provide for themselves by hunting hares and the like, which abound on such islands.

They were about to depart—but Leon was missing. He had gone off to hunt; they searched—then a shot was heard, they hastened in that direction and—there lay Leon in his own blood, beside him a Turk who had been shot dead, and another with Leon's bloody cutlass in his hand stood by. Stephanos, who was there first, leapt in and attacked the Turk. After a short struggle he dashed the cutlass from his enemy's hand, hurled him to the ground and struck off his head.

Then several others appeared. Leon was laid upon a stretcher of boughs and carried back. Taras, who examined the youth, found that the Turk had dealt him a blow across the head, another across the thigh and a slight scratch across the arm.

At length the wounded man regained his senses. "Where is my cutlass?" was his first question. When it was shown to him he said, "Where is the Turk who struck me?"

"I have killed him," said Stephanos. "But be calm, you are dangerously wounded."

The head wound was dangerous; the journey by ship could only do harm, so it was resolved to capture the Turks and set them down on the coast of the Morea; and to leave Leon, Mykalis, who was also in danger, Notos and Leonidas here with three men to tend them. Stephanos would pick them up again a few weeks later.

The Turks were again assembled, only one was still missing; but as they sighted a Turkish ship in the distance, the corsairs' ship set sail with Stephanos. Apart from the wounded and Taras with his

\* Called San Giorgio di Aspara.—*Note by Engels.*

two helpers another five remained behind, who were to get the Turkish ship to Epina and departed the following day.

Leon's condition improved visibly. After six days he could already get up and walk around a little. The following week Mykalis too stepped out of the door of the little hut they had built. Leonidas and Notos were already almost completely recovered and had often been hunting. One day Notos returned and said:

"I have seen a Turk. But he ran away quickly. Let us be on our guard."

The following day he again went hunting with Leonidas. They met a wild goat. Then they separated. Notos was walking through the woods when a shot rang out, Notos fell, and the Turk, with a pistol in his left hand and a dagger in his right, dashed forward, bent down, and swung the dagger, at which moment the wounded man rose, drew a pistol and shot the Moslem down. Before long all the Greeks gathered. The Turk was dead; his shot had entered Notos' breast, but the handle of his dagger had deadened the shot and there was no danger.

Notos was borne home and suffered another week before he could rise again. Then they were all recovered; but the provisions were exhausted and the isle provided little from hunting.

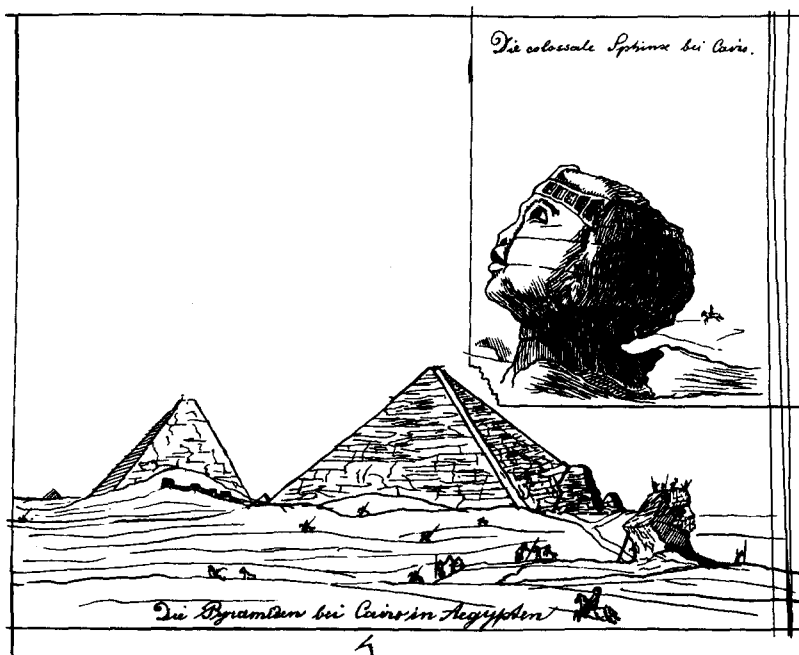
## V

They had been on the island for four weeks when Stephanos came and took them off. He had sold the Turkish ship to an English merchant in Thessalonica for 10,000 piastres; likewise the cotton to another for 4,000 piastres. The corsairs' ship was newly equipped, three new cannons, ammunition replenished threefold, muskets and other arms in abundance. The well-rewarded pirates were also in better condition. Now the ship set sail for Candia. But when they were within view of Milos, a ship of Turkish appearance hove in sight. At once Leonidas fell in behind and pursued it into the bay of Milos, across the mouth of which several small islands are scattered. Here the ship fled, protected by the cannons of the harbour naval yard. Now it became evident that it was an Egyptian galley. A furious battle developed. The Greeks fired away bravely; but then a Turkish ship—a small man-of-war—sailed into the bay and attacked the Hellenes from the rear. Leonidas grappled with the Turks—sent Stephanos on board, and after a short struggle the ship was won.

Meantime a salvo from the fort had hit the Greek ship and it was sinking. So it was hastily steered to the shore on to a sandbank

where it grounded. But the men climbed aboard the captured Turkish ship, pressed the galley hard and grappled. Leon leapt across and was followed by others; Stephanos went too, without delay, and attacked. Leon, always in the lead, bathed his sword in Moslem blood; he laid on furiously, Stephanos followed him, and they pushed far ahead. Then Leon was faced by the enemy leader, a gigantic Egyptian. He fought with him but neither could overcome the other; at length Leon dealt his opponent a rapid blow on the left arm; then the latter drew a pistol, fired it, but instead of Leon hit another Hellene and fell beneath the blows of his valiant adversary. With his fall the ship was won. The few Turks laid down their arms and were put on land, where Taras approached the fort in Turkish costume to negotiate the restoration of the ship. The avaricious Pasha was persuaded by a gift of three hundred piastres, but secretly sent a boat to Siphanto where several ships of the Turkish fleet lay. It found them and at once all three sailed up. Notos and Taras had gone out to the mouth of the bay in their boat when they sighted the ships and brought the news to Leonidas. The latter swiftly dispatched some of his men aboard the Turkish ships where he had also sent ammunition for small arms and several cannons; most of them, however, he ordered aboard his own ship, to which also went some thirty newly-hired fellows from Milos. Leon, who was in command of the little naval brig, stationed himself at the entrance to the bay. Then the Turks came. One ship entered first. Thereupon Leon gave it a full salvo at the bows, turned his ship, grappled and boarded with his whole crew. But the next ship fastened on from the other side, sent in its crew, and a furious battle ensued. Leon fought bravely. Many a Turk fell beneath his blows, but many a brave Hellene too was made to breathe his last beneath the swords of the Turks, and fortune inclined to the barbarians' side, who, however, were thrice as numerous. Then Leon saw his father's murderer. Rage seized him as he saw the big Arnaut, who was at that moment felling an old Hellene. "Hunkiar!" (Murderer) he cried, "turn and face younger men!" And at once he turned and fought, in strength twice the Hellene's equal but inferior to him in fury. They fought furiously. Blow fell upon blow.—Then the Turk dropped his cutlass as Leon gave him a blow on the hand. But he snatched the familiar hammer from his belt and, raging with fury and pain, bore down on Leon, and soon the broad surface of the hammer descended a second time on Leon's brow, and Leon fell beneath the Turk's incessant heavy blows.

Alte  
Geschichte  
nach dem Vortrage d  
des  
Herrn Dr. Clausen  
ausgearbeitet  
von  
**FR. ENGELS.**



Drawing by Engels from his history exercise book

"The devil has him now!" he cried. "Now for the others." But these were already almost all dead, and only a few, deprived of their arms, had been taken prisoner.

Meantime the two other ships had sailed into the harbour and were pursuing Leonidas, who threw himself with all his crew and the money on to the galley and, escaping the enemy's pursuit, left the harbour safely for the open sea and sailed for Belo Paulo, from where he meant to obtain news of Leon and the rest.

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## THE SINGLE COMBAT OF ETEOCLES AND POLYNICES<sup>248</sup>

Why do the companies of the Greeks and their swift horses march through the great city of the mighty sons of Cadmus? And why throughout the plain do men with white shields move in polished arms around the long walls?

There comes against the city of the stout son of Agenor an army of Argive men for a mighty prize, there come the leaders of the Danaans, bringing war to Thebes, Tydeus, Capaneus and Parthenopaeus, King Amphiaraus, the godlike might of Hippomedon, King Adrastus, and Polynices, king of men; all march together with horse and car.

There glitter in the field iron lances and bossy shields and silver-studded swords. Just as when a serpent suddenly coils round a sheep and envelops it, enclosing all its limbs, so did the Danaans surround the seat of Thebe.

But when all the ranks had taken up their position, spear in hand, men came out from the city, helmeted in flashing bronze, and among them was Eteocles, the stout son of Oedipus and a bold warrior. And when the leaders of the Boeotians and the soldiers of the Argives met together, they clashed together their shields, their spears and the might of bronze-breastplated men: and there arose a dreadful din. Bloody flowed the stream of famous Dirce, bloody the Ismenus, as man threw down man.

And in the forefront raged Eteocles with his bronze spear; and many were the warriors who fell to the ground, vanquished by his keen shaft. And the son of Agenor, desecrating mighty Polynices

striding among the Argives, prayed to Athena: "Pallas, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus, Atrytone, hear me. If ever I have burned for you fat thighs of oxen and of goats, grant me this prayer. Let me sink my long-shadowing spear in the breast of that man, of the race of famed Oedipus who, though he is my brother, goodly Polynices, yet has come from thirsty Argos with the rulers of the Argives to devastate his native land."

So he spoke, and then addressed winged words to his brother: "Son of Oedipus, Polynices of the loud voice, it is with thee that my heart within my breast bids me fight: come hither as champion of all against the godlike Eteocles."

So he spoke; and his brother prayed to the lady Hera: "Hear me, Hera, sister and spouse of Zeus, for thine I now am, since I have wedded an Argive woman, the daughter of Adrastus, who rules over the Argives, grant me now to slay with my spear stout Eteocles, because he did not respect his oath of loyalty in Thebes." So he spoke, and then Eteocles, king of men, came over into the mid field, held back the ranks in the field. And to both sides he spoke such words: "Listen to me, Danaans and well-greaved Achaeans, that I may tell you what my spirit within my breast bids me. The Argives and the peoples of Boeotia are dying in hard-fought strife. And the business is not accomplished. My spirit bids me fight with my brother. This I declare and may Zeus be my witness. If he overcomes me with his long-bladed bronze, so let him rule over the Cadmeians among the people. But if I overcome him, and Athena gives me her spear, mine will be the dignity and the kingdom of my father, and you Argives may go back again to your home."

So he spoke. And Achaeans and Boeotians rejoiced, and they drew up their horses in ranks, and dismounted themselves, and took off their suits of armour and laid them on the ground near one another, and there was little space round about.

Now Eteocles hurls his long-shadowing spear, and the lordly son of Agenor, seeing it approaching, avoided black Death, and the bronze spear flew over him.

And the godlike Polynices, swiftly drawing his gold-studded sword, rushed upon his adversary, and they clashed together like two savage lions, brothers and siblings of one blood. And as he hastened, by his golden belt.....darkness. And he pressed upon him, relying on his heavy hand. At once black blood began to flow from the wound. And at the same time the keen sword of Polynices, king of men, drove through breast-plate and breast of Eteocles. And they both fell to the ground,



and darkness covered their eyes. They lay there, brother having slain brother with long-bladed bronze. So perished the race of noble Oedipus.

Written in September 1837

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## **APPENDICES**

## BIRTH CERTIFICATE OF FRIEDRICH ENGELS

BARMEN, DECEMBER 5, 1820,  
EXTRACT FROM THE BARMEN REGISTER OF BIRTHS,  
DEATHS AND MARRIAGES

No. 659. Birth of Friedrich Engels, November 28, 1820.

In the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty, on December 5 at half past three in the afternoon, there appeared before me, *Peter Wichelhausen*, Deputy of the Parish of Barmen, the merchant Herr *Friedrich Engels* domiciled in Brucher Rotte to notify that on Tuesday, the 28th day of November at nine o'clock in the evening, a child of the male sex, to whom he gave the first name of *Friedrich*, was born to him by his wife, *Elisabeth Francisca Mauritzia, née van Haar*.

Witnesses to this proceeding were: Herr *Peter Gottfried Schmits*, twenty-six years of age, secretary, domiciled in Gemark, and Herr *Johann Jacob Helmes*, thirty-two years of age, secretary, domiciled in Werther Rotte.

After this had been read to them the declarants signed:

(signed) *Friedrich Engels, Jac. Schmits, J. Helmes*

The Deputy (signed) *Wichelhausen*

First published in Russian in: Marx and Engels, *Works* (first Russian edition), Vol. II, 1929, and in German in: Marx/Engels, *Gesamtausgabe*, Abt. 1, Bd. 2, 1930

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FRIEDRICH ENGELS SENIOR  
TO KARL SNETHLAGE  
IN BERLIN

Barmen, December 1, 1820

Rejoice with me, dearly beloved Karl, that the good Lord has heard our prayer and last Tuesday evening, the 28th,<sup>a</sup> at 9 o'clock presented us with a babe, a healthy well-shapen boy. We thank and praise Him from the fullness of our hearts for this child, and for the merciful assistance and care for mother and child during the confinement. True, everything ended happily, but it was a difficult birth. O God, what I felt when I saw my poor wife endure such suffering is impossible to describe. Often I felt that I could not bear to witness it any longer, and yet the same love prevented me from leaving the scene of her suffering even for a moment, in case there was any alleviation I could help to procure. The Lord be praised that this period of anxiety is over! And not only over, but replaced by joy when we saw what a healthy baby boy we had.

Since then my good Elise has been quite well again in the circumstances, except that last night she had strong stomach pains, probably due to flatulence, but they soon disappeared after some prescription from the doctor. The little boy nearly always sleeps quietly, which is a very good thing, for God gives strength to sleeping babes. His little dwelling-place is beside me, with its sweetly slumbering inhabitant, and it fills me with an utterly new, great joy whenever I look at it. May the good Lord keep both my dear ones under His holy protection. May He be to the child as kind a Lord and Father as He has been to me, and grant that we shall yet rejoice before His throne at this birth. But may He also

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<sup>a</sup> A mistake in the original: 29th.—*Ed.*

grant us the wisdom to bring it up well and in fear of Him, and to give it the best teaching through our example! That is now my daily prayer. I had intended to write to you on Wednesday immediately after my dear wife's confinement, but everything was in such turmoil here that first morning and there were so many claims on my activity that it was impossible.

You will, of course, tell your dear parents and your brothers and sisters today's glad news, and be so kind as to give them sincerest greetings from my Elise and myself.

I received your kind letter of November 16; it made me very happy, although your epistolary generosity put me somewhat to shame. I intend to improve in this respect, however, and write more even if there should be more real obstacles to writing than have actually existed since my last proper letter.

August<sup>a</sup> and Louise (his wife) had a very fine trip, almost the same as yours, and occasionally they tell us about their adventures and the good people whose acquaintance they made. What should I reply to your question as to why Louise (ours) did not want to join in that fine trip? I myself have wondered at her calm rejection of it. But it occurs to me that at the start of the Swiss trip it had not yet been settled whether Papa would not still have to go to Berlin, it was even likely at the time, and in view of all our domestic circumstances no one was better qualified to accompany dear Papa than she; moreover, she had already heard so much from Elise about your remarkable city that it was no great struggle for her to do without Switzerland, of which she had already seen a good deal.

How happy you have made my good papa by your church news, dear Karl! It was balm to his soul and he was thankful to the supreme guide in this important matter.

Elise has just taken the little boy in her arms and is talking to him. Tears of joy always spring to my eyes when I see and hear it. God grant that some time you too will know such joy, dear Karl.

Well, good-bye now. We are all thinking of you and we all send you our warmest greetings, especially Elise and my good mother-in-law.

May the Lord remain with you and yours,

*Friedrich*

First published in the *Periodikum für wissenschaftlichen Sozialismus* No. 1, November 1958, München

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time

<sup>a</sup> August Engels.—Ed.

**BAPTISM CERTIFICATE  
OF FRIEDRICH ENGELS**

EXTRACT FROM THE BAPTISM REGISTER  
OF THE ELBERFELD  
REFORMED EVANGELICAL PARISH

1821, January. Baptised the 18th, Unter-Barmen.

No. 24—[Born] on November 28th at 9 o'clock in the evening *Friedrich*, legitimate son of the merchant Herr *Friedrich Engels*, domiciled in Bruch, and Frau *Elisabeth Mauritzia Francisca*, née *van Haar*.

The godparents Herr *Caspar Engels* Senior, and Frau *Francisca Cristina van Haar*, née *Snethlage*.

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FRIEDRICH ENGELS SENIOR  
TO HIS WIFE ELISE  
IN HAMM<sup>a</sup>

Barmen, August 27, 1835, Thursday evening

Dear Elise,

I have just received the letter you wrote to me yesterday from which I gather that your good father's<sup>b</sup> condition is still the same and even seems to show a slight improvement. Let us not delude ourselves about his state, for even if nature appears to be rallying and strength to be increasing, one can very rarely hope for a recovery; the illness drags on, until a new attack occurs. Your good father is in God's hands, and it is well for him and for us that we can entrust him so peacefully to the Heavenly Father.

I posted a letter to you on Sunday the 23rd. You have received it, I trust? You make no mention of it. I wanted to write to you again yesterday but was prevented. Everything is well with us, God be praised; the children are all in good health. I am having my usual trouble with Emil. The boy is somewhat unmanageable, he wants to be out in the street all the time, and this evening there was another complaint that he had jumped out of the window. Rudolph is sweet and good, he sits beside me at lunch and is a dear lad. Hedwig is cleverer than either of them, has now completely recovered and is knitting me a pair of socks which I asked her to do to help her pass the time. Hermann is fairly well-behaved, my sole companion at supper, and is firmly convinced that this week he is going to get top marks as usual. Little Elise is, if possible, even more lively than usual, gets up to her little tricks, loves her father very much and, in short, is a very sweet little puss.

<sup>a</sup> The back of the letter bears the inscription: "Frau Elise Engels. c/o Herr Rektor van Haar Wohlgeb. in Hamm, France."—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Bernhard van Haar.—*Ed.*

Friedrich had a pretty average report last week.<sup>249</sup> As you know, he has become more polite, outwardly, but in spite of the severe chastisements he received earlier, not even the fear of punishment seems to teach him unconditional obedience. Thus today I was again distressed to find in his desk a greasy book which he had borrowed from the lending library, a story about knights in the 13th century. The careless way he leaves such books about in his desk is remarkable. May God watch over his disposition, I am often fearful for this otherwise excellent boy.

I received a letter yesterday through Friedrich from Dr. Hantschke, written on August 22, which he prudently gave to the maids so late that it only reached me at half past eight in the evening. So he probably already had it on Sunday. Dr. Hantschke writes that he has been asked to take in two boarders but that he will decline if we prefer to leave Friedrich with him after the autumn. He says that Friedrich continually requires supervision, that the long journey is harmful to his studies, etc. I immediately replied that I was most grateful to him for giving me first choice after receiving such an advantageous request, and that I would ask him to keep Friedrich on, but that I should be obliged if he would inform me of his terms. He himself had indicated that we should have no difficulty in agreeing on them. I am sure that you too will regard this as the best course. When it is a question of our child's welfare we should not consider money, and Friedrich is such a peculiar and versatile lad that a secluded way of life, which is bound to lead him to a certain degree of independence, is the best thing for him. Once again, may the good Lord have the boy in His care so that his disposition may not be spoiled. So far, for all his pleasing qualities, he has been developing a disturbing thoughtlessness and lack of character.

So much for our children here. I should be glad to hear from you that all is well with Anna and Marie. When are they coming back and is it definite that Ludwig<sup>a</sup> will bring them home?

In view of your dear father's present condition I can well imagine that you and your good mother would like to stay there a few days more. Do so in God's name. I had thought that I would come to fetch you about Sunday the 30th inst., but now I will await further news. Everything here is much as usual, so your

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<sup>a</sup> Ludwig van Haar.—Ed.



mind may be at rest. Caspar<sup>a</sup> has left for Frankfurt with Julius<sup>b</sup> and is expected back on Tuesday.

Your instructions about clothes and linen will be faithfully carried out—I should not have thought of it. I will bring the wine with me.

Give warmest greetings from me as well as from the Griesheims to your dear mother and to your father when his mind is clear. God be with you all in these difficult days.

Your  
*Friedrich*

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<sup>a</sup> Caspar Engels Jr.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> Julius Engels.—*Ed.*

SCHOOL-LEAVING REFERENCE <sup>250</sup>  
FOR PRIMA <sup>a</sup> PUPIL FRIEDRICH ENGELS  
(No. 713)

Born on 28th November, 1820, at Unter-Barmen, of the Evangelical faith, pupil of the Elberfeld gymnasium since the autumn of 1834 (October 20th) and since the autumn of 1836 (October 17th) a member of the Prima of the same, has taken pains to be of *very good behaviour*, especially during his stay in the Prima form, has commended himself to his teachers particularly by his modesty, frankness and good-natured disposition, and equally displayed commendable *endeavour*, supported by good talents, to acquire the most comprehensive scientific education possible, for which reason also his *progress* has been gratifyingly conspicuous, as the following special compilation of the separate subjects shows more precisely.

*I. Languages*

1. *Latin*. He finds no difficulty in understanding the respective writers either of prose or poetry, namely, Livius and Cicero, Virgil and Horace, so that he can easily follow the thread of the longer pieces, grasp the train of thought with clarity and translate the text before him with skill into the mother tongue. He has been less successful in mastering the grammatical part with thorough assurance, so that his written work, although not without visible progress towards improvement, yet left something to be desired in respect of grammar and style.

2. *Greek*. He has acquired a satisfactory knowledge of morphology and the rules of syntax, in particular good proficiency and skill

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<sup>a</sup> Upper, or First, Form in German secondary schools, corresponding to the Sixth Form in England.—*Ed.*

in translating the easier Greek prose writers, as also *Homer* and *Euripides*, and could grasp and render the train of thought of a *Platonic* dialogue with skill.

3. *German*. His written essays, particularly in the last year, showed gratifying progress in general development; they contained good, independent thoughts and were for the most part correctly arranged; the exposition was duly exhaustive and the expression perceptibly approached correctness. Engels showed commendable interest in the *history of German national literature* and the reading of the German classics.

4. *French*. He translates the French classics with skill. He has a good knowledge of grammar.

## II. Sciences

1. *Religion*. The basic doctrines of the Evangelical Church as well as the chief elements of the history of the Christian Church are well known to him. He is also not without experience in reading the New Testament (in the original).

2. In *history* and *geography* he possesses sufficient lucid knowledge.

3. In *mathematics* Engels has on the whole attained gratifying knowledge; he showed in general good power of understanding and could express himself clearly and with precision. The same holds

4. for his knowledge of *physics*.

5. *Philosophical propaedeutic*. Engels followed the lectures on empirical psychology with interest and success.

The undersigned discharges with his best blessings a dear pupil who, due to private connections, stood particularly close to him and who in this position endeavoured to commend himself by his religious feeling, purity of heart, agreeable habits and other prepossessing qualities, on his going into business at the end of the school year (September 15th of this year), which he found himself induced to choose as his outward profession in life instead of the studies he had earlier intended. May the Lord bless and guide him!

Elberfeld, September 25th, 1837

Dr. J. C. L. Hantschke

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FRIEDRICH ENGELS SENIOR  
TO KARL SNETHLAGE

IN BERLIN

*(Fragment)*

Barmen, October 5, 1842

I found your letter on my return from Engelskirchen, where I spent a while and where I am thinking of going again tomorrow. I thank you also heartily for your letter, and in particular for what you told me about Friedrich. It was nothing new to me, I have known since childhood his tendency to extremes and was convinced, although he never wrote to me about his views since he was in Bremen, that he would not keep to those ordinarily held. We had decided to deal with him exactly in the way that you advise. I shall make clear to him that merely for his sake or because of his presence I shall neither change nor conceal my views, either in respect of religion or of politics; we shall continue entirely our former way of living and read the word of God and other Christian books in his presence. I shall not argue with him, for that would only lead to obstinacy and embitterment. His conversion must come from above. I know for certain that he was moved by pious feelings at his confirmation and I am confident that a person who has once felt the force of God's word in his heart cannot for long be satisfied with the vapid new systems. He may, however, have to travel a rough road before he is obliged to climb down from the height of his pride and submit his heart in humility to the powerful hand of God. But God grant that this time is not too far away, let us pray to Him for that! Until then it is hard to bear having a son in the house who is like a black sheep in the flock and adopts a hostile attitude to the faith of his fathers. By the way, I hope to be able to give him a fair amount of work, and wherever he may be I shall watch over him unnoticed with the greatest care so that he does not take any dangerous step. The

most depressive is that the trend which Friedrich has embraced is becoming or seems almost to be generally prevalent. Friedrich himself does not suspect what influence such a fashionable trend has exerted over him, whom I have always found greatly inclined to imitation. We all often find a fashion in dress outwardly strange at the beginning, but as it spreads more we accustom ourselves to it, and in the end one can hardly understand any longer how one could tolerate the former fashion. And now that all are preaching *progress* and that the old faith and the old mentality are consigned to the rubbish heap, how easily a young and spirited heart can be ensnared!—Oh, this progress and this modern wisdom, where will they lead to! I fear our good King,<sup>a</sup> who is *still* adored, will yet have to hear things which will not be to his taste. In Königsberg they now intend to tackle your minister<sup>b</sup> in earnest; I cannot but warn you not to advise too strict measures in your present situation, for there too things will have to be left to God and time. I mean this kindly, and naturally expect no objection.

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<sup>a</sup> Frederick William IV.—*Ed.*

<sup>b</sup> This apparently refers to Eichhorn, the Prussian Minister of Religious Worship, Education and Medicine.—*Ed.*

CERTIFICATE OF CONDUCT  
FOR THE ONE-YEAR VOLUNTEER  
FRIEDRICH ENGELS

*Certificate of Conduct*

The bearer of this certificate, one-year Volunteer Bombardier *Friedrich Engels* of the 12th Foot Company of the Guards Artillery Brigade, born in Barmen, Elberfeld Division, Düsseldorf Government District, aged twenty-one years and ten months, having served *one* year, has conducted himself very well during his period of service in respect both of morals and service, as is herewith duly certified by

v. Wedell,

Captain and Company Commander

Berlin, October 8th, 1842

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NOTES  
AND  
INDEXES

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *The Bedouin* was Engels' first work to appear in print. He wrote it at the beginning of his stay in Bremen, where he worked as a clerk in a trading company from July 1838 to March 1841. When preparing this poem for the press the editors of the *Bremisches Conversationsblatt* changed the last stanza without the author's permission. The original text is cited by Engels in his letter to the Graeber brothers dated September 17-18, 1838 (see this volume, pp. 395-96). p. 3

<sup>2</sup> In this poem Engels ridiculed the heated polemic between the weekly *Der Bremer Stadtbote* and the newspaper *Bremisches Unterhaltungsblatt* (see Engels' letters to his brother Hermann of March 11-12, 1839, and to his sister Marie of March 12, 1839, in this volume, pp. 417-20). For fun Engels sent this poem to *Der Bremer Stadtbote* under the pen-name of Theodor H. (Hildebrand). Not realising its ironical character, the editors published the poem as a regular item against the rival newspaper. The editors of the *Bremisches Unterhaltungsblatt*, however, perceived the poem's irony directed against *Der Bremer Stadtbote* and reprinted it with appropriate comments.

In this volume the poem is given according to the *Bremisches Unterhaltungsblatt* since the Publishers do not possess a copy of *Der Bremer Stadtbote*. p. 5

<sup>3</sup> As can be seen from Engels' letter to his sister Marie of March 12, 1839 (see this volume, pp. 419-20), this poem was sent to *Der Bremer Stadtbote* in a fuller version. The publication of Th. Hildebrandt's poem *Book Wisdom* was mentioned in the *Bremer Wöchentliche Nachrichten* No. 36, 2. Beilage, S. 2, for March 25, 1839. However, the Publishers do not possess a copy of *Der Bremer Stadtbote* containing this poem. p. 6

<sup>4</sup> "Letters from Wuppertal" is Engels' first journalistic work with which he started his contributions to the *Telegraph für Deutschland*, a progressive Hamburg journal published by the Young Germany literary group. In November 1839 Engels' articles began to appear there under the pseudonym of Oswald (first S. Oswald, then Friedrich Oswald).

The "Letters" evoked a lively response in Barmen and Elberfeld, two neighbouring towns situated in the Wupper valley (in 1930 they merged to form one town, Wuppertal). Wilhelm Blank, a friend of Engels', wrote to Wilhelm



Graeber on May 24, 1839, that all copies of the journal containing the article had been bought up immediately. The Wuppertal philistines were furious with the anonymous author (many believed that the article had been written by some local celebrity, the poet Ferdinand Freiligrath in particular). For the reaction of the Wuppertal bourgeois to the article see also Engels' letter to Wilhelm Graeber written about April 28-30, 1839, in this volume, p. 446. p. 7

- <sup>5</sup> *Friends of Light*—a religious trend opposed to pietism (see Note 7), which dominated in the official Lutheran Church. This opposition was one of the expressions of the dissatisfaction of the German bourgeois with Germany's monarchic regime, based on the estates system, in the 1830s and 1840s. p. 7
- <sup>6</sup> After 1817, when the Lutherans were united with the Reformists (Calvinists) in a compulsory union, its opponents, the Old Lutherans, split away to form a separate trend defending the "true" Lutheran Church. p. 9
- <sup>7</sup> This refers to *pietism*, a trend in the Lutheran Church that emerged in Germany in the 17th century. Distinguished by extreme mysticism, it rejected rites and attached special importance to personal religious experience. p. 10
- <sup>8</sup> An allusion to the dispute in 1075-76 between Pope Gregory VII and Henry IV, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, the two protagonists in the struggle for supremacy between ecclesiastical and temporal power. p. 13
- <sup>9</sup> After the Vienna Congress (1814-15), many members of the student gymnastic associations, which emerged in the course of the struggle against Napoleonic rule, opposed the reaction of the monarchist landowners and called for the unification of Germany. On October 18, 1817, on the occasion of the tercentenary of the Reformation and the fourth anniversary of the battle of Leipzig, the German students organised the Wartburg festival, which turned into a demonstration against the Metternich regime. In 1819, the student opposition and other free-thinking intellectuals were accused of "demagoguery" by the Karlsbad Conference of Ministers of the Chief German States and subjected to reprisals. p. 13
- <sup>10</sup> *Hermann* (Arminius)—chief of the Cherusci and other German tribes which defeated the Romans in the Teutoburg Woods (9 A. D.). p. 15
- <sup>11</sup> *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* Nos. 76-80, September 22-October 6, 1838. p. 16
- <sup>12</sup> Engels is referring to the review of J. Ch. F. Winkler's book *Harfenklänge* printed in the *Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 208 in December 1838 under the title "Zeichen der Zeit". p. 17
- <sup>13</sup> Barmen and Elberfeld were incorporated in the Kingdom of Prussia along with the other territories of the former Dukedom of Berg by decision of the Vienna Congress of 1814-15 and became parts of her Rhine Province. p. 18
- <sup>14</sup> Köster's article entitled "Kurze Darstellung der Dichtungsarten" was published in the *Neunter Bericht über die höhere Stadtschule in Barmen*, Barmen, 1837. p. 19
- <sup>15</sup> F. Haase's review "Übersicht über 9 lateinische Grammatiken" was printed in the *Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung* Nos. 65-70, August 1838, Jena and Leipzig, *Ergänzungsblätter*. p. 20
- <sup>16</sup> J. C. H. Clausen's "Pindaros der Lyriker" was published in the *Programm des Gymnasiums Elberfeld*, 1834. p. 20

- <sup>17</sup> *Rektoratsschulen* was the name given to elementary five-class schools in the Rhine Province and Westphalia. p. 20
- <sup>18</sup> *Young Germany* (*Junges Deutschland*) — a literary group that emerged in Germany in the 1830s and was under the influence of Heinrich Heine and Ludwig Börne. In their fiction and journalistic works, the writers of this group (also known as Young Literature), Gutzkow, Wienbarg, Mundt, Laube, Jung and others, expressed the opposition sentiments of the petty bourgeois and intellectuals who advocated freedom of conscience and the press, the introduction of a constitution, the emancipation of women, and so on. Their political views were vague and inconsistent; many of them soon became ordinary liberals.  
For the *demagogues* see Note 9. p. 21
- <sup>19</sup> Engels is referring to the owners of the Barmen trading company J. P. von Eynern & Söhne, where Ferdinand Freiligrath worked as a clerk in 1837-39. p. 21
- <sup>20</sup> Engels is referring to the following reviews: Dr. F. Dingelstedt, "Ferdinand Freiligrath. Ein Literaturbild", published in the *Jahrbuch der Literatur*, 1. Jg., Hamburg, 1839, and Moritz Carrière, "Gedichte von Ferdinand Freiligrath, Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1838", published in the *Jahrbücher für wissenschaftliche Kritik* No. 8, January 1839, Berlin. p. 21
- <sup>21</sup> Allusions to the folk-tale *Die Unkenkönigin* (*The Frog Queen*) can be found in Freiligrath's poem *Schwalbenmärchen*, and to the tale *Schneewittchen* (*Snow-White*) in his poem *Meerfahrt*.  
Below Engels mentions Freiligrath's poems printed in the following publications: Freiligrath, *Gedichte*, Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1838; Prinz Eugen, *der edle Ritter* in the *Rheinisches Odeon*. Hg. v. I. Hub, F. Freiligrath u. A. Schnezler, 1. Jg., Coblenz, 1836; Freiligrath, *Der ausgewanderte Dichter* (*Bruchstücke eines unvollendeten Cyklus*). *Sechs Gedichte ohne besondere Überschriften*, published in the *Rheinisches Odeon*, 2. Jg., Düsseldorf, 1838; Freiligrath, *Der ausgewanderte Dichter. Weitere Bruchstücke. Fünf Gedichte ohne einzelne Überschriften*, published in the *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände* No. 218, September 10, 1836. p. 22
- <sup>22</sup> A reference to the second instalment of Freiligrath's cycle of poems *Der ausgewanderte Dichter*, published in the *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände* No. 218, September 10, 1836 (see Note 21). p. 22
- <sup>23</sup> Engels gives this ironical name, *Montanus Eremita* (mountain hermit), to Vincenz Zuccalmaglio, a German writer who under the pen-name of Montanus published, in 1836, the book: *Die Vorzeit der Länder Cleve-Mark, Jülich-Berg und Westphalen*. p. 24
- <sup>24</sup> Engels is referring to the following publication: Johann Pol, *Gedichte*, 1. Teil, *Geistliche Gesänge und Lieder*; 2. Teil, *Vermischte Gedichte*, Heefeld, 1837. p. 25
- <sup>25</sup> In this poem Engels expressed his attitude to the weekly *Der Bremer Stadtbote*, to which for fun he had sent several months in succession his poems (including *To the Enemies*, see this volume, p. 5) under the signature of Theodor Hildebrand, passing himself off as its supporter. This poem is also quoted, with minor stylistic changes, in Engels' letter to Wilhelm Graeber written about April 28-30, 1839 (see this volume, pp. 444-45). p. 26
- <sup>26</sup> Expressing the attitude of the local bourgeoisie to Engels' "Letters from Wuppertal", the *Elberfelder Zeitung* on April 12, 1839, published an article by

Martin Runkel, its editor, sharply attacking the "Letters" and their author. The "Open Letter to Dr. Runkel" was Engels' reply to this article.

The *Elberfelder Zeitung* published the "Open Letter" with the following footnote: "We found this article in our premises yesterday without knowing who had sent it in. We are printing it word for word since we wish to be *impartial* but, for our part, we would note that we shall defend *our* generally expressed statements in detail only if the Wuppertal letter-writer *names* himself, just as *we* have done." p. 27

- 27 An allusion to Martin Runkel's poem *Zu Grabbe's Bildniss* printed in the *Rheinisches Odeon*, 2. Jg., Düsseldorf, 1838.  
For the Young Germany writers see Note 18. p. 27
- 28 This item was published in the *Telegraph für Deutschland* in the "Kleine Chronik" section. Engels also wrote about the sermon in question by F. W. Krummacher in his letter to Wilhelm Graeber on April 30, 1839 (see this volume, pp. 446-47). p. 29
- 29 These are the following publications: *Volksbücher*, hrsg. v. G. O. Marbach, Leipzig, 1838-39; *Deutsche Volksbücher nach den ächtesten Ausgaben hergestellt v. Dr. Karl Simrock*, Berlin, 1839; and *Deutsche Volksbücher, neu gereimt v. K. Simrock*, Berlin, 1839. p. 33
- 30 Besides the above-mentioned Marbach edition, the following publications are referred to here: *Der hörnere Siegfried. Eine wunderschöne Historie von dem gehörnten Siegfried. Was wunderliche Ebentheuer dieser theure Ritter ausgestanden, sehr denkwürdig und mit Lust zu lesen*, Cöln (n.d.), and *Buch der schönsten Geschichten und Sagen für Alt und Jung wiedererzählt von Gustav Schwab*, 2 Teile, Stuttgart, 1836-37. p. 34
- 31 The publication referred to is *Leben und Thaten des grossen Helden Heinrich des Löwen, Herzog zu Braunschweig*, Einbeck (n.d.). p. 35
- 32 On December 10, 1835, the Federal Assembly banned the works by writers of the Young Germany group (see Note 18). Some of them, such as Gutzkow's *Wally, die Zweiflerin*, raised the question of women's emancipation.  
The *Federal Assembly (Diet)* of the German Confederation (1815-66) consisted of representatives of the German states and was a pillar of the conservative monarchical order in Germany. p. 37
- 33 An allusion to Tieck's comedy *Kaiser Octavianus* which was based on a German popular book of the same name and published in *Ludwig Tieck's Schriften*, Bd. 1, Berlin, 1828. p. 37
- 34 Gottfried von Strassburg's poem *Tristan und Isolde* was written in the early 13th century. p. 38
- 35 *Die neue Bibel* and *Das junge Palästina* are the titles of the parts of Karl Beck's collection of poems *Nächte. Gepanzerte Lieder*, which appeared in Leipzig in 1838. p. 41
- 36 In his article "Der Schwabenspiegel" (in the *Jahrbuch der Literatur*, 1. Jg., Hamburg, 1839), Heine criticised the "Swabian poetical school" which comprised a number of poets and literary critics representative of late romanticism, including Ludwig Uhland, Justinus Kerner, Gustav Schwab, Wolfgang Menzel and Gustav Pfizer. p. 42

- <sup>37</sup> *Song of Ludwig*—a poem by an unknown medieval poet written in the late 9th century in the Franconian dialect. It glorifies the victory of Ludwig III, King of the Western Franks, over the Normans in 881. p. 42
- <sup>38</sup> A reference to Gustav Kühne's book *Weibliche und männliche Charaktere*, 2 Teile, Leipzig, 1838; and to his article "Deutsche Lyrik. Karl Beck, Ferdinand Freiligrath" published anonymously in the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* Nos. 223 and 224, November 13 and 15, 1838. p. 42
- <sup>39</sup> Engels is referring to the following passage from Ludolf Wienbarg's article "Ludwig Uhland als Dramatiker", included in his book *Die Dramatiker der Jetztzeit*, 1. Heft, Altona, 1839: "Gustav Pfizer has spoken in and out and round about on the character and talent of Uhland, as a pupil about his teacher, as a friend about his friend and not a word about Uhland the dramatist. What should one conclude from this? Simply that a certain younger writer is right in calling the latter mediocre. The pamphlet by Pfizer which I have in mind appeared about two years ago. It compares Uhland with Rückert, or rather, it weighs the talents of the two. Let us say it in passing, rather like a grocer" (p. 13). Pfizer's pamphlet *Uhland und Rückert. Ein kritischer Versuch* was printed in 1837. p. 42
- <sup>40</sup> Beck's poem *Schlaf wohl!* included in his collection *Stille Lieder* was originally published in the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* No. 126, June 30, 1838. p. 45
- <sup>41</sup> Act I of Beck's *Saul* was published in the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* Nos. 216-19 for November 4, 5, 7 and 8, 1839. On November 25, the *Allgemeine Theater-Chronik* (No. 143) printed a review by J. P. Lyser entitled "Episoden. Carl Beck als Dramatiker", while the *Telegraph für Deutschland*, in its "Kleine Chronik" section, published an anonymous review of Act I with a note by Karl Gutzkow. p. 45
- <sup>42</sup> A reference to Gutzkow's tragedy *König Saul*, which appeared in print shortly before the publication of Act I of Beck's tragedy *Saul*. p. 45
- <sup>43</sup> In its issue No. 203, immediately following Engels' article, the *Telegraph für Deutschland* printed an article about Beck by Gutzkow entitled "Ergänzung" ("Supplement") (the end of the article was published in No. 204 under the title "Karl Beck"). In this article Gutzkow subjected Beck's *Stille Lieder* to even sharper criticism, emphasising the "childish nature" of his poetry. p. 46
- <sup>44</sup> A reference to the bourgeois revolution of July 1830 in France, the main events of which took place between July 27 and August 2. p. 50
- <sup>45</sup> The *Second Silesian School*—a literary trend in Germany in the second half of the 17th century that expressed the sentiments of the feudal nobility. Its main exponents were Christian Hofmannswaldau and Daniel Lohenstein. p. 51
- <sup>46</sup> Engels is referring to the following publications: *Gesammelte Werke des Grafen August von Platen*. In *Einem Band*, Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1839; and *Gedichte aus dem ungedruckten Nachlasse des Grafen August von Platen-Hallermünde. Als Anhang zu den bei Cotta erschienenen Gedichten Platens*, Strassburg, 1839. p. 54
- <sup>47</sup> *Pentarchy*—Europe's political system in the period of the Restoration. It was based on the supremacy of the five Great Powers, England, France, Russia, Austria and Prussia. p. 54
- <sup>48</sup> This is a translation into German of the poem *A la invención de la imprenta* by Manuel José Quintana, a Spanish poet, politician and supporter of the

18th-century French Enlightenment. The poem was first published in Madrid in 1803 in Quintana's book *Poesias*. Engels' translation was published together with the original in the *Gutenbergs-Album* issued on the occasion of the quarter-century of the invention of printing (the official date of the invention is 1440). The anniversary was widely celebrated in Germany in June 1840.

Engels' translation, which follows, was his first work to appear in print under his own name.

Wird denn allein des Dichters Stimme singen  
 Von blut'gem Ehrgeiz und von stolzen Thronen,  
 Wenn die Drommeten Fama's um ihn klingen,  
 Die Lippen schwellend, wo die Götter wohnen?  
 Ward euch so fremd die Scham? Des Preisens Gabe,  
 Des Ruhmes Strahl mit seinem hellen Lichte  
 Verschwendet ihr an Männern, welchen ewig  
 Fluch spendet und Verwünschung die Geschichte?  
 Erwacht, erwacht! die Wolken überfliege  
 Der Sang, der scheu geworden,  
 Mit nie geseh'ner Kraft in hehrem Siegel!  
 Und wollt ihr, dass die Welt euch würdig halte  
 Des Lorbeers, der um eure Stirne blüht,  
 So sorgt, dass euer Lied  
 Würdig der Welt und kräftig sich entfalte!

In alter Zeit ward nimmermehr verschwendet  
 Der Opferduft des Lobes;  
 An dem Altar wohltätiger Erfindung,  
 Wohltät'gen Geistes ward er stets gespendet.  
 Einst kam Saturn, und mit dem mächt'gen Pfluge  
 Zerteilte er der Erde Mutterbusen,  
 Da sah der Mensch sich breiten  
 Lebend'ge Saat rings über dürren Boden,  
 Zum Himmel steigen seines Dankes Oden,  
 Sie nennen ihn den Gott der goldnen Zeiten.  
 Warst du nicht auch ein Gott, der dem Gedanken,  
 Dem Wort du einen Leib einst hast gegeben,  
 In Zeichen fesseltest der Rede Leben,  
 Das sonst entfloh, gehemmt von keinen Schranken?  
 Verschlungen immer wieder  
 Hätt' ohne dich sich selbst die Zeit, ins Grab  
 Ew'gen Vergessens sinkend, tot, hernieder.  
 Du kamst, und der Gedanke  
 Sah rasch erweitert seine enge Sphäre,  
 Die ihn umgrenzt in seiner langen Kindheit.  
 Ihn trug sein Fittich in die ferne Welt,  
 Wo mit zukünft'ger Zeit die tatenschwere  
 Vergangenheit gewalt'ge Zwiesprach hält.  
 Erleuchter du der Blindheit!  
 Erfreue dich, Unsterblicher, der Ehre,  
 Des hohen Ruhmgesanges nun allein,  
 Die dir gebühren, dem erhabnen Geiste!  
 Und die Natur, als hätte die Erfindung

Allein genügt, zu zeigen ihre Macht,  
 Sie hat geruht seitdem, und, geizig, nicht  
 Ein gleiches Wunder mehr der Welt gebracht.

Endlich erhebt sie sich, ein neues Zeichen  
 Sich zu erschaffen, und der eis'ge Rhein  
 Sah Gutenberg erstehn. „Vergebliche Mühen!  
 Was hilft es euch, dass Leben ihr verleiht  
 Eurem Gedanken, schreibend,  
 Wenn er erstirbt, starr in der Dunkelheit  
 Lethargischen Vergessens ferner bleibend?  
 Kann ein Gefäß die breiten Wogen alle  
 Des Ozeans, des tosenden, enthalten?  
 So können nicht in einem Buch allein  
 Des Menschengestes Gaben sich entfalten!  
 Was fehlt? die Kunst des Flugs? Doch wenn Natur  
 Nach einem Bilde unzählbare Wesen  
 Erschuf, wohl an, ihr nach, meine Erfindung!  
 Dass tausendfach im Echo eine Wahrheit  
 Erschalle in gewaltiger Verkündung,  
 Empor sich schwingend mit dem Flug der Klarheit!“

Er sprach's—da ward der Druck, und sieh, Europa  
 Erstaunt, bewegt, erhebt sich alsobald  
 Mit lautem Brausen, wie vom Sturmeswinde  
 Emporgefacht, erschallt  
 Das grimme Feuer, dessen Flammen schliefen  
 Verschlössen in der Erde finstern Tiefen.—  
 O schlimme Burg, dem Irrtum aufgemauert  
 Durch schnöde Rohheit und Tyrannenwüten!  
 Es platzte der Vulkan, die Felsen glühten,  
 Da bebten deine Gründe, schreckdurchschauert!  
 Wer ist das Ungetüm, des bösen Geistes  
 Unreine Missgeburt, die ohn' Erröten  
 Auf dem verfallnen Kapitol den Thron,  
 Den scheusslichen, sich gründet, und zu töten,  
 Ja, zu verschlingen drohet alles schon?

Wohl lebt es noch, doch seiner Macht Gebäude  
 Bricht langsam ein; einst aber stürzt der Wipfel,  
 Und weithin breiten rings sich die Ruinen.  
 Also beherrscht den hohen Bergesgipfel  
 Ein starker Turm auf hoher Felsenzinne;  
 Des Krieges Söhne haben aufgeschlagen  
 Die feste Wohnung drinne,  
 Dort herrschen sie mit der geraubten Macht,  
 Laut brüllend stürzen sie von da zur Schlacht;  
 Verlassen bleibt er stehen,  
 Der Turm, einsam im Wald, und ungesehen.  
 Noch schaut er, auch gebrechlich, wie vor Zeiten,  
 Mit drohndem Antlitz rings nach allen Seiten.

Einst aber kommt die Zeit, da fällt er nieder,  
 Er fällt, die Felder ächzen,  
 Trümmerbedeckt; bis dahin bleibt er freilich  
 Popanz und Vogelscheuche aller Leute,  
 Der doch ihr Schreck, ihr Ärgernis war neulich.

Das war der erste Lorbeer, der die Schläfe  
 Bekränzte der Vernunft; doch kühn erhebt  
 Sich der Verstand, nach sicherem Wissen dürstend,  
 Und er umarmt die Welt in ihrem Fluge.  
 Kopernikus schwingt sich zum Sternenzuge,  
 Den, undurchdringlich, deckte sonst ein Schleier;  
 Dort schaut er, wie in ungemessner Ferne  
 Der leuchtendste der Sterne,  
 Der uns den Tag bringt, ruht in ew'ger Feier.  
 Unter der Sohle fühlet Galileo.  
 Der Erde Kugel rollen, und zum Lohne  
 Gibt ihm Italien einen Kerker, blind;  
 Und dennoch schifft indes die Erde ohne  
 Aufhören durch des Raumes Meer geschwind,  
 Und mit ihr schiffen, Blitzen gleich, die Sterne,  
 Die schimmernden, im Flug; da ward geschleudert  
 In ihre Mitte Newtons rascher Geist;  
 Er folgt, und er versteht sie,  
 Bestimmend die Geleise  
 Des Triebs, der sie gescheucht in ihre Kreise.

Was hilft es dir, den Himmel zu erobern,  
 Zu finden das Gesetz, das ewig regt  
 Den Luftkreis und das Meer? Den Strahl zu teilen  
 Des unantastbar'n Lichts, und in die Erde  
 Dich zu vergraben, und des Goldes Wiege  
 Und des Kristalles zu ertappen? Kehre  
 Zum Menschen, Geist! — Er tat's, und warf die schwere  
 Erbitterung in seine lauten Klagen.  
 „Wie ist der Sinn mit Blindheit doch geschlagen,  
 Wie klirrt die wilde Kette,  
 Die Tyrannei in ihrer Wut geschmiedet,  
 An diesem Pol und jenem um die Wette,  
 Und bannt ans Totenbette  
 Den Menschen, wenn der Knechtschaft er ermüdet!  
 So sei's nicht mehr!“ — Das hörten die Despoten,  
 Da fühlten sie das Feuer und das Schwert  
 In der verruchten Hand, zwei sichere Boten.

„Unsinnige! die hohen Scheiterhaufen,  
 Die schrecklich dorthier droh'n mich zu verschlingen,  
 Die mit der Wahrheit wollen um mich streiten,  
 Leuchttürme sind's ja, die zu ihr mich leiten,  
 Und Fackeln, Licht für ihren Sieg zu bringen!  
 In Liebe sie verlangend

Betet sie an mein Herz, begeistrungstrunken,  
 Mein Geist schaut sie, ihr folgen meine Schritte,  
 Nicht vor dem Feu'r, nicht vor dem Schwerte bangend,  
 Und dennoch sollen wanken meine Tritte?  
 Kann ich zurück denn setzen  
 Vielleicht den Fuss? des Tajo Wogen kehren  
 Niemals zurück zu ihrer ersten Quelle,  
 Wenn einmal sie zum Meer hinabgeflossen;  
 Vergebens stellen Berge sich entgegen,  
 Sie halten ihn in seinem Lauf nicht an;  
 Ihr jagt auf raschen Wegen  
 Das Schicksal brausend in den Ozean."

Da kam der Tag, der grosse,  
 An dem ein Sterblicher sich aus der Schande,  
 Der allwärts gleichen, sich erhob im Grimme,  
 Und mit allmächt'ger Stimme  
 Vor aller Welt es rief: Frei ist der Mensch!  
 Und enge Grenzen schlugen nicht in Bande  
 Den heil'gen Ruf; auf seine Schwingen nahm  
 Das Echo ihn, das Gutenberg erfunden,  
 Und trug ihn wundersam,  
 Dass er in einem Augenblick, beflügelte,  
 Die Berge übersprang, die weiten Meere,  
 Und in den Winden herrschte, ungezügelt.  
 Nicht übertönt' ihn der Tyrannen Schrei,  
 Und kräftig scholl und laut nach allen Seiten  
 Das Jauchzen der Vernunft: der Mensch ist frei!

Ja, frei, ja frei! o süßes Wort, die Brust  
 Schwillt, höher klopfend, wenn du ihr erklingen,  
 Mein Geist, von dir durchdrungen,  
 Erfüllt von deiner heiligen Begeist'ung,  
 Schwingt sich empor zu himmlisch heitern Wegen,  
 Und reisst mich mit in feur'gen Fittichschlägen.  
 Wo bleibt ihr, die ihr höret  
 Auf meinen Sang, ihr Sterblichen? Von oben  
 Seh ich das ehrne Kerkertor des Schicksals  
 Sich öffnen, und den dichten Schlei'r der Zeiten  
 Zerreißen—offen liegt vor mir die Zukunft!  
 Ich sah es klar, nicht ist von nun die Erde  
 Mehr der Planet, der arme, wo die Ehrsucht,  
 Der Krieg geherrscht mit grimmiger Gebärde.

Die sind auf ewig beide nun entflohen,  
 Wie Pest und Sturm, die Peiniger, sich schickten  
 Zur Flucht weg von der Zone, der bedrückten,  
 Wenn von dem Pol her eis'ge Winde drohen.  
 Die Menschen fühlten ihre Gleichheit alle,  
 Mit ungezählter Kraft die tapfern Mannen  
 Erkämpften sie mit lautem Jubelschalle.



Jetzt sind nicht Sklaven mehr und nicht Tyrannen;  
 Liebe und Friede in der Welt sich breiten,  
 Liebe und Friede atmet rings die Erde,  
 „Liebe und Friede!“ schallt's durch alle Weiten.  
 Und droben streckt auf seinem goldnen Throne  
 Gott seinen Szepter über sie zum Segen,  
 Und spendet Luft und Freude rings hernieder,  
 Dass sie auf allen Wegen  
 In Strömen rinnen, so wie vormals wieder.

Seht ihr sie nicht? seht ihr sie nicht, die Säule,  
 Die grosse, jenes Denkmal, hehr und prächtig,  
 Wie hell aufblitzend es die Augen blendet?  
 So sind nicht jene Pyramiden mächtig,  
 Der Sklaven Werk, die scheu vor dessen Keule  
 Gebebt, dem Unterdrückung Ruhm gespendet!  
 Vor ihm, unabgewendet  
 Dampft ew'ger Weihrauch schon,  
 Den Gutenberg der Erdkreis dankbar weihet;  
 Für seine grosse Wohltat kleiner Lohn!  
 Ruhm dem, der die unsinn'ge Macht zerschlug  
 Der pochenden Gewalt, und des Verstandes,  
 Der Seele Kraft erhob zu raschem Flug!  
 Ruhm dem, den im Triumph die Wahrheit trug,  
 Und ewig fruchtbar machte seine Händel!  
 Dem Weltwohltäter Hymnen ohne Ende!

p. 55

- <sup>49</sup> *Hegelings* was a pejorative name for the followers of the Hegelian school coined by their opponent Heinrich Leo, the historian and journalist. In 1838 he published in Halle a pamphlet entitled *Die Hegelingen. Actenstücke und Belege zu der s.g. Denunciation der ewigen Wahrheit*, which fiercely attacked the Young Hegelians.

p. 64

- <sup>50</sup> In his *Kampf und Sieg* Franz Carl Joel Jacoby extolled the Basques for their support of the Carlists in Spain and the struggle waged against the liberals by the ultramontane clergy in Belgium, in particular the intrigues of the Belgian Jesuit Order which he called the "Belgian nightingale".

*Carlists*—an absolutist clerical group in Spain that supported Don Carlos, brother of Ferdinand VII, in his claims to the Spanish throne. The Civil War of 1833-40 unleashed by the Carlists (known as the First Carlist War) was in fact a clash between the Catholic feudal and the liberal bourgeois elements in Spain and ended with the defeat of the Carlists.

p. 64

- <sup>51</sup> This article appears to have been written in connection with rumours about the proposed suspension of the *Zeitung für den Deutschen Adel*, which started publication in January 1840. However, the newspaper continued to appear until 1844.

p. 66

- <sup>52</sup> This refers to the attacks by Martin Luther, founder of the Lutheran Church, on the Catholic Church and papism in which he relied on the original Greek texts of the Gospels (hence Engels' comparison of them to "Greek fire"). On October 31, 1517, the beginning of the Reformation in Germany, Luther posted

- up on the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg his 95 Theses refuting certain dogmas of medieval Catholic faith and containing the fundamentals of Lutheranism. An important place in his subsequent activities was occupied by the translation into German and corresponding interpretation of the New and the Old Testament. He completed his translation of the Bible in 1534. p. 66
- <sup>55</sup> Engels is quoting from the "Ankündigung und Einladung zur Subscription auf die mit dem 1. Januar 1840 erscheinende *Zeitung für den Deutschen Adel*", published in the *Sprecher oder Rheinisch-Westphälischer Anzeiger* No. 69, August 28, 1839, and other papers. p. 66
- <sup>54</sup> An allusion to the leading article by Fouqué, editor of the *Zeitung für den Deutschen Adel*, published in its first issue on January 1, 1840, under the title "Vorwort an unsere Leser". p. 68
- <sup>55</sup> A reference to Kant's book *Zum ewigen Frieden. Ein philosophischer Entwurf*, Königsberg, 1795. p. 69
- <sup>56</sup> This work consists of two articles. Engels published them in the *Mitternachtzeitung für gebildete Leser*, a liberal newspaper that appeared in Brunswick, because he wanted to express his views freely on Karl Gutzkow and the Young Germany group (see Note 18), something he could not do in Gutzkow's *Telegraph für Deutschland*. Engels apparently intended to continue the series by dealing with other aspects of the German literary scene in the late 1830s and the early 1840s, but was forced to cease contributing to the *Mitternachtzeitung* because of his differences with its editor, Eduard Brinckmeier (Engels mentions them in his letter to Levin Schücking of July 2, 1840; see this volume, p. 496). p. 71
- <sup>57</sup> Gutzkow's article "Vergangenheit und Gegenwart. 1830-1838" contained a criticism of German literature of that period. It was published in the first and only issue of the *Jahrbuch der Literatur*, which appeared in Hamburg in 1839. p. 71
- <sup>58</sup> The *première* of Gutzkow's tragedy *Richard Savage oder: Der Sohn einer Mutter* took place on July 15, 1839, in Frankfurt am Main. Originally it was printed privately under the pen-name of Leonhard Falk. It appeared under the author's real name in Leipzig in 1842 in his *Dramatische Werke*, Bd. 1. p. 71
- <sup>59</sup> Gutzkow's tragedy *König Saul* was printed in Hamburg in 1839 as a separate book. p. 71
- <sup>60</sup> A reference to Gutzkow's *Marino Falieri* and *Hamlet in Wittenberg* published in a collection of his unfinished writings entitled *Skizzenbuch*, Cassel and Leipzig, 1839. p. 71
- <sup>61</sup> The scene in question is from Gutzkow's *Wally, die Zweiflerin*, Book Two. p. 72
- <sup>62</sup> In the preface to his book *Die Dramatiker der Jetztzeit* (see Note 39) Wienbarg wrote: "I shall begin with *Uhland* because I see in this misunderstood, original and simple dramatist, so childlike in his manhood, to a certain extent the pure, unaffected type of German dramatist" (pp. 7-8). p. 74
- <sup>63</sup> Engels is referring to the anonymous article "Moderne Romane" in the *Rheinische Jahrbuch für Kunst und Poesie*, 1. Jrg., Köln, 1840, which reviewed

- Gutzkow's novel *Blasedow und seine Söhne*, printed in Stuttgart in 1838, and other works by contemporary writers. p. 79
- <sup>64</sup> *Griseldis*, a drama by Friedrich Halm (the pen-name of Ernst Münch-Bellinghausen), was staged in Vienna in 1835 and was a great success. However, when it was published in 1837 it was sharply criticised. p. 80
- <sup>65</sup> After the *première* of Gutzkow's *Richard Savage* in Stuttgart, the local weekly *Deutscher Courier* (No. 44, November 3, 1839) carried a review of it entitled "Erste Vorstellung von *Richard Savage, oder der Sohn einer Mutter*, Trauerspiel in 5 Aufzügen von Karl Gutzkow". p. 80
- <sup>66</sup> The *première* of *Werner, oder Herz und Welt* took place in Hamburg on February 21, 1840. The play was published in Gutzkow's *Dramatische Werke*, Bd. 1, Leipzig, 1842. p. 80
- <sup>67</sup> One of the reasons why Engels wrote this article, "Modern Polemics", the second in his series *Modern Literary Life*, was the publication in the *Telegraph für Deutschland* (No. 3, 1840) of the article "Haben wir einen modernen Styl?" by Ludwig Wihl, a representative of the Young Germany group. Below Engels refers to this article. p. 81
- <sup>68</sup> This refers to the satirical comedy by Creizenach, *Der schwäbische Apoll*, published in 1839, which poked fun at the Swabian school (see Note 36).  
Beck's article "Literatur in Ungarn" was printed in the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* in September 1837 (Nos. 173-81). p. 82
- <sup>69</sup> An allusion to the ban in 1835 on works by writers of the Young Germany movement (see Note 32). p. 85
- <sup>70</sup> Mundt has no work by this title. In all probability Engels is referring to his book *Charaktere und Situationen. Vier Bücher Novellen, Skizzen, Wanderungen auf Reisen und durch die neue Literatur*, 2 Teile, Wismar, 1837. p. 86
- <sup>71</sup> In the second issue of his Altona journal *Freihafen* for 1838, Mundt published an article entitled "Lebenserinnerungen von Münch", reviewing the memoirs of the German historian and publicist Ernst Münch-Bellinghausen which appeared in Karlsruhe in 1836-38. p. 86
- <sup>72</sup> Gutzkow's essays *Literarische Elfenschicksale. Ein Märchen ohne Anspielung*, directed against Mundt, were printed in the *Telegraph für Deutschland* in February (Nos. 31, 32, 35 and 36) and April (Nos. 65-68) 1838. The next year they were included in Gutzkow's *Skizzenbuch* under the title *Die literarischen Elfen, Ein Märchen ohne Anspielung*. p. 87
- <sup>73</sup> Engels is referring to *Deutschlands jüngste Literatur- und Kulturepoche*, a work by the German writer and journalist Hermann Marggraff that appeared in Leipzig in 1838. p. 88
- <sup>74</sup> This article was published anonymously in the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* (Nos. 192-93) for October 1-2, 1838; Kühne sharply criticised Gutzkow's literary work and his novels *Seraphine* and *Blasedow und seine Söhne*. p. 90
- <sup>75</sup> Heine's article "Der Schwabenspiegel" was published in the *Jahrbuch der Literatur* (1839) in distorted form. In a special statement published in the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* on February 8, 1839, Heine renounced his authorship. p. 90

- <sup>76</sup> Under the press laws in the states of the German Confederation, only books exceeding 20 printed sheets were not liable to preliminary censorship. p. 91
- <sup>77</sup> The article criticising Gutzkow's *Richard Savage* was published in Kühne's *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* (No. 135) on July 13, 1839, under the title "Richard Savage, oder: grosse Geister begegnen sich".  
Ludwig Wihl's declaration (*Zeitung für die elegante Welt* No. 102, May 28, 1839) was directed against Heine. The same issue contained a mock reply by Kühne signed *Hektor, Jagdhund bei Hoffmann und Campe in Hamburg*. On April 18-20, 1839, Heine had published in Kühne's newspaper, under the title "Schriftstellernöten", an open letter to Julius Campe, publisher of the *Jahrbuch der Literatur*, accusing Wihl of distorting his article "Der Schwabenspiegel", and calling him Campe's hound (*Jagdhund*). p. 91
- <sup>78</sup> The dispute between Beck and Gutzkow started after the latter had published in the *Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 190 (November 1839), in the "Kleine Chronik" section, a note drawing attention to the resemblance, suggestive of imitation, between Beck's *Saul* and Gutzkow's *König Saul*. Beck replied with a sharply-worded declaration in the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* of November 25, 1839. Concerning Gutzkow's "Supplement", written later to Engels' critical article "Karl Beck" (published in the *Telegraph für Deutschland*), see Note 43. p. 91
- <sup>79</sup> This poem was published in the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* on February 8, 1838. p. 94
- <sup>80</sup> Thiersch's song *Ich bin ein Preusse* was published in the book: *Lieder und Gedichte des Dr. Bernhard Thiersch, von seinen Freunden in und bei Halberstadt für sich herausgegeben*, Halberstadt, 1833. p. 97
- <sup>81</sup> Lot's wife was changed into a pillar of salt for having looked back regretfully at the condemned cities of Sodom and Gomorrah after God had warned Lot to flee from them with his family (Genesis 19). p. 97
- <sup>82</sup> The Calvinist Synod, which met in Dordrecht (Holland) from November 13, 1618, to May 9, 1619, condemned the Arminian sect for its non-conformist views and reasserted strictly Calvinist dogmas. p. 97
- <sup>83</sup> This refers to the second issue of the book by Ferdinand Freiligrath and Levin Schücking, *Das malerische und romantische Westphalen*, published in Barmen and Leipzig in 1840, some time after the publication of this article. The first issue appeared in 1839. p. 100
- <sup>84</sup> The copy of the above-mentioned book with the dedication "In memory of Münster" ("Andenken an Münster") was presented to Engels during his travels round Westphalia in May 1840 by the writer Levin Schücking (see Engels' letter to him of June 18, 1840; this volume, pp. 494-96).  
Annette Elisabeth von Droste-Hülshoff's book *Gedichte* came out in Münster in 1838 under the initials D. H. p. 101
- <sup>85</sup> The review bore the title "Richard Savage in Leipzig. Correspondenz" and was published in Nos. 95, 97-99 of the *Hallische Jahrbücher für deutsche Wissenschaft und Kunst* for April 20, 22-24, 1840. p. 102
- <sup>86</sup> The *Gutenberg festival*—the quater-centenary of the invention of printing (see Note 48). p. 103

- <sup>87</sup> The *Customs Union (Zollverein)* of German states was set up in 1834. The member states (originally numbering eighteen) established a common customs frontier. Prussia played the leading role in the Union. The Hanseatic towns of Bremen, Lübeck and Hamburg were not members of this Union. p. 105
- <sup>88</sup> Here and below Engels plays on the titles of the following works by the Spanish dramatist Calderón: *Mantible Bridge*, *Doctor of His Honour*, *The Daughter of the Air*, *April-and-May Morning*, *The Constant Prince* and *Life Is a Dream*. p. 110
- <sup>89</sup> This report was printed in the *Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* in the summer of 1841, a year after it was written. As can be seen from Engels' letter to his sister Marie of July 7-9, 1840 (see this volume, pp. 498-500), he made an outing to Bremerhaven on July 5, 1840. It is evident from the report that it was written immediately after the outing.  
*Bremerhaven*—an independent town in North-West Germany, Bremen's outer harbour in the mouth of the Weser. In 1939 it became part of Wesermünde. p. 112
- <sup>90</sup> Bremen, the capital of an ecclesiastic dukedom in the early Middle Ages and one of the leading Hanseatic ports in the 13th century, was declared a free imperial town in 1646, but later repeatedly came under the rule of various neighbouring foreign and German princes. It resumed the status of a free town by the Final Act of the Vienna Congress in 1815. p. 112
- <sup>91</sup> *Patrimonial courts* were feudal courts based on the landowner's right to try and punish his peasants. They were not finally abolished in Germany until 1877. p. 116
- <sup>92</sup> The "Native Americans" party emerged in the U.S.A. in 1835. It advocated privileges for persons born in the United States. Under its pressure the period of permanent residence in the country for immigrants wishing to acquire U. S. citizenship was increased from 7 to 21 years. p. 117
- <sup>93</sup> This refers to the struggle by the rising bourgeoisie of Bremen to abolish the oligarchic system of government by the old merchant aristocracy. Self-government was not introduced in Bremen until April 1849, during the German revolution. It was abolished in 1854 and power again passed to 150 patrician merchant families. p. 119
- <sup>94</sup> *Rationalism* here means the trend in Protestant German theology which enjoyed a considerable following in the 18th and the early 19th century. The rationalists sought to combine theology with philosophy and to prove that "divine truths" could be understood by reason. p. 127
- <sup>95</sup> The *Song of Anno*, a poem written in the Central German dialect in the late 11th or the early 12th century in praise of Archbishop Anno of Cologne, subsequently canonised. p. 132
- <sup>96</sup> *Castra vetera* (ancient camp)—an ancient Roman military station, situated on the left bank of the Rhine, where the city of Xanten later grew up. p. 134
- <sup>97</sup> For the *demagogues* see Note 9. The persecution of the demagogues increased in the 1830s, after the July revolution in France, which had a strong impact on the German states. p. 135

- <sup>98</sup> Engels wrote this article following the publication, in Leipzig in 1840, of Arndt's book *Erinnerungen aus dem äusseren Leben*. The editors of the *Telegraph für Deutschland* provided the name of the author, F. Oswald (Engels' pen-name), with an asterisk referring the reader to the following footnote: "A much discussed publication, reviewed by the *Telegraph*." p. 137
- <sup>99</sup> Engels is comparing Arndt to Eckart, a hero from medieval German tales, who in the Tannhäuser legend stands on guard at Venusberg and warns those approaching of the danger of Venus' charms. p. 137
- <sup>100</sup> The *Constitution of 1812*, adopted in the interests of the liberal nobility and the liberal bourgeoisie, limited the king's power by diets and did away with certain survivals of feudalism. The return to power of the feudal and clerical forces after the country's liberation from Napoleon's rule led, in 1814, to the repeal of this constitution, which became the banner of the liberal constitutionalist movement in Spain and other European countries. p. 140
- <sup>101</sup> This refers to the congresses of the Holy Alliance (founded by the Vienna Congress on September 26, 1815) held in Aachen (1818), Troppau (1820), Laibach (1821) and Verona (1822), at which the European monarchs and their ministers worked out measures for protecting "legitimist" regimes restored after the victory over Napoleon and for suppressing revolutionary and national liberation movements. p. 140
- <sup>102</sup> In 1804, in France and subsequently some countries in Western and South-Western Europe which were dependent on Napoleon (Italy, the Netherlands, the Kingdom of Westphalia, Belgium and others), a Civil Code (*Code Napoléon*) was introduced instead of the archaic private law based largely on pandects, part of the Roman Code drawn up in 528-34 under Justinian I, Emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire. p. 141
- <sup>103</sup> The *Hallische Jahrbücher für deutsche Wissenschaft und Kunst* Nos. 281 and 282, for November 23 and 24, 1840, carried Arnóld Ruge's review of Florencourt's book *Politische, kirchliche und litterarische Zustände in Deutschland. Ein journalistischer Beitrag zu den Jahren 1838 und 1839*, Leipzig, 1840. The review was entitled "Friedrich von Florencourt und die Kategorieen der politischen Praxis". p. 142
- <sup>104</sup> The *Burschenschaften* (fraternities) were German student organisations that arose in the course of liberation war against Napoleon. They advocated German unification, but Right-wing nationalistic views were also current among them. p. 142
- <sup>105</sup> The *historical school of law*—a trend in German historiography and jurisprudence in the late 18th century. The representatives of this school, Gustav Hugo, Friedrich Karl von Savigny and others, sought to justify the privileges of the nobility and feudal institutions by referring to the inviolability of historical traditions. p. 146
- <sup>106</sup> This refers to the London Convention concluded on July 15, 1840, between England, Russia, Austria and Prussia, on the one hand, and Turkey, on the other, on rendering military aid to the Turkish Sultan against the Egyptian Pasha Mohammed Ali, who was supported by France. p. 148
- <sup>107</sup> See Note 47. p. 150

- <sup>108</sup> This poem was written on the occasion of the transfer, in 1840, of Napoleon I's remains from St. Helena to Paris. p. 153
- <sup>109</sup> In Greek mythology, the nymph Arethusa, daughter of Nereus and Doris, pursued by the river-god Alpheus fled, by swimming over the sea or crossing the sea bed, to Sicily where she turned into a spring. Several other springs in ancient Greece bore the name of Arethusa. p. 155
- <sup>110</sup> "Positive philosophy"—a mystical religious trend (represented by Christian Hermann Weisse, Immanuel Hermann Fichte junior, Franz Xaver von Baader, Anton Günther, and Schelling in his late period) which criticised Hegel's philosophy from the right. The supporters of this trend sought to subordinate philosophy to religion by declaring divine revelation to be the only source of "positive" knowledge, and labelled as "negative" any philosophy which proceeded from rational knowledge. p. 157
- <sup>111</sup> Bremen's basic laws dated back to the Middle Ages: the *Tafel* (Table) was drawn up in 1433 and the *Neue Eintracht* (New Concord) in 1534. p. 160
- <sup>112</sup> This folk epic was published in Lübeck in 1498 in the Low German dialect (*Reyneke Vos*). p. 160
- <sup>113</sup> Engels is referring to Reinhold Köstlin's article "Die deutschen Dichter und ihr Publikum", published in the journal *Europa. Chronik der gebildeten Welt*, Bd. 1, Stuttgart, 1840. p. 162
- <sup>114</sup> The words "*après moi le déluge*" ("after me the deluge") are attributed to Louis XV of France. They were also quoted by Frederick II of Prussia, in a letter to Prince Heinrich of Prussia dated October 18, 1782.  
The defeat of the Prussian troops by Napoleon in the battle of Jena on October 14, 1806, led to Prussia's surrender. p. 163
- <sup>115</sup> On May 31, 1840, Prussia marked the centenary of Frederick II's ascent to the throne. By the *interregnum of twenty years* Engels means the period between 1786, the year of Frederick II's death, and 1806, when the Prussian troops were routed at Jena. p. 164
- <sup>116</sup> This essay describes Engels' impressions of his travels in Switzerland and Italy in mid-May 1841. He started from Barmen, to which he had returned in the middle of March 1841 after his almost three-year stay in Bremen. The essay was not completed. Part I was evidently to be followed by Part II, but it did not appear, probably because the *Athenäum*, the Young Hegelian weekly in which this article was printed, was banned in late December 1841. p. 170
- <sup>117</sup> In 1839 the radical government of the canton of Zurich offered David Strauss a professorship at Zurich University, which caused a sharp conflict between the radicals and conservative-clerical circles. On September 6, 1839, Strauss' opponents, headed by Bernhard Hirzel, a priest from the village of Pfäffikon (Engels dubbed his followers "Pfäffikon guardians of Zion", i.e., guardians of the orthodox faith), staged an armed demonstration in Zurich. But even before the demonstration took place the government was compelled to withdraw the invitation and later resigned. p. 171

- <sup>118</sup> Engels is quoting Petrarch's 261st sonnet from his cycle *Canzoniere* ("In vita e in morte di Madonna Laura") in the following German translation, possibly his own:

Ich schwang mich auf im Geist zur Wohnung deren,  
Die stets ich such' und finde nicht hienieden;  
Die Blicke sanft, die einst so streng mich mieden,  
So stand sie in des Himmels dritten Sphären.

Die Hand mir fassend, sprach sie leise: Deine Zähren  
Versiegen hier, wo nie wir sind geschieden;  
Ich bin's, die lange dir geraubt den Frieden,  
Um hieher, vor der Zeit, dann heimzukehren.

O dass ein Menschensinn mein Glück verstünde!  
Dich nur erwart' ich, und den dir so lieben,  
Den Leib, den ich dort unten liess schon lange.—

Ach, warum schwieg sie, liess mir los die Hände?  
Denn wenig fehlte bei dem süßen Klange,  
Dass ich nicht gleich im Himmel dort geblieben.

p. 172

- <sup>119</sup> In the Holy Roman Empire (which comprised Germany, Austria, part of Italy, Bohemia, Burgundy, the Netherlands and other countries, and existed from 962 to 1806) the Emperor was elected, according to the Golden Bull of 1356, by the seven most powerful princes. p. 175

- <sup>120</sup> This article opens a series of Engels' writings directed against Schelling. By this time Schelling had abandoned many rationalist elements of his former views and had become a prophet of the mystical religious "positive philosophy" (see Note 110). He was invited to Berlin by Frederick William IV of Prussia, as a counterweight to the Hegelian school, particularly the Young Hegelians.

On November 15, 1841, Schelling started his course of lectures at Berlin University. Engels attended them as a non-matriculated student. He had come to Berlin from Barmen in the latter half of September 1841 and did military training there in an artillery brigade until August 1842.

Excerpts from Schelling's lectures which continued until March 18, 1842, are quoted in Engels' works from his own notes. Only a small part of these lectures were printed at the time (*Schelling's Vorlesungen in Berlin, Darstellung und Kritik der Hauptpunkte derselben, mit besonderer Beziehung auf das Verhältniss zwischen Christenthum und Philosophie von Dr. J. Frauenstadt*, Berlin, 1842), the greater part being published only after the author's death in his *Complete Works*. See F. W. Schelling, *Philosophie der Offenbarung. Sämmtliche Werke*, II Abt., Bd. I-IV, Stuttgart und Augsburg, 1856-1861. p. 181

- <sup>121</sup> This pamphlet is Engels' major work directed against Schelling's mystical religious concepts. It was written at the same time as Schelling was lecturing at Berlin University and is mainly a critique of the opening lectures of Schelling's course.

The pamphlet was published anonymously (it was not until the summer of 1842, in an article against Jung which he signed Friedrich Oswald, that Engels confirmed his authorship; see this volume, p. 295) and soon attracted the attention of



various public circles. Schelling's followers described Engels' criticism as "absurd attacks" (see the *Jahrbuch der deutschen Universitäten*, II, Leipzig, 1842, S. 22), while the Young Hegelians acclaimed the pamphlet. The *Deutsche Jahrbücher*, a Young Hegelian journal, published a special article on the pamphlet (in Nos. 126-28, May 28, 30-31, 1842) by its editor, Arnold Ruge, which noted the author's spirit and lucidity in his criticism of Schelling's views. When Ruge learned later that the pamphlet was written by Engels he wrote to him inviting him to contribute to the journal and addressing him as a "Doctor" (see Engels' reply to Ruge of June 15, 1842, p. 543 of this volume). p. 189

- <sup>122</sup> Engels is referring to the following publication: G. F. W. Hegel, *Werke. Vollständige Ausgabe durch einen Verein von Freunden des Verewigten. 19 Bücher in 23 Bänden*, Berlin, 1831-1845. By 1841 almost all the books had been published except for 7 and 18. In 1887 *Briefe von und an H.*, hrsg. von K. Hegel, appeared as the 19th and last book. p. 195

- <sup>123</sup> A reference to Strauss' work *Das Leben Jesu, kritisch bearbeitet*, Bd. 1-2, which was published in Tübingen in 1835-36. p. 196

- <sup>124</sup> Engels is presumably quoting here from Cuvier's book *Discours sur les révolutions de la surface du globe*, Paris, 1840, p. 53. p. 222

- <sup>125</sup> The Temple of *Fortuna primigenia*, an ancient Roman deity embodying creative power, was at Praeneste (the ancient name for the town of Palestrina), east of Rome. p. 224

- <sup>126</sup> The Holy Grail. According to medieval legend, this was a precious cup possessing miraculous powers. p. 239

- <sup>127</sup> Engels' pamphlet *Schelling, Philosoph in Christ* was written, following his *Schelling and Revelation*, in response to the continued attacks on Hegel's philosophy and progressive philosophical trends made by Schelling in his Berlin lectures from the standpoint of religious mysticism.

The conservative press sharply criticised the author: the pietist *Elberfelder Zeitung* for May 18, 1842, described him as a "young, frivolous scribbler", while the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* accused him of "cynicism" (No. 139, May 15, 1842). The *Rheinische Zeitung*, published with the active co-operation of Young Hegelians, came out in defence of the pamphlet (in No. 138, May 18, and No. 157, June 6, 1842), as did several other progressive German periodicals. Among other things it praised the pamphlet's original satirical form. The author, it wrote on May 18, 1842, had imitated the pietist tone very skilfully. p. 241

- <sup>128</sup> *Pelagianism* (after the Celtic monk Pelagius)—a Christian trend hostile to the official church and widespread in the Mediterranean countries in the early 5th century. The Pelagians affirmed the freedom of man's will.

*Socinianism* (after the Italian theologian Faustus Socinus)—a religious doctrine widespread in Poland in the late 16th and the early 17th century, and later in certain other European countries. Its followers were critical of the dogmas of the official church and like the Pelagians affirmed the freedom of man's will.

For *rationalism* see Note 94. p. 249

- <sup>129</sup> *The books of the Sibyls*—a collection of oracles attributed to the legendary prophetess Sibyl. They were used in ancient Rome for official fortune-telling

- when danger threatened the state. At the time of the Roman Empire the Jews and Christians also had Sibylline books. p. 252
- <sup>130</sup> See Note 18. p. 258
- <sup>131</sup> This was the first article written by Engels for the *Rheinische Zeitung*, an opposition newspaper to which he contributed until the end of 1842. Engels' articles were marked with a special sign "X", as were articles written by the newspaper's other leading correspondents. Some of his articles were signed F. O. (Friedrich Oswald, Engels' main pseudonym).  
 Soon after the publication of Engels' first article Marx also began to contribute to the *Rheinische Zeitung* (his article "Debates on Freedom of the Press" was published in May 1842). After moving to Cologne in October 1842, he became its editor and held the post until March 17, 1843. p. 265
- <sup>132</sup> The events mentioned here took place in 1837 after Ernst August, the new King of Hanover, abrogated the moderately liberal constitution of 1833. Hanover's liberal circles strove to have it reintroduced. Their demand found expression in a protest by seven professors at Göttingen University (Albrecht, Dahlmann, Gervinus, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, Ewald and Wilhelm Weber), for which they were dismissed from their posts. Jacob Grimm, Dahlmann and Gervinus were made to leave the country. p. 265
- <sup>133</sup> See Note 32. p. 266
- <sup>134</sup> In the autumn of 1841, Bruno Bauer, one of the leaders of the Young Hegelians, was suspended from teaching at Bonn University by Eichhorn, the Prussian Minister of Religious Worship, Education and Medicine. In March 1842, he was dismissed from his post as lecturer in theology on account of his atheistic views and opposition speeches. Bauer's dismissal evoked sharp protests from radical and liberal intellectuals.  
 For *Hegelings* see Note 49. p. 270
- <sup>135</sup> Lectures given by Philipp Konrad Marheineke in Berlin University were published in 1842-43 in two books: Ph. Marheineke, *Einleitung in die öffentlichen Vorlesungen über die Bedeutung der Hegelschen Philosophie in der christlichen Theologie*, Berlin, 1842; Ph. Marheineke, *Zur Kritik der Schellingschen Offenbarungsphilosophie*, Berlin, 1843. In the latter book the author mentions Engels' anonymous pamphlet *Schelling und die Offenbarung* (*Schelling and Revelation*).  
 In quoting Marheineke's lectures and the lectures given by Leopold Henning, Engels used the notes which he made during the lectures. p. 270
- <sup>136</sup> This article is marked with the figure I in the *Rheinische Zeitung*. Presumably Engels wanted to continue it, but this intention did not materialise. p. 274
- <sup>137</sup> The great festivals in Athens, in honour of Athena, the tutelary goddess of the city. The *Greater Panathenaea* were celebrated with especial magnificence in the third year of each Olympiad and were accompanied by contests of poets and musicians. In other years the festival was known as the *Lesser Panathenaea*. p. 275
- <sup>138</sup> The *Federal Act* was part of the Final Act of the Vienna Congress. It was signed on June 8, 1815, and proclaimed the German Confederation, which originally comprised 34 independent states and 4 free cities. The Federal Act intensified

the political disunity of Germany and preserved the absolutist feudal regime in the German states. p. 277

- <sup>139</sup> A reference to a review of Johann Michael Leupoldt's *Geschichte der Gesundheit und der Krankheiten* (Erlangen, 1842) by Heinrich Leo, an opponent of the Hegelian philosophy, who called Hegel's adherents by the contemptuous name of "Hegelings" (see Note 49). This review was published in the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* Nos. 36 and 37, May 4 and 7, 1842. The quotations given by Engels are from No. 36, except for the last one, which he took from No. 37. p. 281
- <sup>140</sup> Engels appears to be referring to the revolts against the July monarchy, which occurred in a number of industrial centres in France in the 1830s. In November 1831 the weavers of Lyons rose in a revolt which was followed, in June 1832, by an armed uprising of the Paris workers led by the petty-bourgeois republicans. A second revolt of the Lyons workers broke out in April 1834 and was supported by armed struggle under republican slogans in Paris, Saint-Etienne, Grenoble, Clermont-Ferrand and other towns. Both revolts in Lyons were an important landmark in the history of the proletariat's struggle for liberation and marked a step forward in the independent class movement of the proletariat. p. 283
- <sup>141</sup> This article about Jung's book marked Engels' final break with the Young Germany literary group (see Note 18), whose political and ideological views he had begun to question earlier. When he moved to Berlin in September 1841 and made contact with the Young Hegelians he became increasingly convinced that political half-heartedness and hostility to philosophical radicalism of the Young Germany movement made it incapable of becoming the exponent of progressive ideas and the champion of consistent struggle against outdated institutions. In December 1841, he ceased contributing to Gutzkow's journal, *Telegraph für Deutschland*, and later decided publicly to dissociate himself from the Young Germany group and to subject the weak aspects of their outlook and literary activity to open criticism. This he did in the *Deutsche Jahrbücher*, a journal edited by the Young Hegelian Arnold Ruge. In reply to Engels' criticism Jung wrote a scornful article entitled "Ein Bonbon für den kleinen Oswald, meinen Gegner in den *Deutschen Jahrbüchern*" (*Königsberger Literatur-Blatt* No. 42, July 20, 1842). p. 284
- <sup>142</sup> Engels is hinting at the similarity between Jung's ideological views and the mysticism of Schelling and other exponents of "positive philosophy" (see Note 110). p. 284
- <sup>143</sup> A reference to Arnold Ruge's review of Jung's book, *Königsberg in Preussen und die Extreme des dortigen Pietismus*, published in 1840. The review, entitled "Die Restauration des Christentums", appeared in the *Deutsche Jahrbücher* Nos. 153-55, December 27-29, 1841, that is, after the journal had changed its title. (From July 1841 Ruge's journal *Hallische Jahrbücher* appeared under the title of *Deutsche Jahrbücher*.) Engels uses the old title. p. 285
- <sup>144</sup> *Nothing learnt, nothing forgotten*. This phrase is commonly thought to have been coined by Talleyrand in reference to the Bourbons. Its origin, however, goes back to Admiral de Panat who, in 1796, said about the Royalists: "*Personne n'a su ni rien oublier ni rien prendre* (Nobody has been able to forget anything or learn anything)." p. 285

- <sup>145</sup> A reference to Schelling's preface to the German edition of Victor Cousin's *Über französische und deutsche Philosophie* (Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1834). In discussing Cousin's attitude to Hegel, Schelling completely ignored Hegel's role in the development of German and world philosophy. See p. XXIII. p. 294
- <sup>146</sup> Eduard Meyen's review of Jung's *Vorlesungen über die moderne Literatur der Deutschen* appeared in the *Rheinische Zeitung* Nos. 149-51, May 29-31, 1842. p. 296
- <sup>147</sup> An allusion to Jung's intention to become a preacher after graduating from the theological faculty, an intention which did not materialise. p. 297
- <sup>148</sup> In late 1841, the editors of the *Athenäum*, a Young Hegelian journal, gave a reception in Berlin in honour of Karl Theodor Welcker, a deputy of the Baden Provincial Diet and member of the liberal opposition in Germany. The reception was used as a pretext for suppressing the journal in December of that year. p. 298
- <sup>149</sup> Engels is referring to the censorship instruction issued by the Prussian Government on December 24, 1841, and published in the semi-official *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Zeitung* on January 14, 1842. In word the instruction disapproved of the restrictions imposed on literary activity, but in fact it preserved and even tightened government control over the press under the cover of phrases about liberal and moderate censorship.  
Marx criticised the instruction in his article "Comments on the Latest Prussian Censorship Instruction" (see present edition, Vol. 1, pp. 109-31). p. 298
- <sup>150</sup> Engels would seem to have in mind Ludwig Uhland, Paul Pfizer, Friedrich Römer and Gustav Duvernoy, prominent leaders of the liberal opposition in the Württemberg Provincial Diet which was re-elected in 1833 after being dissolved the year before. p. 299
- <sup>151</sup> In 1841 the Baden Chamber of Deputies was dissolved by Grand Duke Leopold on account of its conflict with the Baden Government over the latter's refusal to grant two state officials leave for executing their functions as deputies. The Chamber did not resume its work until after new elections held in January 1842. p. 299
- <sup>152</sup> During the 1841-42 elections Itzstein was elected to the Second Chamber of the Baden Provincial Diet not from the Schwetzingen constituency, whose deputy he had been for many years, but from another one. p. 299
- <sup>153</sup> Engels is referring to the article "Aufsätze über inländische Gegenstände. XVI. Ein Rückblick", which appeared in the *Spenerische Zeitung* Nos. 137-38, June 16 and 17, 1842, and was marked with two asterisks. He calls its author "our asterisk man" and makes a play on the words *Ein Rückblick* (a review). p. 300
- <sup>154</sup> See Note 149. p. 300
- <sup>155</sup> In the *Rheinische Zeitung* this article was printed slightly abridged and revised by the editors. In this volume it is published in its original form, according to Engels' manuscript. The most important discrepancies between the manuscript and the newspaper version are given in the footnotes. p. 304

- <sup>156</sup> Promulgated in 1794, the Prussian Law reflected the backwardness of feudal Prussia in the sphere of law and the judiciary. In his article Engels quotes excerpts from the Prussian Law from the publication *Allgemeines Landrecht für die Preussischen Staaten*, Berlin, 1794, Teil II, Titel 20. p. 304
- <sup>157</sup> Engels is referring to Johann Jacoby, author of the anonymous pamphlet *Vier Fragen beantwortet von einem Ostpreussen*, Mannheim, 1841, in which he criticised the Prussian state system and called for a constitution in Prussia. This pamphlet resulted in legal proceedings against its author. Although in its verdict of April 20, 1842, the Berlin court acquitted Jacoby of high treason, he was nevertheless sentenced to two and a half years of imprisonment for disrespectful criticism of the laws of the land and *lèse-majesté*. It was only the Senate of Appeal of the Supreme Court that unconditionally acquitted Jacoby in its ruling of January 20, 1843.
- In 1842, during the judicial inquiry, Jacoby published a pamphlet in Switzerland entitled *Meine weitere Vertheidigung wider die gegen mich erhobene Beschuldigung der Majestätsbeleidigung und des frechen, unehrerbietigen Tadels des Landesgesetzes*, Zürich und Winterthur, 1842. Engels is quoting both pamphlets by Jacoby. p. 305
- <sup>158</sup> *Gesetz-Sammlung für die Königlichen Preussischen Staaten*, Berlin, 1819, p. 232. p. 305
- <sup>159</sup> See Note 149. p. 310
- <sup>160</sup> This poem is a parody on the struggle between the Young Hegelians and the conservative opponents of the Hegelian philosophy (Sack and others) who took part in the slander campaign against Bruno Bauer. The poem was written as a protest against Bruno Bauer's dismissal from Bonn University in late March 1842 (see Note 134). Engels wrote it together with Bruno's brother Edgar.
- The poem was widely commented on in the German and Swiss press. Its publication was announced in the radical Zurich paper *Schweizerischer Republikaner* on December 9, 1842 (No. 98). Excerpts from it were reprinted in several Leipzig periodicals, among them *Freikugeln* No. 52, December 30, 1842. Comments on it appeared in the *Hamburger Literarische und Kritische Blätter* (No. 220, December 19, 1842) and the *Hamburger Neue Zeitung* (No. 303, December 31, 1842). p. 313
- <sup>161</sup> Engels is referring to the fact that, under the pressure of clerical and conservative circles, the government of the canton of Zurich cancelled its invitation to David Strauss to lecture at Zurich University in 1839 (see Note 117). p. 321
- <sup>162</sup> An allusion to Bruno Bauer's transfer as university lecturer from Berlin to Bonn in 1839. p. 325
- <sup>163</sup> See Note 110. p. 328
- <sup>164</sup> "The Free"—the Berlin group of Young Hegelians which was formed in the first half of 1842 and was led by Edgar Bauer, Eduard Meyen, Ludwig Buhl and Max Stirner (pseudonym of Caspar Schmidt). Its members advocated radical and atheistic views and condemned the half-heartedness of liberalism.
- The fact that "The Free" lacked any positive programme and ignored the realities of political struggle soon led to differences between them and the

representatives of the revolutionary-democratic wing of the German opposition movement. A sharp conflict arose between "The Free" and Marx in the autumn of 1842, after Marx had become editor of the *Rheinische Zeitung* (see present edition, Vol. 1, pp. 393-95).

During his stay in Berlin Engels associated closely with "The Free" but, unlike many of them, he held that it was necessary to go beyond purely atheistic propaganda and take part in the actual struggle for political liberties and democracy. Engels' revolutionary-democratic convictions, which found expression in the satirical poem *The Insolently Threatened Yet Miraculously Rescued Bible*, together with his developing materialistic outlook, led to his parting company with "The Free" and the Young Hegelian trend in general.  
p. 332

- <sup>165</sup> An ironical allusion to the decisions of the Federal Diet (see Note 32), directed against the opposition movement in Germany (in particular against radical journalism and literature). The Federal Diet assembled in the free city of Frankfurt am Main.  
p. 340

- <sup>166</sup> See Note 49.  
p. 341

- <sup>167</sup> See Note 164.  
p. 353

- <sup>168</sup> On March 18, 1842, when Schelling finished his lectures on the "philosophy of revelation", Berlin students organised a torchlight procession in the Leipziger Strasse, where the philosopher lived.  
p. 353

- <sup>169</sup> The *Commissions of the Estates* in the Landtags (provincial diets), to which Engels is referring here, were instituted in Prussia in June 1842. Elected by the Landtags from their deputies according to the estates principle, they formed a single advisory body known as the "United Commissions", which the government intended to convene in Berlin on October 18, 1842. With the help of this body, which was a mockery of a representative institution, Frederick William IV hoped to enforce new taxes and obtain a loan.  
p. 353

- <sup>170</sup> *Valhalla* (from the name given in Norse mythology to the abode of the souls of slain warriors)—a huge building near Regensburg erected in 1841 by Ludwig I, King of Bavaria. Busts of many famous Germans were collected there.

*Walhalla's Genossen, geschildert durch König Ludwig den Ersten von Bayern, dem Gründer Walhalla's* was published in Munich in 1842; it contained biographies of Germans whose busts were exhibited in Valhalla.  
p. 353

- <sup>171</sup> The problem of centralisation was discussed in the *Rheinische Zeitung* on several occasions. An article by Moses Hess, entitled "Deutschland und Frankreich in Bezug auf die Centralisationsfrage", appeared in the paper's supplement on May 17, 1842. The author discussed the problem from an abstract, nihilist point of view, which prompted Marx to enter into a polemic with him. Marx, however, did not finish the article he planned. Its beginning exists in manuscript (see present edition, Vol. 1, pp. 182-83).

On May 29, 1842, the *Rheinische Zeitung* began publishing excerpts from *De la Centralisation*, a pamphlet by Louis Cormanin which appeared in Paris in 1842 under the pseudonym of Timon. Engels used this occasion to express his views on the issue and on West-European liberalism in general.  
p. 355

- <sup>172</sup> *Huguenot wars*—the religious wars in France between the Catholics and Protestant Calvinists (the Huguenots). They lasted, with intermissions, from 1562 to 1594 and resulted in the consolidation of royal power, whose mainstay was the Catholic Church. During these wars Paris was the stronghold of Catholicism, and the southern provinces of France were the centre of the Huguenot movement. p. 357
- <sup>173</sup> A representative body in medieval France. It consisted of representatives of the three estates of clergy, nobles and commons and sanctioned the levying of taxes and money subsidies to the king. Under the absolutist regime the states-general were not convened for 175 years, from 1614. They met in May 1789, at the time of the maturing bourgeois revolution, and on June 17 were transformed by the deputies of the third estate into a National Assembly, which proclaimed itself a Constituent Assembly on July 9 and became the supreme organ of revolutionary France. p. 358
- <sup>174</sup> Engels wrote this article for the radical monthly *Der deutsche Bote aus der Schweiz* which Georg Herwegh planned to publish in Zurich in 1842 in place of a journal appearing there under the same name. Marx was also invited to contribute, but the new journal did not materialise and the articles intended for it were published in the summer of 1843 as a collection entitled *Einundzwanzig Bogen aus der Schweiz*. p. 360
- <sup>175</sup> In 1841 the government of Frederick William IV granted the right to establish their own church to the Old Lutherans, the faction opposing the 1817 compulsory union between the Lutherans and the Reformists (Calvinists) (see Note 6). p. 363
- <sup>176</sup> In 1837, the Archbishop of Cologne was arrested and accused of high treason for his refusal to submit to the demands of Frederick William III, King of Prussia. This arrest led to the conflict known as the "ecclesiastical discord" or "Cologne discord". At its root lay the controversy over the religion of children born into mixed Catholic and Protestant families. The conflict came to an end in 1841, under Frederick William IV, when the Prussian Government gave in to the Catholic Church. p. 363
- <sup>177</sup> *Provincial diets (Landtags)* were instituted in Prussia in 1823. They were composed of the heads of princely families and representatives of the nobility, the towns and the rural communities. The estates principle of representation, coupled with a system of election based on a high tax and property qualification, ensured the predominance of the nobility in the Landtags. The jurisdiction of the provincial diets was limited to matters of local economy and administration. They could also express an opinion on government bills submitted for discussion. p. 365
- <sup>178</sup> Engels is referring to the solemn promises given by Frederick William IV in 1840 when he accepted the oath of allegiance from the deputations of various Prussian provinces and towns, Königsberg, Breslau and others; the King said he would "concern himself with the welfare of all estates and religions". p. 365
- <sup>179</sup> This article was the first one sent by Engels to the *Rheinische Zeitung* from England.  
After finishing his military service as a volunteer, Engels returned from Berlin to Barmen about October 10, 1842. In the latter half of November he was sent

to England to study commerce at a cotton mill in Manchester which was owned by a firm of which his father was a partner. On his way from Berlin to Barmen and again before his departure to England Engels visited the editorial office of the *Rheinische Zeitung* in Cologne to discuss his future work on the newspaper. During his second visit to Cologne, at the end of November 1842, Engels met Marx who was the editor of the *Rheinische Zeitung* at the time. This first personal encounter was somewhat cool since Marx disagreed strongly with the Berlin group of "The Free" to which Engels then belonged. This, however, did not prevent him from forming a high opinion of Engels as a prospective English correspondent of the newspaper. Engels sent his first item from England immediately after his arrival there. p. 368

- <sup>180</sup> The *People's Charter* containing the demands of the Chartists was published on May 8, 1838, as a Bill to be submitted to Parliament. It consisted of six points: universal suffrage (for men of 21 and over), annual parliaments, vote by ballot, equal electoral areas, no property qualifications for candidates for Parliament, and payment for M.P.s. p. 368

- <sup>181</sup> These laws, passed in 1651 and subsequent years, forbade the transportation of English goods in foreign vessels; they were repealed in 1849. p. 373

- <sup>182</sup> Engels is referring to a wave of strikes which in August 1842 swept over several industrial districts of England, including Lancashire and Yorkshire. In some areas the strikers had armed clashes with troops and police. p. 373

- <sup>183</sup> See Note 105. p. 375

- <sup>184</sup> The *Corn Laws* (first adopted in England as far back as the 15th century) introduced high import tariffs on agricultural produce in order to maintain high prices on the home market. In 1815 the import of foreign grain was prohibited as long as its price in England was below 80s. per quarter (according to the 1822 Act—below 70s. per quarter). In 1828, a sliding-scale of duties was introduced according to which import tariffs on grain were raised when its prices on the home market fell and lowered when the price of grain went up.

In 1838 the Manchester factory owners Cobden and Bright founded the *Anti-Corn Law League*, which demanded the lifting of the corn tariffs and urged unlimited freedom of trade for the purpose of weakening the economic and political power of the landed aristocracy and reducing workers' wages.

The struggle between the industrial bourgeoisie and the landed aristocracy over the Corn Laws ended in 1846 with their repeal. p. 376

- <sup>185</sup> See Note 182. p. 379

- <sup>186</sup> The *Reform Bill*, enacted on June 7, 1832, by reforming the basis of parliamentary representation, effectively placed political power in the hands of the industrial capitalists and their middle-class followers. No electoral rights were given to the workers and small property owners, who were the real driving force of the reform movement.

*Catholic emancipation*—the lifting by the English Parliament in 1829 of restrictions on the rights of Catholics. The Catholics, most of whom were Irish, were granted the right to stand for election to Parliament and to hold certain government offices. Simultaneously, the property qualification was raised fivefold.

For the struggle to abolish the Corn Laws see Note 184.

p. 380



- <sup>187</sup> Engels did not carry out his intention at the time, but subsequently the struggle for the repeal of the Corn Laws in England was a frequent theme of his journalistic articles and major works. p. 381
- <sup>188</sup> Most of the extant letters by the young Engels (to his sister Marie and his schoolfriends, the brothers Friedrich and Wilhelm Graeber, and other people) were written in Bremen. Between July 1838 and March 1841 Engels worked there as a clerk at a large trading house belonging to Consul Leupold. In his spare time he improved his education and engaged in literary and journalistic work. p. 385
- <sup>189</sup> A reference to the pamphlet *Jacob Grimm über seine Entlassung* (published in Basle in 1838) written in connection with the dismissal, in 1837, of seven liberal-minded professors from Göttingen University (see Note 132).  
For the Cologne affair or "Cologne discord" see Note 176. p. 389
- <sup>190</sup> This part of the letter is written in rhymed prose and Engels jokingly calls it "my *Makamas*", alluding to the picaresque novel in Arabic, Persian and Jewish literature of the Middle Ages. p. 397
- <sup>191</sup> See Note 18. p. 411
- <sup>192</sup> Engels is referring to Karl Gutzkow's review of *Ahasver*, a poem by Julius Mosen. The review was printed in the *Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 124, August 1838. p. 412
- <sup>193</sup> A reference to Theodor Creizenach's article, "Gutzkow über *Ahasver*", published in the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* No. 189, September 27, 1838. p. 412
- <sup>194</sup> A reference to a collection of ballads by Eduard Duller, published in Munich in 1831 under the title *Die Wittelsbacher*; many of these ballads were included in a German reader compiled by G. Hüllstett, *Sammlung ausgewählter Stücke aus den Werken deutscher Prosaiker und Dichter, zum Erklären und mündlichen Vortragen für die unteren und mittleren Klassen von Gymnasien*, 2 Teile, Düsseldorf, 1830-1831. p. 413
- <sup>195</sup> Engels has in mind Eduard Duller's introduction to Grabbe's play *Die Hermannsschlacht*. p. 413
- <sup>196</sup> Engels' letter to Wilhelm Graeber mentioned here has not come to light. p. 415
- <sup>197</sup> See Note 12. p. 415
- <sup>198</sup> The issue of the newspaper *Der Bremer Stadtbote* in which this letter by Engels was published has not come to light. p. 420
- <sup>199</sup> Wolfgang Menzel's review of *Wally, die Zweiflerin*, a novel by Karl Gutzkow, was published in the *Literatur-Blatt* Nos. 93 and 94 for September 11 and 14, 1835, and accused Gutzkow of holding immoral and blasphemous views. This review was one of the pretexts used by the Prussian Government for banning on November 14, 1835, the works by the writers of the Young Germany movement. On December 10, a decision to this effect was adopted by the Federal Diet (see Note 32). p. 421

- <sup>200</sup> See Note 18. p. 421
- <sup>201</sup> A reference to Karl Gutzkow's critical article "Vergangenheit und Gegenwart. 1830-1838", published in 1839 (see Note 57). p. 422
- <sup>202</sup> See Note 36. p. 422
- <sup>203</sup> A reference to a publishing house in Cologne called after Pierre Marteau, a fictitious publisher under whose trademark books and pamphlets in French, Dutch and German were printed in the 17th-19th centuries. p. 422
- <sup>204</sup> Engels is presumably referring to a book by F. Marlow (the pseudonym of the poet Hermann Ludwig Wolfram), *Faust. Ein dramatisches Gedicht in drei Abschnitten*, published in Leipzig in 1839.  
Raupach was the author of many philistine plays on historical subjects. p. 427
- <sup>205</sup> In his article "Über den Charakter des Wilhelm Tell in Schillers Drama", which appeared in the *Dramaturgische Blätter*, Ludwig Börne sharply criticised Schiller's hero, calling him a downright philistine who was more like a petty bourgeois than a "bold mountaineer". p. 449
- <sup>206</sup> The March 1839 issue of the *Athenäum für Wissenschaft, Kunst und Leben*, a journal published in Nuremberg, gave the following appraisal of Engels' "Letters from Wuppertal": "In several issues of the *Telegraph* for March of this year we find a really true picture of religious life in Elberfeld and Barmen. Krummacher is depicted very authentically in a few characteristic strokes." p. 450
- <sup>207</sup> See Note 49. p. 451
- <sup>208</sup> See Note 176. p. 453
- <sup>209</sup> See Note 117. p. 460
- <sup>210</sup> See Note 99. p. 464
- <sup>211</sup> Engels is referring to the decision of the Federal Diet to ban works by the writers of the Young Germany movement (see Note 32 and Note 199). Karl Gutzkow's novel *Wally, die Zweiflerin* was one of the pretexts for this decision and also for arresting and prosecuting the author. Gutzkow was arrested in late November 1835, and on January 13, 1836, sentenced to one month's imprisonment for "blasphemous views, disrespect for the Christian faith and the Church and depicting immoral situations". p. 465
- <sup>212</sup> For Börne's essay on Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* see Note 205.  
It was evidently about this time that Engels began translating works by Shelley, who was one of his favourite poets. In 1840, he consulted the radical German writers Levin Schücking and Hermann Püttmann on the preparation and publication of a collection of Shelley's poems (see this volume, pp. 494-95). Engels' translations have not come to light. p. 467
- <sup>213</sup> Professor Eduard Gans died on May 5, 1839, and was buried in Berlin. He supported the Hegelian school, and his popularity with the students aroused the concern of the Prussian Government. p. 467
- <sup>214</sup> On pp. 147-62 of Volume 3 of *Deutschland und die Deutschen*, published in Altona in 1840, Beurmann gives a description of Barmen and Elberfeld

- (Wuppertal) that is reminiscent in many respects of Engels' "Letters from Wuppertal". p. 471
- 215 Engels is referring to the German translation of Roman Soltyk's book *La Pologne. Précis historique, politique et militaire de sa révolution*, T. I-II, Paris, 1833. This translation appeared in Stuttgart in 1834 under two titles: *Polen, geographisch und historisch geschildert. Mit einer vollständigen Geschichte der Jahre 1830 und 1831. Von einem Augenzeugen und Polen und seine Helden im letzten Freiheitskampfe. Nebst einem kurzen Abriss der polnischen Geschichte seit ihrem Beginne bis zum Jahre 1830 von dem Grafen Soltyk*. p. 472
- 216 In his *Odysseus Redivivus*, a work which has not come to light, Engels apparently described one of the heroes of the national liberation struggle waged by the Greeks against Turkish rule in 1821-25.  
Engels sympathised deeply with the struggle of the Greek people for their freedom even when he was quite young. This is evident from his unfinished *Pirate Tale* (see this volume, pp. 557-71) which he wrote while still at school. p. 472
- 217 Engels is quoting a parody on a poem by the 18th-century German writer Count Friedrich Leopold von Stolberg in which an old Swabian knight is speaking to his son (*Sohn, da hast Du meinen Speer*). p. 475
- 218 Engels is referring to the book *Darlegung der Haupt-Resultate aus den wegen der revolutionären Complotte der neueren Zeit in Deutschland geführten Untersuchungen. Auf den Zeitabschnitt mit Ende Juli 1838*, Frankfurt am Main.  
This book contained documents of the central investigation commission of the German Confederation in Frankfurt am Main, which inquired into the activities of the "demagogues", an opposition movement involving students and people from other social strata (see Note 9). p. 480
- 219 Engels is referring to the first article in David Strauss' collection *Charakteristiken und Kritiken. Eine Sammlung zerstreuter Aufsätze aus den Gebieten der Theologie, Anthropologie und Aesthetik*, Leipzig, 1839. The article is entitled "Schleiermacher und Daub in ihrer Bedeutung für die Theologie unsrer Zeit". p. 486
- 220 See Note 216. p. 488
- 221 The article attacking *Darstellung und Kritik des modernen Pietismus*, a book by the Young Hegelian Dr. Christian Märklin, was published in the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung* (Nos. 1-8, January 1, 4, 8, 11, 15, 18, 22 and 25, 1840) under the title "Vorwort". p. 489
- 222 *Parsees*—members of a religious sect in India and Iran deifying fire, air, water and earth; adherents of Zoroastrianism.  
*Libertines*—members of a pantheistic sect in France and Switzerland in the middle of the 16th century; they were democratic in nature and fought against Calvin and his followers, but were defeated. p. 489
- 223 Engels is referring to the first, sixth and seventh articles by David Strauss in his collection *Charakteristiken und Kritiken*: I. "Schleiermacher und Daub in ihrer Bedeutung für die Theologie unsrer Zeit"; VI. "Kerner, Geschichten Besessener neuerer Zeit"; VII. "Kerner, Eine Erscheinung aus dem Nachtgebiete der Natur...". p. 490

- <sup>224</sup> A reference to the article "Vorwort des Herausgebers zum zehnten Jahrgange", published in the *Literarischer Anzeiger für christliche Theologie und Wissenschaft überhaupt* Nos. 1 and 2, 1840. p. 490
- <sup>225</sup> A reference to the marriage feast at Cana at which Christ turned water into wine (St. John, Ch. 2). p. 490
- <sup>226</sup> A reference to Friedrich Mallet's article "Vorwort" in the *Bremer Kirchenbote* Nos. 1 and 2, January 12 and 19, 1840. p. 491
- <sup>227</sup> Rulemann Friedrich Eylert, court preacher and confidant of Frederick William III, made this speech on January 19, 1840, in the *Rittersaal* at the royal palace in Berlin. It was published in the *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Zeitung* No. 20, January 20, 1840. p. 492
- <sup>228</sup> During the war against Napoleon, Frederick William III, King of Prussia, recognised the Spanish Constitution of 1812 (see Note 100). In December 1822, however, the Verona Congress of the Holy Alliance adopted a decision, sponsored by the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the Prussian King, sanctioning an armed intervention by France against revolutionary Spain. On April 7, 1823, French troops invaded Spain, the absolute power of Ferdinand VII was restored and the 1812 Constitution again abrogated (it was first declared null and void by the clerical and aristocratic circles in May 1814 but then restored during the second Spanish revolution of 1820-23). p. 493
- <sup>229</sup> *Carbonari* (from *carbonaro*—a coal man)—members of secret conspiratorial societies in Italy and France in the opening decades of the 19th century. In Italy their aim was national liberation and the unification of the country, and certain political reforms; in France, the overthrow of the Bourbons. p. 493
- <sup>230</sup> Engels is speaking about the dedication in a volume of poems by Annette Elisabeth von Droste-Hülshoff, which he received as a present from Levin Schücking when visiting Münster (see Note 84). p. 494
- <sup>231</sup> Engels is referring to Levin Schücking's review of poems by Annette Elisabeth von Droste-Hülshoff, which was printed in the *Telegraph für Deutschland* No. 170, October 1838. p. 494
- <sup>232</sup> See Note 212. p. 494
- <sup>233</sup> In one of the sections of the article entitled "Tagebuch aus Berlin", which appeared in the *Telegraph für Deutschland* in June and July 1840, Karl Gutzkow attacked the *Hallische Jahrbücher*, a journal published by the Young Hegelians (see issue No. 97, June 1840). p. 496
- <sup>234</sup> A reference to the following books by Hermann Püttmann: *Die Düsseldorfer Malerschule und ihre Leistungen seit der Errichtung des Kunstvereines im Jahre 1829*, Leipzig, 1839, and *Chatterton*, Barmen, 1840. p. 497
- <sup>235</sup> Engels is referring to Coleridge's poems translated into German by Levin Schücking. p. 497
- <sup>236</sup> In the article mentioned here Engels criticised the writings of the Young Germany literary group and condemned the unprincipled dissension within it. He did not break with this group, however, until a much later date, and contributed to Gutzkow's *Telegraph für Deutschland* until the end of 1841. p. 497

- 237 The *Blätter zur Kunde der Literatur des Auslands* for June 7, 1840, contained Schücking's translations of two poems by Shelley and three by Coleridge. p. 497
- 238 Music to the words of the Catholic hymn, *Stabat mater dolorosa*, was set by many composers, including Pergolese, Palestrina and Rossini. p. 523
- 239 See Note 49. p. 527
- 240 The poem by Robert Prutz to which Engels is referring was published as a separate publication in Leipzig in 1840. p. 528
- 241 In late March 1841 Engels returned to his parents in Barmen after finishing his term of service at the Bremen office of Heinrich Leupold's trading firm. p. 532
- 242 Engels wrote to his sister Marie from Bremen on March 8, 1841, about his intention to make a journey to Italy (see this volume, p. 529), but he did not go there until the middle of May. On the way he visited Basle and Zurich and then crossed the Alps at Splügen. His travel impressions are described in the unfinished essay "Wanderings in Lombardy" (see this volume, pp. 170-80). p. 532
- 243 Engels decided to go to Berlin for a term of military training as a volunteer in an artillery brigade, and also to attend lectures at Berlin University and make closer contacts with radical scientists and writers. p. 534
- Engels' subsequent letters to Marie were sent from Berlin, where he arrived in the latter half of September 1841.
- 244 Karl Werder's tragedy *Columbus* was first performed on January 7, 1842, at the Royal Opera in Berlin. Excerpts from Beethoven's symphonies were played before the curtain went up and between the acts. p. 538
- 245 Engels' term of military service expired in early October 1842. p. 546
- 246 A reference to Jung's reply to Engels' article "Alexander Jung, 'Vorlesungen über die moderne Literatur der Deutschen'". Jung's reply was printed in the *Königsberger Literatur-Blatt* No. 42, July 20, 1842, under the ironical title of "Ein Bonbon für den kleinen Oswald, meinen Gegner in den *Deutschen Jahrbüchern*" (see Note 141). p. 546
- 247 *Argonauts* (Greek mythology)—the heroes who sailed with Jason in the *Argo* to Colchis in quest of the Golden Fleece guarded by the dragon. p. 553
- 248 Engels wrote this poem in Greek and read it at his school's public celebrations in Elberfeld on September 15, 1837. The theme was taken from the Greek myth about the war waged by Argos against Thebes. The campaign was led by Polyneices, son of King Oedipus, against his brother Eteocles, who had usurped power in Thebes. Aeschylus' tragedy *Seven against Thebes* was based on this myth. p. 572
- 249 A reference to a school report from the Elberfeld gymnasium, which Engels entered in October 1834. Prior to this he attended the Barmen municipal school. p. 582
- 250 Engels received this reference in September 1837 when he had to leave the top form of the Elberfeld gymnasium in compliance with the wishes of his father, who sent him to study commerce at the Barmen office of his firm; in June 1838, Engels went to Bremen for the same purpose. p. 584

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- Beck, Karl Isidor* (1817-1879)—German poet; exponent of "true socialism" in the mid-1840s.—41-46, 51, 71, 82, 89, 91-92, 411, 422, 449, 465-68, 473, 488
- Becker, Nikolaus* (1809-1845)—German poet.—148, 517, 527, 528
- Beethoven, Ludwig van* (1770-1827)—German composer.—44, 150, 159, 491, 530
- Bellini, Vincenzo* (1801-1835)—Italian composer.—44, 150
- Beltz, Karl* (1807-1857)—Greek teacher at Elberfeld grammar school (1833-54).—20
- Béranger, Pierre Jean de* (1780-1857)—French poet, author of satirical songs on political subjects.—83
- Bergmann, Joh. H.*—sugar broker in Bremen.—492
- Bernhard*—Frederick Engels' friend or relative in Barmen.—531
- Bettina*—see *Arnim, Elisabeth (Bettina) von*
- Beurmann, Eduard* (1804-1883)—German writer, member of the Young Germany literary group.—157, 158, 421, 422, 465, 471
- Blank, Wilhelm* (1821-1892)—Frederick Engels' schoolmate, subsequently a merchant.—396, 416, 423, 426, 446, 449, 450, 476, 513, 530, 534
- Bleek, Friedrich* (1793-1859)—German Protestant theologian, professor of Bonn University.—527
- Blücher, Gebhard Leberecht von* (1742-1819)—Prussian field marshal; took part in wars against Napoleonic France.—331, 339
- Blum, Karl Ludwig* (1786-1844)—German composer, theatrical artist and poet.—102, 103
- Böhme, Jacob* (1575-1624)—German craftsman, pantheist philosopher.—395
- Boileau-Despréaux, Nicolas* (1636-1711)—French poet and theoretician of classicism.—82
- Börne, Ludwig* (1786-1837)—German critic and writer.—38, 42, 43, 45, 51, 54, 66, 72, 82, 86, 108, 137, 142-44, 266, 280, 288-92, 420, 448, 449, 455, 465, 467, 472, 477, 484, 485
- Bourbons*—royal family in France (1589-1792, 1814-15 and 1815-30).—358
- Brandis, Christian August* (1790-1867)—German historian of philosophy; took part in publishing Aristotle's works.—328
- Bredt, Wilhelm August* (1817-1895)—Burgomaster (1855-57) and Chief Burgomaster of Barmen (1857-79).—550
- Brinckmeier, Eduard* (1811-1897)—German writer, editor of the *Mitternachtzeitung* (1835-39).—496
- Brutus, Lucius Junius* (6th cent. B.C.)—according to legend, founder of the Roman Republic, Roman Consul (509 B.C.); condemned his own sons to death for having conspired against the Republic.—249
- Brutus, Marcus Junius* (c. 85-42 B.C.)—Roman politician, republican, one of

- the initiators of the conspiracy against Julius Caesar.—414
- Buffon, Georges Louis Leclerc, Comte de* (1707-1788)—French naturalist.—81
- Buhl, Ludwig* (1814-c. 1882)—German writer, Young Hegelian, author of pamphlets in the *Patriot* series.—336, 346
- Bülou-Cummerow, Ernst Gottfried Georg von* (1775-1851)—German writer and politician, exponent of the interests of the Prussian Junkers.—271, 366
- Bunsen, Carl* (b. 1821)—student of the law faculty at Bonn University (1841-42), later diplomat.—548
- Byron, George Gordon Noel, Lord* (1788-1824)—English romantic poet.—101, 286, 450, 494, 497
- C
- Caesar, Gaius Julius* (c. 100-44 B.C.)—Roman general and statesman.—443
- Calcar, Jan van*—see *Joest, Jan van*
- Calderón de la Barca, Pedro* (1600-1681)—Spanish dramatist.—107, 110
- Calvin, John* (real name—*Jean Chauvin*) (1509-1564)—Swiss theologian, Protestant reformer.—30, 97, 126, 489
- Camões (Camoêns), Luiz de* (1524-1580)—Portuguese poet of the Renaissance.—445
- Campe, Johann Julius Wilhelm* (1792-1867)—German bookseller and publisher; head of the Hoffmann und Campe Publishing House in Hamburg.—161
- Capelle, Ernst Friedrich Conrad* (1790-1847)—Protestant pastor in Bremen, adherent of the rationalist trend in Lutheranism.—515
- Carrière, Moritz* (1817-1895)—German philosopher, professor of aesthetics.—21, 93
- Cato, Marcus Porcius* (95-46 B.C.)—Roman statesman, leader of the republicans; committed suicide, not wishing to survive the fall of the republic.—249
- Cervantes Saavedra, Miguel de* (1547-1616)—Spanish novelist.—450
- Chamisso, Adelbert von* (1781-1838)—German romantic poet.—53
- Chapeau*—student at Bonn University (1842).—548
- Charles the Great (Charlemagne)* (c. 742-814)—King of the Franks (768-800) and Roman Emperor (800-814).—38, 48
- Charles X* (1757-1836)—King of France (1824-30).—54, 199, 492, 493
- Cicero, Marcus Tullius* (106-43 B.C.)—Roman orator, statesman and philosopher.—172, 584
- Cid, the (Campeador the Cid)* (real name—*Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar*) (c. 1043-1099)—Spanish national hero, famous for his exploits in the wars against the Moors.—50, 142, 415
- Claudius, Matthias* (1740-1815)—German writer, author of a number of songs.—508
- Claren, Heinrich* (pseudonym of *Carl Heun*) (1771-1854)—German novelist and official.—449
- Clausen, Johann Christoph Heinrich* (1806-1877)—teacher of German language, history and geography at Elberfeld grammar school; later professor.—20
- Cleners* from Barmen.—440
- Coleridge, Samuel Taylor* (1772-1834)—English romantic poet and literary critic.—497
- Columbus, Christopher* (1451-1506)—Italian navigator, discoverer of America.—538
- Copernicus, Nicolaus* (1473-1543)—Polish scholar, founder of modern astronomy.—59
- Cormenin, Louis Marie de la Haye, Vicomte de* (wrote under the pseudonym of *Timon*) (1788-1868)—French jurist and politician; opponent of the July monarchy.—356, 357
- Corneille, Pierre* (1606-1684)—French dramatist, one of the founders of French classicism.—166
- Cousin, Victor* (1792-1867)—French philosopher.—294
- Creizenach, Theodor* (1818-1877)—German poet and literary historian.—42, 82, 411-12, 471, 482



*Cuvier, Georges Léopold Chrétien Frédéric Dagobert, Baron de* (1769-1832)—French naturalist, zoologist and palaeontologist, founder of comparative anatomy.—222

## D

*Dante Alighieri* (1265-1321)—Italian poet.—28, 542

*Danton, Georges Jacques* (1759-1794)—leading figure in the French Revolution; leader of the Right wing of the Jacobins.—320, 321, 341, 348

*Daub, Karl* (1765-1836)—German Protestant theologian.—486, 490

*David* (end of the 11th-first half of the 10th cent. B.C.)—King of Israel.—74

*Delius, Nikolaus* (1813-1888)—German philologist, Shakespeare scholar, professor of Bonn University from 1863.—105

*Derkhiem*—employee at Leupold's trading firm in Bremen.—502, 504, 510

*Descartes, René* (1596-1650)—French dualist philosopher, mathematician and naturalist.—186, 197

*Diest, Otto Erich Heinrich*—student of the law faculty at Bonn University (1841-42).—548

*Diesterweg, Friedrich Adolf Wilhelm* (1790-1866)—German teacher.—19

*Diez, Friedrich Christian* (1794-1876)—German philologist, author of the *Grammatik der romanischen Sprachen*, professor of Bonn University.—508

*Dingelstedt, Franz von* (1814-1881)—German poet and novelist, dramatist of the court theatre from the mid-1840s.—21, 42, 422

*Diogenes of Sinope* (end of the 4th cent.-323 B.C.)—Greek philosopher, one of the founders of the Cynic school.—394, 484, 485

*Dombrowski* (*Dabrowski*), *Jan Henryk* (1755-1818)—Polish general; took part in Napoleon's campaigns of 1806-07, 1809 and 1812.—154

*Domitian* (*Titus Flavius Domitianus*) (51-96)—Roman Emperor (81-96).—356

*Donizetti, Gaetano* (1797-1848)—Italian composer.—129, 150

*Döring, Karl August* (1783-1844)—Protestant preacher in Elberfeld.—16, 23-25, 30, 427

*Droste-Hülshoff, Annette Elisabeth, Freiin von* (1797-1848)—German writer and poet.—101, 494, 497

*Droste-Vischering, Clemens August, Baron von* (1773-1845)—Archbishop of Cologne, cousin of Annette Elisabeth von Droste-Hülshoff.—363

*Duchâtel, Charles Marie Tanneguy, Comte* (1803-1867)—French statesman, Orleanist, Minister of Trade (1834-36) and of the Interior (1839 and 1840-February 1848).—271

*Duller, Eduard* (1809-1853)—German romantic writer, author of historical novels.—25, 51, 413, 422

*Dumas, Alexandre (Alexandre Davy de la Pailleterie)* (1802-1870)—French novelist and dramatist.—49, 50

*Duntze*—Burgomaster of Bremen (1839).—424

*Dürholt*—clerk at Wittenstein's firm in Unter-Barmen.—25, 427

## E

*Eberlein*—employee at Leupold's trading firm in Bremen.—386, 508, 511

*Ebert, Karl Egon* (from 1872 *Ritter von*) (1801-1882)—Austrian romantic poet.—422

*Edelmann, Johann Christian* (1698-1767)—German theologian.—320, 348

*Edward* (1841-1910)—prince descended from the Hanover dynasty, future King Edward VII of Great Britain and Ireland (1901-1910).—537

*Egen, Peter Casper Nicolaus* (1783-1849)—teacher of mathematics and physics; headmaster of the *Realschule* in Elberfeld (1830-48).—19, 28

*Eichhoff, Karl Johann Ludwig* (1805-1882)—teacher of Greek and Latin in the Elberfeld grammar school.—20

*Eichhorn, Johann Albrecht Friedrich* (1779-1856)—Prussian statesman, Minister of Religious Worship, Education and Medicine (1840-48).—366, 586, 587

- Eisenbart, Johann Andreas* (1661-1727)—German physician.—283
- Elias, Wilhelm*—Lutheran preacher in Halle, pietist.—495
- Engelke*—postman in Bremen.—394, 410
- Engelmann, Wilhelm* (1808-1878)—owner of a publishing house founded in Leipzig in 1811.—495, 497
- Engels, Adeline* (1827-1901)—Frederick Engels' cousin.—385, 500
- Engels, Anna* (1825-1853)—Frederick Engels' sister.—391, 400, 424, 439-40, 517, 532, 535, 582
- Engels, August* (1797-1874)—Frederick Engels' uncle, co-owner of the firm Caspar Engels and Sons in Barmen.—534
- Engels, August* (1824-1855)—Frederick Engels' cousin, son of August Engels.—400, 441, 531, 579
- Engels, Caspar* (1753-1821)—Frederick Engels' grandfather.—580
- Engels, Caspar* (1792-1863)—Frederick Engels' uncle.—386, 583
- Engels, Elisabeth Francisca Mauritzia* (née van Haar) (1797-1873)—Frederick Engels' mother.—385, 388, 399, 438-42, 521, 534, 577-80
- Engels, Elise* (1834-1912)—Frederick Engels' youngest sister.—533, 535, 581
- Engels, Emil* (1828-1884)—Frederick Engels' brother.—438-40, 533, 534, 581
- Engels, Emilie* (1825-1906)—Frederick Engels' cousin.—385
- Engels, Frederick* (1820-1895).—27-28, 103-04, 106, 112-20, 132-36, 170-80, 182-87, 201, 268-73, 353, 389, 393-95, 400-01, 402, 411-13, 415-16, 419-20, 424-27, 444-45, 448, 456-60, 462, 463-64, 466-67, 471-72, 474-75, 480, 485-88, 492-98, 501, 507, 527-30, 532-41, 543, 545-46
- Engels, Friedrich* (1796-1860)—Frederick Engels' father.—387, 395, 402, 442, 492, 531, 579, 580, 583, 586
- Engels, Hedwig* (1830-1904)—Frederick Engels' sister.—438-41, 533, 535, 581
- Engels, Hermann* (1822-1905)—Frederick Engels' brother.—390, 400, 406, 417-19, 441, 442, 492, 531, 533, 535, 546, 581
- Engels, Ida* (1822-1884)—Frederick Engels' cousin.—403, 507, 513, 542, 544
- Engels, Julie* (1821-1875)—Frederick Engels' cousin.—403, 535
- Engels, Julius* (1818-1883)—Frederick Engels' cousin.—583
- Engels, Karl* (1817-1840)—Frederick Engels' cousin.—385, 403
- Engels, Louise*—wife of August Engels senior, Frederick Engels' uncle.—579
- Engels, Marie* (1824-1901)—Frederick Engels' sister.—385-88, 390-92, 399, 401, 402-05, 418-20, 423, 424, 437-42, 447, 469, 498, 500, 501, 503, 507, 510, 516, 517, 519, 523, 528, 531, 532, 533, 536, 539, 542, 544, 545, 546, 582
- Engels, Rudolf* (1831-1903)—Frederick Engels' brother.—400, 438-40, 533, 535, 581
- Erdmann, Johann Eduard* (1805-1892)—German philosopher, Right-wing Hegelian.—527
- Ernst August* (1771-1851)—King of Hanover (1837-51).—278, 389, 493
- Euripides* (c. 480-c. 406 B.C.)—Greek dramatist.—585
- Everaert*—owner of a printshop in Cologne.—394
- Ewich, Johann Jakob* (1788-1863)—German teacher, one of the founders of the Barmen municipal school.—18, 468
- Eylert, Rulemann Friedrich* (1770-1852)—German bishop, member of the State Council, confidant of Frederick William III.—492, 493

## F

- Faber*—pseudonym of a contributor to the Dresden *Abend-Zeitung*.—433
- Feistkorn, G. W.*—painter, Frederick Engels' friend in Bremen.—388, 399, 403, 518
- Feldmann, Gustav* (b. 1820)—Frederick Engels' schoolmate; subsequently President of the Chamber of Deputies in Saarbrücken.—394
- Ferdinand VII* (1784-1833)—King of Spain (1808 and 1814-33).—493

- Feuerbach, Ludwig Andreas von* (1804-1872)—German philosopher.—185, 197, 209, 219, 237, 285, 293, 295, 296, 337, 339, 340, 341, 345
- Fichte, Immanuel Hermann von* (1796-1879)—German philosopher and theologian, professor of philosophy at Bonn (1840-42) and Tübingen (1842-63), son of Johann Gottlieb Fichte.—192, 328
- Fichte, Johann Gottlieb* (1762-1814)—German philosopher.—165, 166, 182, 183, 198, 214
- Florencourt, Franz von (François Chassot de)* (1803-1886)—German writer, editor of a number of periodicals, first liberal and later conservative.—142
- Fouqué, Friedrich Heinrich Karl, Baron de la Motte* (1777-1843)—German romantic writer and journalist, advocated privileges for the nobility; editor-in-chief of the *Zeitung für den Deutschen Adel* (1840-43).—68, 69, 146, 431, 468
- Francis II* (1768-1835)—Holy Roman Emperor (1792-1806); Emperor of Austria as Francis I (1804-35).—493
- Frankl, Ludwig August, Ritter von Hochwart* (1810-1894)—Austrian romantic poet.—422
- Frederick the Great* (1712-1786)—King of Prussia (1740-86).—163
- Frederick William III* (1770-1840)—King of Prussia (1797-1840).—307, 360, 363, 471, 492, 493, 537
- Frederick William IV* (1795-1861)—King of Prussia (1840-61).—135, 199, 353, 360-66, 487, 526, 537, 540, 587
- Freiligrath, Ferdinand* (1810-1876)—German romantic poet; in later years wrote revolutionary poetry and joined the Communist League.—19, 21-23, 25, 42, 45, 51, 98, 100, 162, 288, 411, 422, 427, 468, 497, 527
- Fry, Elizabeth* (1780-1845)—English philanthropist, especially noted as promoter of a democratic prison reform.—133
- 1835 succeeded Hegel as lecturer at Berlin University.—270
- Galileo Galilei* (1564-1642)—Italian physicist and astronomer, founder of mechanics.—59
- Gans, Eduard* (c. 1798-1839)—German philosopher, professor of law at Berlin University, follower of Hegel.—143, 185, 191, 452, 467, 491
- Gerasimi (Gerasimo)* (d. 475)—Christian priest; abbot of a monastery in Palestine.—35
- Gesenius, Heinrich Friedrich Wilhelm* (1786-1842)—German orientalist; Protestant theologian of the rationalist trend.—486
- Gluck, Christoph Willibald* (1714-1787)—German composer.—159
- Godfrey of Bouillon (Godefroy de Bouillon)* (c. 1060-1100)—Duke of Lower Lorraine (1089-1100), one of the leaders of the first crusade (1096-99).—35, 524
- Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von* (1749-1832)—German poet and thinker, prominent figure of the Enlightenment.—8, 19, 24, 35, 43, 77, 82, 88, 105, 129, 139, 162, 323, 394, 397, 400, 411, 420, 421, 427, 431, 445, 449, 465, 468, 472, 520
- Goldmann, Karl Eduard* (died c. 1863)—German writer, author of the book *Die europäische Pentarchie*.—54
- Görres, Guido Moritz* (1805-1852)—German Catholic writer, editor of the journal *Historisch-politische Blätter für das katholische Deutschland*.—63, 64
- Görres, Johannes Joseph von* (1776-1848)—German writer, philologist and historian; professor of history at Munich University.—33, 34, 38, 40, 87, 451
- Gorissen, Georg*—Frederick Engels' fellow lodger in Bremen.—388
- Gossner, Johannes* (1773-1858)—German Catholic priest, converted to Protestantism in 1826, pietist.—472
- Gottfried, Gesina (Gesche)* (1785-1831)—woman poisoner from Bremen who was publicly executed.—514
- Gottfried von Strassburg* (end of the 12th-beginning of the 13th cent.)—German

## G

*Gabler, Georg Andreas* (1786-1853)—German Hegelian philosopher; in

- poet, author of the epic poem *Tristan und Isolde*.—38
- Gottsched, Johann Christoph* (1700-1766)—German writer and critic, representative of the early Enlightenment in Germany.—52
- Grabbe, Christian Dietrich* (1801-1836)—German dramatist, member of the Young Germany literary group, author of historical tragedies.—413
- Graeber, Franz Friedrich* (1784-1857)—pastor at the Reformed Church in Barmen-Gemarke (1820-46), father of Friedrich and Wilhelm Graeber.—402
- Graeber, Friedrich* (1822-1895)—Frederick Engels' schoolmate, later pastor.—388, 392, 394, 402, 403, 407, 414, 420, 423, 425, 445, 452, 457, 458, 459, 461, 463, 466, 467, 474-77, 487, 488, 513, 525
- Graeber, Hermann* (1814-1904)—brother of Friedrich and Wilhelm Graeber, teacher of ancient languages in the Barmen municipal school (1836-40), then a pastor.—402, 475
- Graeber, Wilhelm* (1820-1895)—Frederick Engels' schoolmate, later pastor.—388, 392, 394, 396, 402, 442, 448, 463, 464, 471, 474, 481, 513
- Graeber*—cousin of Friedrich, Wilhelm and Hermann Graeber.—402
- Grave*—employee at Leupold's trading firm in Bremen.—391, 392
- Gregory VII (Hildebrand)* (c. 1020-1085)—Pope from 1073 to 1085.—13
- Grel*—Frederick Engels' friend.—513
- Griesheim, Adolf von* (1820-1894)—German factory owner; co-partner of Ermen and Engels firm, husband of Frederick Engels' sister Anna and after her death husband of Engels' sister Elise.—531, 583
- Griesheim, Friderike von (née van Haar)* (1789-1880)—Frederick Engels' aunt.—385, 583
- Grillparzer, Franz* (1791-1872)—Austrian dramatist.—422, 491
- Grimm brothers*—see *Grimm, Jacob* and *Grimm, Wilhelm*
- Grimm, Jacob Ludwig Carl* (1785-1863)—German philologist, author of a historical grammar of the German language (*Die deutsche Grammatik*) and of folklore adaptations; professor in Göttingen and then in Berlin, liberal.—39, 96, 389
- Grimm, Wilhelm Carl* (1786-1859)—German philologist, co-author of his brother's main works, professor in Göttingen and then in Berlin, liberal.—39, 96, 133
- Groening, Heinrich* (1774-1839)—Burgomaster of Bremen from 1817.—423
- Grosscreutz, A. von*—contributor to the German literary newspaper *Abend-Zeitung* edited by Theodor Hell.—433
- Grün, Anastasius* (pseudonym of *Auersperg, Anton Alexander, Graf von*) (1806-1876)—Austrian poet.—420, 422
- Grün, Karl Theodor Ferdinand* (wrote under the pseudonym of *Ernst von der Haide*) (1817-1887)—German writer; one of the principal spokesmen of "true socialism" in the mid-1840s.—84, 93, 288, 483
- Guizot, François Pierre Guillaume* (1787-1874)—French historian and statesman; actually directed France's home and foreign policy from 1840 to the February revolution of 1848.—355, 517
- Güll, Friedrich Wilhelm* (1812-1879)—German poet, author of poems and songs for children.—23
- Gutenberg, Johann* (c. 1400-1468)—German inventor of printing from movable type.—56, 61, 62, 66, 103, 344, 497
- Gutzkow, Karl Ferdinand* (1811-1878)—German writer, member of the Young Germany literary group; editor of the journal *Telegraph für Deutschland* (1838-42).—21, 47, 71-87, 89-92, 102, 285, 288-93, 411, 412, 415, 420-22, 427, 446, 449, 450, 455, 456, 462, 465, 468, 471, 472, 481, 485, 487, 496, 497

## H

*Haar, Bernhard van* (1760-1837)—headmaster of the gymnasium in Hamm, Frederick Engels' grandfather, pietist.—553

- Haar, Franciska Christina van* (b. 1758)—Frederick Engels' grandmother.—385, 580
- Haar, Ludwig van*—Bernhard van Haar's son, Frederick Engels' uncle.—582
- Haase, Friedrich* (1808-1867)—German philologist, Latin and Greek scholar.—20
- Haide, Ernst von der*—see *Grün, Karl Theodor Ferdinand*
- Haller, Karl Ludwig von* (1768-1854)—Swiss lawyer and historian, advocate of absolutism.—361
- Hammerich, Johann Friedrich*—head of a publishing house founded in Altona in 1789.—495, 496
- Handel, George Frederick* (1685-1759)—German composer.—159, 523
- Hantschke, Johann Carl Leberecht* (1796-1856)—senior teacher and acting director of the Elberfeld grammar school (1831-42), Frederick Engels' tutor.—20, 500, 520, 582, 585
- Häring, Georg Wilhelm Heinrich* (wrote under the pseudonym of Alexis, *Wilibald*) (1798-1871)—German writer, author of a number of historical novels.—420
- Hase*—Bremen Senator (alderman).—424
- Hassel*—publisher in Elberfeld.—23
- Haydn, Franz Joseph* (1732-1809)—Austrian composer.—159
- He*—physician.—398
- Hegel, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich* (1770-1831)—German philosopher.—42, 47, 50, 63-64, 66, 69, 83, 86, 88-89, 93, 99, 106, 122, 140-44, 157, 165, 168, 181-87, 191-99, 202-11, 213-17, 220, 222, 223, 226, 235, 236, 237, 243, 250, 257, 269-71, 281, 286, 289-95, 320-23, 328, 348-50, 362, 435-36, 451, 477, 483, 486, 489-91
- Heine, Heinrich* (1797-1856)—German revolutionary poet.—21, 42, 44, 49, 66, 81, 82, 84, 87, 90, 92, 137, 166, 290-92, 411, 420, 465, 473, 488
- Heineken, H. A.*—broker in Bremen.—424
- Heinrich der Löwe*—see *Henry the Lion*
- Hell, Theodor*—see *Winkler, Karl Gottlieb Theodor*
- Heller, Robert* (1812-1871)—German writer and journalist.—422, 432
- Helmes, Johann Jacob* (b. 1788)—Barmen official.—577
- Hengstenberg, Ernst Wilhelm* (1802-1869)—German theologian, professor of Berlin University, editor of the *Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung*; extreme conservative.—181, 315, 333, 346, 350, 421, 454, 460, 480, 487, 489, 526, 527
- Henning, Leopold von* (1791-1866)—German philosopher, professor of Berlin University, Hegel's pupil.—270
- Henry IV* (1050-1106)—Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire (1056-1106).—13, 511
- Henry the Lion* (1129-1195)—Duke of Saxony (1139-81) and Bavaria (1156-81).—34, 35
- Herbart, Johann Friedrich* (1776-1841)—German philosopher, psychologist and teacher.—295
- Herloßsohn, Karl Georg Reginald* (1804-1849)—German writer.—422, 432
- Hermann*—see *Arminius*
- Hermann, Reinhard* (1806-1839)—pastor at the Reformed Church in Elberfeld.—15, 416, 427
- Herod* (73-4 B.C.)—King of Judaea (40-4 B.C.).—251
- Herwegh, Georg* (1817-1875)—German democratic poet.—174, 288
- Hessel, Johann Jacob* (1806-1891)—pastor at Münster near Kreuznach.—403
- Heuser, Gustav*—Frederick Engels' Elberfeld friend.—445, 473, 474, 491, 513
- Hey, Wilhelm* (1789-1854)—German priest, author of poems and fables for children.—23
- Hildebrand, Theodor* (*Hildebrandt, Th.*)—pseudonym of Frederick Engels.—5, 6, 26, 419, 444, 445
- Hinrichs, Hermann Friedrich Wilhelm* (1794-1861)—German professor of philosophy, Right-wing Hegelian.—296, 489
- Hippocrates* (c. 460-c. 377 B.C.)—Greek mathematician and physician, founder of medicine.—485
- Hirzel, Bernhard* (1807-1847)—Swiss priest, orientalist.—346

*Hoffmann*—see *Campe, Johann Julius Wilhelm*

*Hofmannswaldau, Christian Hofmann von* (1617-1679)—German poet.—51

*Hohenstaufens*—princely German family (1138-1254).—364, 508

*Holbein, Hans (the Younger)* (1497-1543)—German painter and wood engraver of the Renaissance.—134, 170

*Holler*—friend of the Engels family.—403

*Höller* from Solingen—Frederick Engels' acquaintance in Bremen.—501

*Homer*—epic poet of Ancient Greece, author of *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.—35, 279, 443, 558, 585

*Horace (Quintus Horatius Flaccus)* (65-8 B.C.)—Roman poet.—23, 82, 466, 584

*Hösterer*—Barmen acquaintance of the Engels family.—539

*Hotho, Heinrich Gustav* (1802-1873)—professor of aesthetics and history of art at Berlin University; follower of Hegel.—50

*Houben, Philipp* (died c. 1855)—notary in Xanten, expert in ancient history, archaeologist.—134

*Houwald, Christoph Ernst, Freiherr von* (1778-1845)—German dramatist.—449

*Hub, Ignaz* (wrote under the pseudonym of *Frank von Steinach*) (1810-1880)—German poet and journalist; founder of the *Rheinisches Odeon*.—422

*Hugo, Victor Marie* (1802-1885)—French writer.—49

*Hühnerbein, F. W.*—German tailor, acquaintance of the Engels family; in later years a member of the Communist League.—440

*Hüllstett, G. Karl Anton*—senior teacher in Düsseldorf, author of an anthology of German literature for gymnasium pupils.—413

*Hülsmann, August* (1822-1846)—pastor of a Lutheran community in Elberfeld; later a consistorial and school councillor in Düsseldorf.—16, 24

*Hülsmann, Eduard*—brother of August Hülsmann; pastor in Dahl and from

1836 of a Lutheran church in Schwelm.—16

*Huskisson, William* (1770-1830)—English statesman, Tory, President of the Board of Trade (1823-27).—271

*Huss or Hus, John or Jan* (c. 1369-1415)—Bohemian religious reformer and ideologist of the national movement; professor of Prague University from 1398, and rector of the same between October 1402 and April 1403; burnt at the stake as a heretic.—482

*Hutten, Ulrich von* (1488-1523)—German poet, supporter of the Reformation; participant in and ideological leader of the knights' uprising of 1522-23.—171

## I

*Immermann, Karl Leberecht* (1796-1840)—German writer, journalist, critic and prominent figure in the theatre.—53, 83, 123-25, 161-68, 420, 449

*Itzstein, Johann Adam von* (1775-1855)—German statesman, one of the leaders of the liberal opposition in the Baden Provincial Diet.—299

## J

*Jachmann, Karl Reinhold* (d. 1873)—German theologian and writer.—277

*Jacobi, Friedrich Heinrich* (1743-1819)—German fideist philosopher.—217

*Jacoby, Franz Carl Joel* (1810-1863)—German Catholic writer, opponent of the Hegelian school, harbinger of religious fanaticism.—63-65

*Jacoby, Johann* (1805-1877)—German radical writer and politician; in the 1870s was close to the Social-Democratic Party.—305, 307

*Jahn, Friedrich Ludwig* (1778-1852)—German writer and journalist, organiser of *Turnplatz* (open-air gymnasiums) movement in Germany; took part in the struggle against Napoleon's rule.—138, 141, 166

- Jarcke, Karl Ernst* (1801-1852)—German lawyer and writer, extreme monarchist.—63
- Jean Paul* (pseudonym of *Richter, Johann Paul Friedrich*) (1763-1825)—German satirist.—16, 473
- Jemand, Wilhelm*—see *Langewiesche, Wilhelm*
- Joest, Jan van* (pseudonym—*Calcar, Jan van*) (c. 1460-1519)—Dutch painter.—134
- John*—English acquaintance of Frederick Engels in Bremen.—424, 425
- Jonghaus, Peter* (1816-1884)—Frederick Engels' schoolmate, later pastor.—389, 398, 410, 411, 427, 445, 463, 468, 475
- Jung*—headmistress of the Mannheim Institute for Young Ladies.—498, 544, 546
- Jung, Alexander* (1799-1884)—German writer, literary historian, journalist; associated with the Young Germany literary group.—284-90, 293-97, 543, 546
- Jung, Georg Gottlob* (1814-1886)—German writer, Young Hegelian, one of the managers of the *Rheinische Zeitung*.—336, 347, 546
- Jung, Johann Heinrich* (wrote under the pseudonym of *Heinrich Jung-Stilling*) (1740-1817)—German writer, pietist.—25
- Jürgens*—itinerant preacher, adventurist.—11
- K
- Kampermanns*—textile manufacturers in Barmen.—388
- Kampermann, Laura* (b. 1827)—friend of Frederick Engels' sisters.—438-41
- Kant, Immanuel* (1724-1804)—German philosopher.—42, 69, 122, 128, 129, 165, 182, 186, 202, 218, 455
- Karl Theodor* (1724-1799)—Elector of Pfalz (1733-99) and Bavaria (1777-99).—18
- Kirchner*—friend of the Engels family.—388
- Klein, Julius Leopold* (1810-1876)—German dramatist and theatre critic.—288
- Klopstock, Friedrich Gottlieb* (1724-1803)—German poet, representative of the German Enlightenment.—315, 411
- Knapp, Albert* (1798-1864)—German poet, author of church songs and hymns, pietist.—101, 315, 398
- Knebel, H.*—director of a grammar school in Duisburg, author of *Französische (Schul-) Grammatik für Gymnasien und Progymnasien*.—18
- Kock, Charles Paul de* (1794-1871)—French novelist and dramatist.—21
- Kohl, Albert* (1802-1882)—Protestant pastor in Elberfeld, pietist.—14, 15, 416, 426, 427
- Kohlmann, Johann Melchior* (1795-1864)—pastor from Horn near Bremen.—515
- Köppen, Karl Friedrich* (1808-1863)—German radical writer and historian, Young Hegelian.—143, 335, 337, 339, 345, 347
- Köster, Heinrich* (1807-1881)—German philologist and teacher.—19, 21
- Köstlin, Christian Reinhold* (1813-1856)—German jurist and poet.—162
- Kossmaly, Karl* (1812-1873)—German musical critic, professor of music, conductor.—159
- Kötten, Gustav Adolf* (1802-1882)—German painter and poet, in later years was close to the "true socialists".—542
- Kotzebue, August Friedrich Ferdinand von* (1761-1819)—German writer and journalist, extreme monarchist.—3, 129, 393, 395, 397
- Krabbe*—publisher in Stuttgart.—495
- Kreutzer, Konradin* (1780-1849)—German composer.—400
- Kristine*—maidservant at Consul Leupold's in Bremen.—505
- Krug, Friedrich Wilhelm* (b. 1799)—German theologian, author of poems, fiction and autobiographical works.—25
- Krummacker, Emil* (1798-1886)—pastor in Duisburg, then in Bonn; son of Friedrich Adolf Krummacker.—17

- Krummacher, Friedrich Adolf* (1767-1845)—German pedagogue, pastor in Bremen (1824-43), religious writer; brother of Gottfried Daniel Krummacher.—12, 106, 126, 127, 416, 427
- Krummacher, Friedrich Wilhelm* (1796-1868)—German preacher and religious writer, leader of the Wuppertal pietists; son of Friedrich Adolf Krummacher.—12-17, 29-31, 121, 122, 126, 127-28, 155, 156, 157, 158, 315, 346, 361, 416, 423, 446, 472, 514
- Krummacher, Gottfried Daniel* (1774-1837)—German Protestant preacher and religious writer, pastor in Elberfeld; brother of Friedrich Adolf Krummacher.—12
- Krusbecker, Jan*—broker in Bremen.—447
- Kruse, Karl Adolf Bernhard* (1807-1873)—teacher of the Elberfeld Realschule.—19
- Kühne, Ferdinand Gustav* (1806-1888)—German writer, member of the Young Germany literary group, editor of the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* and the journal *Europa*.—42, 50, 71, 77, 78, 80-84, 88-91, 92, 286, 288, 290, 292, 411, 421, 472
- L
- Lais*—one of the Greek courtesans in the latter half of the 5th and the beginning of the 4th century B.C.—249
- Lange*—shipowner from Vegesack.—104
- Langewiesche, Wilhelm* (pen-name—William Jemand) (1807-1872)—writer and bookseller in Barmen.—23, 468
- Laube, Heinrich* (1806-1884)—German writer, member of the Young Germany literary group; later, theatre director, producer of Vienna theatres.—82, 84, 87, 89, 97, 285, 286, 288, 290-92, 411, 422, 473
- Lavater, Johann Kaspar* (1741-1801)—Swiss clergyman and writer, physiognomist.—454
- Lenau, Nikolaus* (pseudonym of Niernbsch von Strehlenau) (1802-1850)—Austrian poet.—42, 45, 288, 420, 422, 508
- Leo, Heinrich* (1799-1878)—German historian and writer, extreme monarchist, ideologist of Junkerdom.—64, 187, 196, 270, 281-83, 293, 296, 315, 340, 345, 361, 365, 435, 436, 451, 452, 462, 467, 477, 489, 526, 527
- Leo, Leonardo* (Leonardo Oronzo Salvatore de Leo) (1694-1744)—Italian composer.—474
- Le Sage, Alain René* (1668-1747)—French writer.—547
- Lessing, Gotthold Ephraim* (1729-1781)—German writer, critic, philosopher and Enlightenment.—82, 411, 449, 472
- Leupolds*—family of Heinrich Leupold, owner of a trading firm in Bremen.—386, 404, 529
- Leupold*—wife of Consul Heinrich Leupold.—396, 401, 438
- Leupold, Elisabeth*—daughter of Consul Heinrich Leupold.—401
- Leupold, Heinrich* (d. 1865)—Consul, owner of a trading firm in Bremen in which Engels worked from mid-July 1838 to the end of March 1841.—389, 391, 396, 404, 406, 410, 418, 500, 502, 507, 510, 511, 520, 524, 529
- Leupold, Karl*—son of Consul Heinrich Leupold, junior co-owner of his father's firm.—419
- Leupold, Ludwig* (Loin)—son of Consul Heinrich Leupold.—401
- Leupold, Siegfried*—son of Consul Heinrich Leupold.—401
- Leupold, Sophie*—daughter of Consul Heinrich Leupold.—511
- Leupold, Wilhelm*—son of Consul Heinrich Leupold.—505, 508, 520, 524, 525
- Leupoldt, Johann Michael* (1794-1874)—German psychiatrist, author of several works on medicine.—281
- Lewald, August* (1792-1871)—German writer close to the Young Germany literary group, editor of the journal *Europa* (1835-46).—22, 422
- Lieth, Ludwig Theodor* (1776-1850)—headmaster of the Elberfeld gymnasium for girls, author of poems for children.—23
- Liszt, Franz* (1811-1886)—Hungarian composer and pianist.—541



- Livy* (Titus Livius) (59 B.C.-17 A.D.)—Roman historian, author of History of Rome (*Ab urbe condita libri*).—584
- Lohenstein, Daniel Caspar von* (1635-1683)—German poet, representative of aristocratic literature.—51
- Louis XI* (1423-1483)—King of France (1461-83).—357
- Louis XIV* (1638-1715)—King of France (1643-1715).—48, 50
- Louis XV* (1710-1774)—King of France (1715-74).—163
- Louis Philippe I* (1773-1850)—Duke of Orleans, King of the French (1830-48).—355, 360
- Loyola, St. Ignatius of* (*Inigo Lopez de Loyola*) (1491-1556)—Spanish nobleman, founder of the Society of Jesus.—51, 64, 413
- Ludwig* (Louis) III (c. 880-928)—King of the Western Franks.—42
- Ludwig* (Louis) I (1786-1868)—King of Bavaria (1825-48).—353, 527
- Luise*—maid in the house of Frederick Engels' parents.—439
- Luther, Martin* (1483-1546)—leader of the Reformation, founder of Protestantism (Lutheranism) in Germany, ideologist of the German burghers.—66, 404, 486
- M**
- Machiavelli, Niccolò* (1469-1527)—Italian politician, historian and writer.—360
- Maïen*—see *Meyen, Eduard*
- Maintenon, Françoise d'Aubigné, Marquise de* (1635-1719)—mistress and, from 1685, wife of Louis XIV.—49, 51
- Mallet, Friedrich Ludwig* (1792-1865)—German theologian, Protestant pastor in Bremen, publisher of several religious journals, pietist.—106, 157, 346, 491, 515, 516
- Manz, Georg Joseph* (1808-1894)—German publisher; founded a publishing firm in Landshut which was transferred to Regensburg in 1835.—63
- Marat, Jean Paul* (1743-1793)—French writer, a Jacobin leader in the French Revolution.—63, 341, 348
- Marbach, Oswald* (1810-1890)—German writer and journalist, author of adaptations of German medieval epics and publisher of German *Volksbücher* (popular books).—33, 34, 36, 37, 39, 490
- Marcus Aurelius Antoninus* (121-180)—Roman Emperor (161-80), Stoic philosopher.—249
- Marggraff, Hermann* (1809-1864)—German writer and journalist.—88, 473
- Marheineke, Philipp Konrad* (1780-1846)—German Protestant theologian, philosopher and historian of Christianity, follower of Hegel.—268-70, 452
- Märklin, Christian* (1807-1849)—German theologian, follower of Hegel; in 1839-40 wrote three pamphlets against pietism.—460
- Marryat, Frederick* (1792-1848)—English naval officer and novelist.—21
- Martin, Henri* (1793-1882)—French animal tamer.—91
- Marx, Karl* (1818-1883).—336, 338-39, 347
- Mathy, Karl* (1807-1868)—Baden journalist, official and politician, moderate liberal.—299
- Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Jakob Ludwig Felix* (1809-1847)—German composer and conductor.—159, 523
- Mengs, Anton Raphael* (1728-1799)—German painter.—471
- Menken, Gottfried* (1768-1831)—German Protestant theologian, pastor in Bremen.—515
- Menzel, Wolfgang* (1798-1873)—German conservative writer and literary critic.—43, 64, 141, 420, 421, 431, 452, 472, 482, 496
- Mercadante, Giuseppe Saverio Raffaele* (1797-1870)—Italian composer, author of operas and religious music.—129
- Meyen, Eduard* (1812-1870)—German journalist, Young Hegelian.—296, 335, 345-46, 348
- Meyer, Albertus*—editor of the *Bremer Stadtbote*.—418
- Meyer, G. C. A.*—publisher in Brunswick.—496
- Meyer, Therese*—fiancée of Wilhelm Leupold.—525

*Meyer (Stick-Meyer)*—father of Therese Meyer, fiancée of Wilhelm Leupold.—525

*Meyerbeer, Giacomo* (real name—*Jakob Liebmann Meyer Beer*) (1791-1864)—German composer, pianist and conductor.—542

*Michelet, Karl Ludwig* (1801-1893)—German philosopher, follower of Hegel, professor of Berlin University.—191, 435, 436, 451, 452, 467

*Miesegans, Timoleon*—Bremen resident.—515

*Miguel, Maria Evarist (Miguel Maria Evaristo de Braganza)* (1802-1866)—King of Portugal (1828-34).—493

*Mohammed Ali* (1769-1849)—ruler of Egypt (1805-49), carried out several progressive reforms.—148

*Mohr, Karl Friedrich Gottlieb* (1803-1888)—member of the Bremen Senate, Burgomaster of Bremen (1857-73).—425

*Molineus, Albert* (1814-1889)—Barmen manufacturer, husband of Ida Engels.—542, 544

*Montanus Eremita*—see *Zuccalmaglio, Vincenz Jakob von*

*Montholon, Charles Tristan, Comte de* (1783-1853)—general-aide-de-camp of Napoleon I; condemned to imprisonment for participating in an abortive Bonapartist coup d'état in 1840.—154

*Morison, James* (1770-1840)—English entrepreneur who amassed big wealth through the sale of so-called Morison pills.—278

*Morvell, C. F.* (real name—*Vollmer, C. F.*) (d. 1864)—German writer, author of historical novels.—422

*Mosen, Julius* (1803-1867)—German romantic writer.—23, 288, 411

*Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus* (1756-1791)—Austrian composer.—89, 150, 159, 400, 471

*Mügge, Theodor* (1806-1861)—German writer and journalist, Young Hegelian.—332

*Müller*—a novice in 1839, lived in the house of Pastor Treviranus in Bremen.—472

*Müller, Julius* (1801-1878)—German Protestant theologian.—345, 347

*Müllner, Amadeus Gottfried Adolf* (1774-1829)—German poet, dramatist and literary critic.—496

*Münch, Ernst Hermann Joseph von* (1798-1841)—German historian and writer.—86

*Mundt, Theodor* (1808-1861)—German writer, member of the Young Germany literary group; professor of literature and history at Breslau and Berlin.—21, 36, 42, 50, 79, 82-88, 90, 92, 285, 286, 288, 290-93, 411, 421, 422, 462, 465, 473, 488

*Murat, Joachim* (1767-1815)—French marshal, participant in Napoleon's campaigns; King of Naples (1808-15).—154

## N

*Napoleon I Bonaparte* (1769-1821)—Emperor of the French (1804-14 and 1815).—21, 50, 66, 139-41, 153-54, 166, 271, 283, 320, 348, 358, 464, 491, 493, 517

*Neander, Johann August Wilhelm* (1789-1850)—German Protestant theologian, historian of Christianity and the Church, pietist.—235, 454, 455, 462, 466, 486, 491, 527

*Nero (Nero Claudius Caesar Augustus Germanicus)* (37-68)—Roman Emperor (54-68).—279, 356

*Nestroy, Johann Nepomuk* (1801-1862)—Austrian dramatist and actor, author of vaudevilles.—21

*Neuburg*—shop assistant in the Barmen publishing house of Wilhelm Lange-wiesche.—468

*Neviadt*—Frederick Engels' acquaintance in Bremen.—424, 425

*Newton, Sir Isaac* (1642-1727)—English physicist, astronomer and mathematician, founder of classical mechanics.—60, 96

*Ney, Michel* (1769-1815)—French marshal, participant in Napoleon's campaigns in 1808-11.—154

*Nicholas I* (1796-1855)—Emperor of Russia (1825-55).—360, 491, 493, 537

- Nitzsch, Karl Immanuel* (1787-1868)—German Protestant theologian and preacher, professor of theology at Bonn and Berlin.—346, 527
- Nollenius, J. Daniel* (1779-1852)—Burgomaster of Bremen (from 1839).—423, 424, 446
- Nork, Friedrich* (real name—*Korn, Friedrich*) (1803-1850)—German writer, well known for his adaptations of Greek myths.—432
- Nösselt, Friedrich August* (1781-1850)—German pedagogue, author of textbooks on history, geography and German literature.—18

## O

- Oswald, Friedrich* (F. O., S. Oswald)—pseudonyms of Frederick Engels.—31, 40, 46, 52, 70, 335, 337, 339, 347, 543
- Otto I* (1815-1867)—Prince of Bavaria, King of Greece (1832-62).—484
- Otto, Friedrich Wilhelm*—head of a publishing firm founded in 1797.—352

## P

- Palestrina, Giovanni Pierluigi da* (c. 1525-1594)—Italian composer.—523
- Paniel, Karl Friedrich Wilhelm* (1803-1856)—German Protestant theologian, pastor in Bremen, supporter of the rationalist trend in Lutheranism.—127-28, 155-56, 514, 515
- Patkul, Johann Reinhold* (1660-1707)—Livonian nobleman; from 1702 was in Russian service as Privy Councillor and general.—292
- Paulus, Heinrich Eberhard Gottlob* (1761-1851)—German Protestant theologian, representative of the rationalist trend in Lutheranism.—14, 127, 128
- Peel, Sir Robert* (1788-1850)—English statesman, Prime Minister (1841-46); in 1846 repealed the Corn Laws.—357, 376, 377

- Pergolese (Pergolesi), Giovanni Battista* (1710-1736)—Italian composer.—523, 530
- Pericles* (c. 490-429 B.C.)—Athenian statesman.—484
- Petrarch or Petrarca, Francesco* (1304-1374)—Italian poet of the Renaissance.—24, 172, 443
- Pfizer, Gustav* (1807-1890)—German lyrical poet and critic, belonged to the Swabian school of romanticists.—42, 497
- Philip*—see *Philippi, Friedrich Adolf*
- Philippi, Friedrich Adolf* (1809-1882)—German Protestant theologian.—322, 323, 478
- Pilate, Pontius* (died c. 37)—Roman procurator of Judaea (26-36).—170
- Pindar* (c. 522-443 B.C.)—Greek lyric poet.—20
- Platen (Platen-Hallermünde), August, Graf von* (1796-1835)—German poet and dramatist.—23, 54, 96, 420
- Plato* (c. 427-c. 347 B.C.)—Greek philosopher.—585
- Plümacher, Friedrich* (1819-1905)—Frederick Engels' schoolmate, later pastor.—389, 410, 427, 461, 513
- Poitiers, Guillaume de* (1071-1127)—French troubadour.—146
- Pol, Johann*—Protestant pastor in Heedfeld (near Wuppertal), author of religious poems.—24, 25, 30, 415
- Poniatowski, Joseph Anthony* (1763-1813)—Polish politician and general, took part in Napoleon's campaigns in 1809-13.—154
- Putz, Robert Eduard* (1816-1872)—German poet, journalist and literary historian, was connected with the Young Hegelians.—332, 528
- Pückler-Muskau, Hermann, Prince* (1785-1871)—German writer.—288, 289
- Püttmann, Hermann* (1811-1894)—German radical poet and journalist, representative of "true socialism".—22, 495, 496, 497

## Q

- Quintana, Manuel José* (1772-1857)—Spanish writer and poet.—55

## R

- Rachel* (real name—*Félix, Elizabeth*) (1821-1858)—French actress.—49
- Racine, Jean Baptiste* (1639-1699)—French dramatist, representative of French classicism.—50
- Radewell, Friedrich*—German writer.—292
- Radge, Edgar*—see *Bauer, Edgar*
- Ranke, Leopold von* (1795-1886)—German historian, professor of Berlin University, ideologist of Junkerdom.—491
- Raumer, Friedrich Ludwig Georg von* (1781-1873)—German historian and politician; representative of the narrative-romantic trend; professor at Berlin and Breslau universities.—508
- Raupach, Ernst Benjamin Salomo* (1784-1852)—Prussian poet and dramatist.—51, 129, 427, 449
- Reichardt, Johann Friedrich* (1752-1814)—German composer, author of songs to Goethe's words.—473
- Reinhold*—Barmen physician.—536
- Rettig*—deputy of the Baden Provincial Diet.—299
- Richter, Heinrich* (1800-1847)—inspector of the Rhenish missionary society and the mission-house in Barmen.—17
- Riedel, Carl* (1804-1878)—German radical journalist, follower of Hegel.—185
- Riem, Friedrich Wilhelm* (1779-1857)—German musician, composer and organist.—159
- Riepe, Rudolf*—teacher in the Barmen municipal school (1835-58), then in the Elberfeld high school for girls.—19, 400, 417
- Rindeschwender*—deputy of the Baden Provincial Diet.—299
- Ringseis, Johann Nepomuk* (1885-1880)—German physician and theologian, professor of Munich University, advocate of religious orthodoxy.—282
- Ripoll, Cayetano*—teacher in Riazafio, Spain; executed as a heretic on July 26, 1826.—493
- Robespierre, Maximilien François Marie Isidore de* (1758-1794)—active participant in the French Revolution; Jacobin leader, head of the revolutionary government (1793-94).—341, 348, 349
- Rochow, Gustav Adolf Rochus von* (1792-1847)—Prussian statesman, Minister of the Interior (1834-42).—366
- Rosenkranz, Johann Karl Friedrich* (1805-1879)—German Hegelian philosopher and literary historian.—50, 277, 284, 491
- Rossini, Gioacchino Antonio* (1792-1868)—Italian composer.—150
- Roth, Richard* (1821-1858)—comrade of the young Engels, later manufacturer.—424, 447, 470, 501, 503, 508, 515, 529, 530, 534
- Rothe, Moritz* (1800-1888)—Protestant pastor in Bremen.—515
- Rothschilds*—dynasty of financiers with banks in many countries of Europe.—70
- Rötscher, Heinrich Theodor* (1803-1871)—German art theoretician, theatre critic, follower of Hegel.—50
- Rotteck, Karl Wenzeslaus von* (1775-1840)—German historian and liberal politician.—493
- Rousseau, Jean Jacques* (1712-1778)—French democratic writer and philosopher, representative of the Enlightenment.—127
- Rtg*—see *Rutenberg, Adolf*
- Rückert, Friedrich* (1788-1866)—German romantic poet and translator of oriental poetry.—23, 397, 411, 420, 422, 537
- Ruge, Arnold* (1802-1880)—German radical journalist and philosopher, Young Hegelian.—143, 185, 196, 296, 331, 334-38, 340, 341, 345-47, 348, 350, 351, 487, 491, 526, 543, 545-46
- Runkel, Martin*—German conservative journalist, editor of the *Elberfelder Zeitung* in 1839-43.—22, 27-28, 446
- Russell, John Russell, 1st Earl* (1792-1878)—British statesman, Whig leader, Prime Minister (1846-52 and

- 1865-66) and Foreign Secretary (1852-53 and 1859-65).—376, 377
- Rutenberg, Adolf* (Rtg) (1808-1869)—German journalist, Young Hegelian, member of the editorial board of the *Rheinische Zeitung* in 1842.—337, 347
- Ruyter*—captain of the ship *Maria*.—119
- S
- Sack, Karl Heinrich* (1789-1875)—German Protestant theologian, professor at Bonn, advocate of religious orthodoxy.—329-30, 332, 338, 342, 346-49, 351
- Sand, George* (pseudonym of *Aurore Dupin, baronne Dudevant*) (1804-1876)—French authoress, representative of the democratic trend in romanticism.—101, 286
- Sander, Immanuel Friedrich* (1797-1859)—Lutheran pastor in Elberfeld, pietist.—16, 24
- Sass, Friedrich* (pseudonym—*Alexander Soltwedel*) (1819-1853)—German journalist, Young Hegelian, later "true socialist".—158
- Saul* (11th cent. B.C.)—King of Israel.—74
- Schadow, Friedrich Wilhelm* (1788-1862)—German painter, director of the Academy of Arts in Düsseldorf (1826-59).—134
- Schebest, Agnese* (1813-1869)—German opera singer.—102
- Schelling, Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph von* (1775-1854)—German philosopher.—165, 181-87, 191-95, 198-202, 206-18, 219, 220, 221-30, 234-37, 243-57, 258-60, 269, 294, 295, 538, 543
- Schiffelin, Philipp*—teacher of modern languages in the Barmen municipal school.—18
- Schiller, Johann Christoph Friedrich von* (1759-1805)—German poet, historian and philosopher, professor of history at Jena University.—3, 16, 33, 43, 77, 105, 115, 116, 124, 129, 199, 279, 393, 395, 397, 411, 427, 448, 465, 467, 468
- Schlegel, August Wilhelm von* (1767-1845)—German romantic poet, translator, literary historian and critic.—25
- Schleiermacher, Friedrich Daniel Ernst* (1768-1834)—German philosopher, theologian and preacher.—269, 457, 462, 463, 486, 490
- Schlichthorst, J. D.*—pastor.—128
- Schlippenbach*—Countess.—541
- Schmits, Peter Gottfried*—Barmen official.—577
- Schmitt, Jacob*—acquaintance of the Engels family.—470
- Schnezer, Ferdinand Alexander August* (1809-1853)—German writer.—422
- Schornstein, Johannes*—teacher of music and singing at the Elberfeld grammar school (1824-44), organist of a reformed community.—406, 500
- Schröder-Devrient, Wilhelmine* (1804-1860)—German opera singer.—102
- Schubarth, Karl Ernst* (1796-1861)—German conservative writer, teacher at the Hirschberg gymnasium.—66, 187, 452, 453
- Schücking, Levin* (1814-1883)—German writer, contributor to the *Kölnische Zeitung* from 1845.—101, 422, 494-96
- Schumacher, Balthasar Gerhard* (1755-1801)—German jurist, author of the song on which the Prussian National Anthem was based.—144
- Schumann, Robert Alexander* (1810-1856)—German composer and musical critic.—159
- Schünemann, Karl*—owner of a publishing house founded in Bremen in 1817.—494-95, 497
- Schwab, Gustav* (1792-1850)—German romantic poet, author of adaptations of German epics and classical myths.—34, 157, 416
- Scott, Sir Walter* (1771-1832)—Scottish writer.—431
- Scribe, Augustin Eugène* (1791-1861)—French dramatist.—150
- Sealsfield, Charles* (pseudonym—*Postl, Karl Anton*) (1793-1864)—Austrian writer.—295
- Seydelmann, Karl* (1793-1843)—German actor.—129

- Seyffert*—Prussian official, Privy Councillor.—308
- Shakespeare, William* (1564-1616)—English poet and dramatist.—72, 76, 77, 78, 100, 166, 418, 449, 483
- Shelley, Mary Wollstonecraft* (1797-1851)—English authoress, second wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley.—101, 496
- Shelley, Percy Bysshe* (1792-1822)—English poet, revolutionary romantic.—95, 101, 107, 467, 494, 495, 497
- Siebel, Christian Hermann* (1808-1879)—Barmen manufacturer, relative of Frederick Engels'.—531, 544
- Simons*—lieutenant, acquaintance of Frederick Engels'.—445
- Simrock, Karl Joseph* (1802-1876)—German poet and philologist, author of adaptations of the works of medieval literature and folk epics, publisher of German *Volksbücher*.—33, 36, 39
- Sinck von Sinnes*—see *Müller, Julius*
- Smidt, Johann* (1773-1857)—Burgomaster of Bremen (1821-48 and 1853-57).—424, 514
- Smith, Adam* (1723-1790)—British economist.—271
- Smitt, Friedrich von (Fyodor Ivanovich)* (1787-1865)—Russian military historian.—471
- Snethlage, Karl Wilhelm Moritz* (1792-1871)—relative of the Engels family; Protestant pastor in Unter-Barmen (from 1822) and court preacher in Berlin (from 1842).—578-79, 586-87
- Snethlage, Luise* (1822-1878)—daughter of Karl Snethlage, Frederick Engels' cousin, wife of Christian Hermann Siebel from 1841.—531, 544
- Socrates* (c. 470-399 B.C.)—Greek philosopher.—165, 218, 390, 394
- Soltwedel, Alexander*—see *Sass, Friedrich*
- Soltysk, Roman, Count* (1791-1842)—Polish officer, participant in the 1830-31 insurrection.—471
- Sophocles* (c. 497-406 B.C.)—Greek dramatist.—73, 483
- Soult, Nicolas Jean de Dieu, Duke of Dalmatia* (1769-1851)—French marshal and statesman, in 1808-14 commanded French troops in Spain; War Minister (1830-34 and 1840-45), Foreign Minister (1839-40) and Prime Minister (1832, 1834, 1839-40 and 1840-47).—517
- Spinoza (Baruch or Benedictus) de* (1632-1677)—Dutch philosopher.—221, 222, 455
- Stahl, Friedrich Julius* (1802-1861)—German jurist and politician, extreme monarchist, professor of Berlin University from 1840.—181, 200
- Stahr, Adolf Wilhelm Theodor* (1805-1876)—German writer, author of historical novels and essays on the history of art and literature.—105
- Stamm*—owner of a hotel in Bonn.—548
- Steffens, Henrik* (1773-1845)—German naturalist, writer, philosopher, follower of Schelling, Norwegian by birth.—141
- Stegmayer, Ferdinand* (1803-1863)—German composer and conductor, in 1839 conductor at the Bremen theatre.—159
- Steinhaus, Johann Friedrich*—Barmen publisher.—23
- Stephan, Martin* (1777-1846)—preacher of a Bohemian community in Dresden; in 1838 emigrated to America together with his 700 followers.—103
- Sternberg, Alexander* (1806-1868)—German writer who idealised the Middle Ages.—49, 146
- Stieglitz, Heinrich* (1801-1849)—German poet.—411
- Stier, Rudolf Ewald* (1800-1862)—German Protestant theologian and pastor, known also for his adaptations of Schiller's poems in the church fashion.—16, 28, 427, 476
- Stilling, Johann Heinrich*—see *Jung, Johann Heinrich*
- Stirner, Max* (real name—*Schmidt, Johann Caspar*) (1806-1856)—German philosopher, Young Hegelian.—336, 339, 346
- Strauss, David Friedrich* (1808-1874)—German philosopher and writer, Young Hegelian, author of *Das Leben Jesu*.—14, 50, 74, 106, 122, 143, 157, 173, 185, 196, 219, 234, 237, 285, 286, 293, 296, 321, 346, 425, 454,

- 455, 460, 462, 471, 480, 486, 489-90, 526, 527  
*Strücker, F. W.*—Frederick Engels' Elberfeld friend.—392-94, 398-400, 406, 468, 502, 544  
*Stuhr, Peter Feddersen* (1787-1851)—German historian, author of works on the history of religion, professor of philosophy at Berlin University.—228  
*Stüve, Johann Karl Bertram* (1798-1872)—German liberal politician, Minister of the Interior in Hanover (1848-50).—152  
*Szczepansky, Gustav L. Fr. H. W. von*—student at Bonn University (1839-42).—548

## T

- Tacitus, Cornelius* (c. 55-c. 120)—Roman historian and orator.—15, 354  
*Tagliani, Maria* (1804-1884)—Italian ballet dancer.—411  
*Thiersch, Bernhard* (1794-1855)—German pedagogue and poet.—97  
*Tholuck, Friedrich August Gottreu* (1799-1877)—German Protestant theologian, pietist.—157, 486, 490, 491, 526, 527  
*Thucydides* (c. 460-c. 395 B.C.)—Greek historian, author of *The History of the Peloponnesian War*.—471  
*Thümmel, Hans Adolf von*—Hofmarschall of the Electorate of Hessen.—424  
*Thuringus*—pen-name of a member of the Dresden *Abend-Zeitung* editorial board.—433  
*Tichatschek, Joseph Alois* (1807-1886)—German opera singer.—102  
*Tieck, Johann Ludwig* (1773-1853)—German writer and philologist, representative of romanticism, author of adaptations of German medieval literature and folk-lore.—34, 37, 40, 411, 413  
*Tiele, Johann Nikolaus* (1804-1856)—Protestant pastor at Bremen, pietist.—127, 476  
*Toel, F. A.*—one of the editors of the *Bremer Kirchenbote. Eine Zeitschrift*.—106

- Torstrick, Johann Adolf* (1821-1877)—Frederick Engels' Bremen friend, later teacher and researcher on Aristotle.—474, 475, 485  
*Treviranus, Georg Gottfried* (1788-1868)—Bremer pastor in whose house Frederick Engels lived from 1838 to 1841.—105-06, 386, 387, 399, 406, 445, 500, 501, 524  
*Treviranus, Marie*—daughter of pastor Georg Gottfried Treviranus.—403, 522  
*Treviranus, Mathilde*—wife of pastor Georg Gottfried Treviranus.—399, 404, 522  
*Triboni, Joachim*—Genoa resident who made a trip to the Swiss Alps.—173  
*Tripsteert, Crischan*—pen-name of a member of the editorial board of the *Bremisches Unterhaltungsblatt*.—106  
*Tromlitz, August von* (real name—Witzleben, Karl August, Freiherr von) (1773-1839)—German writer, author of novels and short stories on historical themes.—21, 422, 431  
*Troost, Henriette (Jettchen)* (1826-1853)—Marie Engels' friend.—399

## U

- Uhland, Johann Ludwig* (1787-1862)—German romantic poet, head of the Swabian school.—22, 74, 411, 422, 431

## V

- Varnhagen von Ense, Karl August* (1785-1858)—German writer and literary critic of the liberal trend.—85, 88, 289, 473  
*Varnhagen von Ense, Rahel Antonie Friederike* (née Levin) (1771-1833)—wife of Karl August Varnhagen von Ense, well known for her literary salon in Berlin.—411  
*Venedey, Jakob* (1805-1871)—German radical writer and politician.—480, 484  
*Vernet, Horace* (1789-1863)—French battle-scene painter.—537

- Victor I (St. Victor)*—Pope (189-198).—132  
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*Virgil (Publius Vergilius Maro)* (70-19 B.C.)—Roman poet.—103, 584  
*Voigt, H. L.*—Königsberg publisher.—277  
*Voltaire, François Marie Arouet de* (1694-1778)—French deist philosopher, writer, historian, representative of the Enlightenment.—18, 82, 127, 321, 335, 348, 350  
*Voss, Johann Heinrich* (1751-1826)—German poet, translator of Homer, Virgil and other ancient authors.—25

## W

- Wachsmann, Karl Adolf von* (1787-1862)—German writer and journalist, moderate liberal, member of the editorial boards of the *Dresden Abend-Zeitung* and the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*.—422, 432  
*Walesrode, Ludwig Reinhold* (pseudonym—*Emil Wagner*) (1810-1889)—German writer, democrat, publisher of the *Demokratische Studien*.—277, 278, 280  
*Wallenstein, Albrecht Wenzel Eusebius von* (1538-1634)—general at the time of the Thirty Years' War, commander of the imperial army in 1618-30 and 1632-34.—415  
*Wallmüller*—owner of a café in Berlin.—540  
*Wallraf, Ferdinand Franz* (1748-1824)—German scientist, professor of natural science and aesthetics at Cologne University (1786), its rector (from 1794), founder of a museum in Cologne, author of a work on the city's history.—134  
*Weber, Wilhelm Ernst* (1790-1850)—headmaster of a humanitarian school in Bremen; author of works on philosophy, pedagogics and aesthetics, translator of ancient authors.—104, 105, 127, 157  
*Wedell, von*—captain, commander of the 12th Foot Company of the Guards Artillery Brigade where Engels was in military service from October 1, 1841, to September 30, 1842.—547, 588  
*Wegscheider, Julius August Ludwig* (1771-1849)—German Protestant theologian of the rationalist trend, professor of philosophy and theology.—486  
*Weinbrenner, August*—teacher of music, organist of a Lutheran community in Elberfeld.—542  
*Weisse, Christian Hermann* (1801-1866)—German philosopher, opponent of the Hegelian school.—466  
*Welcker, Karl Theodor* (1790-1869)—German jurist and writer, liberal, deputy of the Baden Provincial Diet.—298, 299  
*Wemhöners*—family in Barmen.—531  
*Wemhöner, Emil*—graduate of the Barmen municipal school (1839), later merchant.—531  
*Wemhöner, Mathilde*—member of the Wemhöner family.—535  
*Wendel*—clerk in the office of Frederick Engels' father.—439, 440  
*Werder, Karl* (1806-1893)—German poet, literary critic and philosopher, follower of Hegel.—538  
*Wichelhaus, Johannes* (1819-1858)—Protestant theologian, studied with Frederick Engels at the Elberfeld grammar school.—465  
*Wichelhausen, Peter*—Deputy of the Parish of Barmen.—577  
*Wieland, Christoph Martin* (1733-1813)—German writer of the Enlightenment, translator of Shakespeare and ancient authors.—394, 411  
*Wienbarg, Ludolf* (1802-1872)—German writer and critic, member of the Young Germany literary group.—42, 74, 81, 84, 87, 106, 288, 290, 421, 465, 472  
*Wigand, Otto* (1795-1870)—German publisher and bookseller, owner of a firm in Leipzig, published works by radical writers.—331, 332, 340, 342, 344, 346, 347



- Wihl, Ludwig (1807-1882)—German writer and critic close to the Young Germany literary group.—81, 82, 91, 422
- Wilhelmine—probably the name of the wife of the German poet Wülfig who wrote an elegy on the occasion of her death entitled *Wilhelmine, schönster aller Namen!*—24
- William of Poitiers—see *Poitiers, Guillaume*
- Winkler, J. Ch. F.—missionary, author of a collection of poems entitled *Harfenklänge*.—17
- Winkler, Karl Gottlieb Theodor (pen-name—Theodor Hell) (1775-1856)—German conservative writer and journalist, publisher of the *Abend-Zeitung*.—420, 422, 433, 434
- Wittenstein—owner of a firm in Unter-Barmen.—427
- Wolf (Wolff), Christian (1679-1754)—German philosopher and naturalist, economist and jurist.—156
- Wülfig, Friedrich Ludwig (b. 1807)—German poet.—23
- Wurm, Gustav (1819-1888)—Frederick Engels' schoolmate, subsequently a philologist.—389, 394, 396, 398, 399, 410, 417, 437, 445, 450, 453, 463, 464, 465, 474, 475, 513, 516

## Z

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- Ziegler und Klipphausen, Heinrich Anshelm (1663-1696)—German poet, representative of aristocratic literature.—51
- Zuccalmaglio, Vincenz Jakob von (pen-name—Montanus Eremita) (1806-1876)—German poet and researcher of legends.—24

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- Dulcinea del Toboso*—a character in Cervantes' novel *Don Quixote*.—24
- Eckart*—according to medieval German legends, a devoted servant and trustworthy watchman.—137, 464, 468
- Edmund*—a character in Karl Gutzkow's novel *Seraphine*.—89
- Elijah* (Bib.).—192, 247, 257, 349, 432, 458
- Ernst*—the title character in the German popular book *Herzog Ernst*.—35

- Eteocles* (Gr. Myth.)—a son of Oedipus, who usurped power in Thebes; a character in Aeschylus' tragedy *Seven against Thebes*.—572, 573, 574
- Eulenspiegel, Till*—a character in German folk tales and numerous literary works based on them.—34, 36, 390, 394
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- Fierabras*—the title character in a German popular book whose plot goes back to a medieval French epic.—39
- Florens*—a character in the German popular book *Kaiser Octavianus*.—37
- Fortuna primigenia* (Rom. Myth.)—goddess of maternity and creativity.—224
- Fortunat*—the title character in a German popular book.—34, 39
- Ganymede* (Class. Myth.)—a beautiful boy carried up to Olympus by the gods, Zeus' lover and cup-bearer.—473
- Genovefa*—the title character in a German popular book.—34, 37
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- Ghismonda*—the title character in Karl Immermann's tragedy *Die Opfer des Schweigens*.—167
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- Götz von Berlichingen*—the title character in a drama by Goethe.—465
- Graf von Thal*—the title character from a ballad by Annette Elisabeth von Droste-Hülshoff.—494
- Griseldis*—the title character in a German popular book, personification of tolerance and love.—37-39, 80
- Gustav*—a character in Theodor Mundt's novel *Madonna. Unterhaltungen mit einer Heiligen*.—88
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- Hamlet*—the title character in Shakespeare's tragedy and in Karl Gutzkow's dramatic essays *Hamlet in Wittenberg*.—44, 72, 76, 79, 85, 397, 449
- Helena*—the heroine of a Greek epic and of the German popular book *Die schöne Helena* based on it; also a character in numerous literary adaptations.—37, 394
- Hera* (Gr. Relig.)—supreme female deity, goddess of clouds, storms, thunder and lightning; protectress of marriage and the family; sister and wife of Zeus.—573
- Hercules (Hercules)* (Class. Myth.)—son of Zeus, who possessed enormous strength and courage.—391, 415, 485, 553
- Hermes* (Gr. Relig.)—pastoral god, protector of cattle; god of roads, trade, gymnastics and eloquence.—118
- Hippomedon* (Gr. Myth.)—one of the seven leaders of the expedition against Thebes; a character in Aeschylus' tragedy *Seven against Thebes*.—572
- Hirlanda*—the title character in a German popular book whose plot goes back to French folk-lore of the early 17th century.—37
- Hofer, Andreas*—the title character in Karl Immermann's tragedy.—448
- Inachus* (Gr. Myth.)—founder of the town of Argos.—485
- Iphigenia* (Gr. Myth.)—daughter of King Agamemnon; the title character in Jean Racine's tragedy *Iphigénie en Aulide*.—49
- Isaiah* (Bib.).—227, 247, 252, 255
- Isidor*—one of the main characters in Ernst Raupach's tragedy *Die Leibeigenen, oder Isidor und Olga*.—448
- Isolde*—the main character in the medieval romance *Tristan and Isolde*, in the German popular book of the same

- title and in numerous literary adaptations.—38
- James* (Bib.).—235, 257, 345, 347
- Janossyk*—a robber in Karl Beck's ballad *Ungarischen Melodien*.—45
- Jason* (Gr. Myth.)—the leader of the Argonauts' expedition to obtain the Golden Fleece.—553
- Jehovah* (Bib.).—74, 75
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- John Bull*—the title character in John Arbuthnot's book *The History of John Bull* (18th cent.). His name is often used to personify England.—132
- John, Saint, the Apostle* (Bib.).—235, 251, 258, 261, 262, 264, 315, 327, 344, 426, 461, 476, 479, 494
- John, Saint, the Baptist* (Bib.).—257, 290
- Jonah* (Bib.).—343
- Jonathan*—a biblical character; also a character in the tragedies *Saul* by Karl Beck and *König Saul* by Karl Gutzkow.—77-78
- Joseph* (Bib.).—son of Jacob, sold by his brothers as a slave into Egypt where he became the Pharaoh's courtier through his wisdom and beauty.—426, 454, 457, 458, 466
- Joshua* (Bib.).—29, 477
- Judas Iscariot* (Bib.).—36, 251
- Judiith* (Bib.).—77
- Juliet*—one of the title characters in Shakespeare's tragedy *Romeo and Juliet*.—100
- Lazarus*—a character from Robert Heller's story "Die Schwestern des Lazarus".—432
- Lear*—the title character in Shakespeare's tragedy *King Lear*.—79, 415
- Lot*—a character in the Old Testament (Genesis) who was rescued by God from the burning city of Sodom.—97
- Loyola*—the title character in Eduard Duller's novel.—51
- Lucrezia Borgia*—the title character in Victor Hugo's drama.—49, 50
- Luke* (Bib.).—243, 350, 416, 453, 458, 466, 476
- Magelone*—the title character in a German popular book.—37
- Marino Falieri*—the title character in an unfinished tragedy by Karl Gutzkow.—71, 72
- Mark* (Bib.).—350, 476
- Mary* (Bib.).—254, 350, 417, 426, 458, 479
- Matthew* (Bib.).—250, 257, 261, 263, 264, 390, 454, 461, 466, 476
- Melusina*—the title character in the German popular book *Die schöne Melusina*.—34, 37
- Menelaus* (Gr. Myth.).—King of Sparta; took part in the Trojan War.—394
- Mephistopheles*—one of the names of Satan; a character in Goethe's tragedy *Faust* and in Karl Gutzkow's dramatic essays *Hamlet in Wittenberg*.—72, 73, 129
- Merlin*—an enchanter in old Welsh sagas; the title character in Karl Immermann's drama.—167
- Merob*—a character in Karl Beck's tragedy *Saul*.—45
- Michael*—according to biblical tradition, one of the seven archangels.—126, 344, 350
- Michal*—a character in Karl Gutzkow's tragedy *König Saul*.—77, 90
- Michel*—a German name personifying a maladroit and dull-witted philistine.—278
- Minotaur* (Gr. Myth.).—fabulous monster living on Crete and fed with human flesh.—553
- Moab*—a character in Karl Beck's tragedy *Saul*.—45
- Moloch*—the Sun-god in Carthage and Phoenicia, whose worship was accompanied by human sacrifices.—45, 324
- Morgan le Fay* (Celtic Myth.).—one of the nine fairies protecting the Celts.—136
- Morolf* (*Marcolf*)—one of the title characters in the German popular book *Salomon und Morolf*.—34, 36
- Moses* (Bib.).—25, 67, 86, 119, 257, 322, 324, 455
- Münchhausen*—the title character in Karl Immermann's novel *Münchhausen*,

- eine Geschichte in Arabesken*.—162, 167
- Nibelungs*—mythological dwarfs who possessed a famous treasure; the medieval German epic *Nibelungenlied* was named after them.—75, 132
- Octavianus*—the title character in the German popular book *Kaiser Octavianus* and in Ludwig Tieck's comedy.—34, 37, 395
- Odysseus*—the title character in Engels' lost work *Odysseus Redivivus*.—472, 488
- Oedipus* (Gr. Myth.)—King of Thebes; the title character in Sophocles' tragedies *Oedipus Rex* (*Tyrannus*) and *Oedipus at Colonus*.—23, 96, 572, 573, 574
- Olga*—one of the main characters in Ernst Raupach's tragedy *Die Leibeigenen, oder Isidor und Olga*.—448
- Ophelia*—a character in Shakespeare's tragedy *Hamlet* and in Karl Gutzkow's dramatic essays *Hamlet in Wittenberg*.—72
- Pallas Athena* (Gr. Myth.)—goddess of war; personification of wisdom; protectress of arts and crafts.—24, 237, 573
- Pan* (Gr. Relig.)—god of pastures and woods, protector of shepherds and cattle.—95
- Parthenopaeus* (Gr. Myth.)—one of the seven leaders of the expedition against Thebes; a character in Aeschylus' tragedy *Seven against Thebes*.—572
- Patkul*—the title character in Karl Gutzkow's drama.—292
- Paul* (Bib.).—14, 122, 126, 127, 157, 229, 235, 243, 257-61, 263, 476
- Pegasus* (Gr. Myth.)—a winged horse.—506
- Peter* (Bib.).—235, 257-58, 261-63, 456, 542, 544
- Phèdre* (Gr. Myth.)—wife of Theseus; the title character in Jean Racine's tragedy *Phèdre*.—50
- Philipp*—a character in Schiller's tragedy *Don Carlos*.—129, 279
- Polynices* (Gr. Myth.)—son of Oedipus, took part in the war against Thebes; a character in Aeschylus' tragedy *Seven against Thebes*.—572, 573
- Pontus*—one of the title characters in the German popular book *Pontus und Sidonia*.—39
- Posa, Marquis*—a character in Schiller's tragedy *Don Carlos*.—279, 467
- Priam* (Gr. Myth.)—King of Troy.—558
- Prometheus* (Gr. Relig.)—one of the titans.—131
- Python* (Gr. Myth.)—a huge serpent which lived at Delphi and was killed by Apollo.—473
- Queen Mab*—the title character from a lyrical poem by Shelley.—107, 495, 497
- Reinald*—one of the sons of Duke Haimon in the German popular book *Haimonskinder*.—37
- Roland*—the hero of the French epic *Chanson de Roland*.—192, 389, 415, 515
- Romeo*—one of the title characters in Shakespeare's tragedy *Romeo and Juliet*.—100
- Ruy Blas*—the title character in Victor Hugo's drama.—50
- Samson*—a biblical hero known for his supernatural strength and courage.—347
- Samuel*—a biblical prophet; a character in Karl Gutzkow's drama *König Saul*.—73-78
- Sancho Panza*—a character in Cervantes' *Don Quixote*.—450
- Satan*—in a number of religions, the evil spirit who opposed God.—229, 248, 321, 350
- Saturn* (Rom. Relig.)—god of sowing.—55
- Saul*—a biblical character; also the title character in the tragedies *Saul* by Karl Beck and *König Saul* by Karl Gutzkow.—46, 69, 71, 73, 74, 78-79, 90, 91, 92, 471

- Savage, Richard*—the title character in Karl Gutzkow's drama *Richard Savage oder der Sohn einer Mutter*.—71, 73-77, 80, 91, 102, 103
- Schildbürger*—characters in a German popular book of the same name, famous for their stupidity.—34, 36, 395
- Seraphine*—the title character in Karl Gutzkow's novel.—89
- Shylock*—a character in Shakespeare's comedy *The Merchant of Venice*.—129
- Sibyl*—one of the women in ancient times believed to possess prophetic powers.—252, 395
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*Berlinische Nachrichten von Staats- und gelehrten Sachen*—a newspaper published in Berlin from 1740 to 1874 six times a week. In the early 1840s it was the government's semi-official organ; it was also known as the *Spencersche Zeitung* after the name of its publisher.—300, 301

*Blätter zur Kunde der Literatur des Auslands*—a literary newspaper published in Stuttgart from 1836; in 1838-40 its publisher was the German poet and critic Gustav Pfizer.—497

*Bremer Kirchenbote. Eine Zeitschrift*—a journal, organ of the Bremen pietists, published from 1832 to 1847; its publishers were Georg Gottfried Treviranus, Friedrich Ludwig Mallet and F. A. Toel; Mallet was its editor from 1839 to 1845.—106, 489, 491

*Der Bremer Stadtbote*—a weekly published by Albertus Meyer from January 1839.—26, 418-20, 444

*Bremer Zeitung für Staats- Gelehrten- und Handelssachen*—a moderate liberal daily published from 1813 to 1848 by Johann Georg Heyse.—105

*Bremisches Conversationsblatt*—a moderate liberal literary journal published as a supplement to the *Bremer Zeitung* in 1838 and 1839.—106, 418

*Bremisches Unterhaltungsblatt*—a literary newspaper published from 1823 to 1857; from 1838 to 1840 its editor was W. Fricke, the editorial board including Crischan Tripsteert.—106, 418

*Der Christen-Bote. Ein kirchlich-religiöses Sonntagsblatt*—a conservative church magazine published in Stuttgart from 1832 to 1846.—346

*Criminalistische Zeitung für die Preussischen Staaten*—a moderate liberal weekly published in Berlin in 1841 and 1842.—302, 303

*Deutsche Jahrbücher für Wissenschaft und Kunst*—see *Hallische Jahrbücher für deutsche Wissenschaft und Kunst*

*Deutscher Courier. Europäische Wochenschrift für Politik und konstitutionelle Interessen*—a weekly published in Stuttgart from 1834 to 1842.—80

*Deutscher Musenalmanach*—a liberal yearbook published in Leipzig from 1832 to 1838 by Adelbert von Chamisso and Gustav Schwab.—437, 445, 451

*Deutscher Musenalmanach*—a literary weekly, organ of the Young Hegelians, published in Berlin in 1840-41 by Theodor Echtermeyer and Arnold Ruge.—332

*Dorfzeitung*—a provincial newspaper published in Elberfeld from 1838 to 1847.—22

*Die Eisenbahn. Zeitschrift zur Beförderung geistiger und geselliger Tendenzen*—a literary journal published in Leipzig from 1838 to 1844.—92



*Elberfelder Zeitung*—a daily published under various names from 1789 to 1904; in 1834 it merged with the *Elberfeld Allgemeine Zeitung* and assumed the name *Elberfelder Zeitung*; for a number of years its editor was Martin Runkel.—22, 27, 446

*Europa. Chronik der gebildeten Welt*—a liberal journal published from 1835 to 1885, first in Stuttgart and then in Karlsruhe and Leipzig. August Lewald was its editor from 1835 to 1846.—22, 162, 422

*Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung*—a conservative church newspaper founded by Ernst Wilhelm Hengstenberg and published in Berlin from 1827 to 1924.—16, 192, 281, 421-23, 425, 426, 452, 455, 460, 462, 480, 489

*The Examiner*—a weekly, organ of the liberal bourgeoisie, published in London from 1808 to 1881.—376, 377

*Der Freihafen. Galerie von Unterhaltungsbildern aus den Kreisen der Literatur, Gesellschaft und Wissenschaft*—a literary quarterly published in Altona from 1838 to 1844 and influenced by the Young Germany literary group; its publisher was Theodor Mundt.—86-87, 158

*Fremdenblatt (Elberfeld)*.—22

*Der Gesellschafter oder Blätter für Geist und Herz*—a literary newspaper of a liberal orientation; came out in Berlin from 1817 to 1848.—445

*Hallische Jahrbücher für deutsche Wissenschaft und Kunst*—a literary and philosophical journal, organ of the Young Hegelians, published under the editorship of Arnold Ruge and Theodor Echtermeyer in Halle (1838-41); threatened with banning in Prussia, it began to appear, in July 1841, under the title *Deutsche Jahrbücher für Wissenschaft und Kunst* in Leipzig. However, in January 1843 the journal was closed down by the Saxon Government and banned by decision of the Federal Diet throughout Germany.—50, 92, 102, 142, 144, 185, 191, 196, 197, 284, 331, 336, 340, 345, 346, 351, 496, 497, 526, 543

*Intelligenzblatt*—supplement to the *Elberfelder Zeitung*.—22

*Jahrbuch der Literatur*—a liberal literary almanac published in Hamburg in 1839 by the Hoffmann und Campe Publishing House.—21, 71, 84, 90, 422

*Jahrbücher für wissenschaftliche Kritik*—a journal, organ of the Right-wing Hegelians, published in Stuttgart and Tübingen from 1827 to 1846; in 1834 it appeared in Berlin.—21, 195, 295, 296, 487

*Jenaische Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung*—a literary journal published in Jena and Leipzig from 1804 to 1841. From 1842 to 1848 it appeared under the title *Neue Jenaische Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung*.—80

*Der Komet. Ein Unterhaltungsblatt für die gebildete Lesewelt*—a liberal literary daily published from 1830 to 1848, first in Altenburg and then in Leipzig; its editor was Karl Georg Reginald Herloßsohn.—433

*Königlich Privilegierte Preussische Staats- Kriegs- und Friedens-Zeitung*—a daily published (under this title) in Königsberg from 1752 to 1850. In the 1840s it was a progressive bourgeois newspaper.—310

*Königsberger Literatur-Blatt*—a newspaper published under Alexander Jung's editorship in Königsberg from 1841 to 1845; it was influenced by the Young Germany literary group.—284, 293-95

*Königsberger Zeitung*—see *Königlich Privilegierte Preussische Staats- Kriegs- und Friedens-Zeitung*

*Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung*—a daily published from 1837; in the early 1840s it had a radical orientation. By a government decree of December 28, 1842, the newspaper was banned in Prussia, but it continued to appear in Saxony until April 1, 1843.—260, 308, 353

*Literarische Zeitung*—a literary weekly published in Berlin from 1834 to 1849 and financed by the Prussian Government. Its publishers were Karl Büchner (1834-37), Eduard Meyen (1838) and Heinrich Brandes.—281

*Literatur-Blatt*—a newspaper published as a supplement to the *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände* in Stuttgart and Tübingen from 1820 to 1852; from 1852 to 1869 it appeared as an independent literary paper. Between 1830 and 1869 it was edited by Wolfgang Menzel.—293, 412, 420

*Litterarischer Anzeiger für christliche Theologie und Wissenschaft überhaupt*—a theological journal, organ of the Halle pietists, published from 1830 to 1849 by Friedrich August Tholuck.—192, 490

*Der Menschenfreund. Eine religiöse Zeitschrift*—a theological journal published in Berlin from 1824 to 1847 by Friedrich August Tholuck.—192, 490

*Mitternachtzeitung für gebildete Leser*—a liberal newspaper published under this title in Brunswick from 1830 to 1839 under the editorship of Eduard Brinckmeier. Earlier, between 1826 and 1829, it was published by Adolf Müllner under the title *Mitternachtzeitung für gebildete Stände*.—496, 497

*Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser*—a literary daily published in Stuttgart and Tübingen from 1839 to 1865. From 1807 to 1838 it appeared under the title *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände*. Frederick Engels contributed to the newspaper in 1840 and 1841.—22, 412

*Musenalmanach*—see *Deutscher Musenalmanach*

*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*—a theoretical-musical journal published in Leipzig from 1834 to 1926. It was founded, and in 1834-41 edited, by Robert Schumann.—159

*Das Nordlicht*—a journal published in Leipzig from 1839 by Rudolf Mettler.—92

*Der Patriot. Zeitschrift für Deutschland*—a journal published in Bremen between July and December 1838.—105

*Pfizers Blätter*—see *Blätter zur Kunde der Literatur des Auslands*

*Der Pilot. Allgemeine Revue der einheimischen und ausländischen Literatur- und Volkszustände*—a literary and philosophical journal published by Johann Friedrich Hammerich in Altona from 1840 to 1842; from 1841 it appeared twice a week. Its editor-in-chief was Theodor Hell (1841-42).—292

*Provinzialzeitung*—see *Elberfelder Zeitung*

*Rheinische Zeitung für Politik, Handel und Gewerbe*—a daily founded on January 1, 1842, as an organ of the Rhenish bourgeois opposition circles and published until March 31, 1843, in Cologne. Edited by Marx (from October 15, 1842, to March 17, 1843), the newspaper acquired a clearly expressed revolutionary-democratic character. By a decision of the Prussian Government it was closed down on April 1, 1843. In 1842 Engels was one of its contributors.—296, 310, 546

*Rheinisches Jahrbuch für Kunst und Poesie*—a literary journal published in Cologne in 1840 and 1841 under the editorship of Ferdinand Freiligrath, G. Matzerath and Karl Simrock.—79, 81, 161, 497

*Rheinisches Odeon*—a democratic literary journal; in the first year of its publication (1836) it appeared in Coblenz and in the second (1838) in Düsseldorf; it was published by Ignaz Hub, Ferdinand Freiligrath and August Schnetzler.—27

*Rosen. Eine Zeitschrift für die gebildete Welt*—a liberal literary journal published in Leipzig from 1838 to 1848, by Robert Heller (1838-44) and George Heseckiel (1845-48).—432

*The Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*—a newspaper published in London from January 1836.—115

*Spenerische Zeitung*—see *Berlinische Nachrichten von Staats- und gelehrten Sachen*

*Staats-Zeitung*—see *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Zeitung*

*Täglicher Anzeiger für Berg und Mark*—a daily published in the 1830s and 1840s.—22

*Telegraph für Deutschland*—a literary journal founded by Karl Gutzkow; in 1837 it was published in Frankfurt am Main and in 1838-48 in Hamburg; in the late 1830s and early 1840s it expressed the views of the Young Germany literary group. Engels contributed to the journal from March 1839 to 1841.—28, 71, 73, 87, 91, 292, 412, 415, 426, 446, 450, 468, 472, 488, 496, 497

*Unterhaltungsblatt*—see *Bremisches Unterhaltungsblatt*

*Wupperthaler Lesekreis*—supplement to the *Barmer Zeitung*.—22

*Zeitschrift für Philosophie und spekulative Theologie*—a conservative journal published under this title in Bonn from 1837 to 1846 by Immanuel Hermann Fichte.—192

*Zeitschrift für spekulative Physik*—a natural-philosophy journal published under the editorship of Friedrich Wilhelm Schelling in Jena and Leipzig in 1800 and 1801.—183

*Zeitung für den Deutschen Adel*—a newspaper which expressed the interests of the feudal nobility; it appeared from 1840 to 1846, first in Leipzig and then in Altenburg; it was published by Ludwig Alvensleben (up to 1842) and edited by Friedrich Fouqué (1840-42).—66-70

*Zeitung für die elegante Welt*—a literary newspaper published from 1801 to 1859 in Leipzig and, in the last years, in Erfurt; in the 1830s and 1840s it expressed the views of the Young Germany literary group. From 1835 to 1843 it was edited by Gustav Kühne.—42, 43, 45, 88, 91, 92, 94, 412, 467

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